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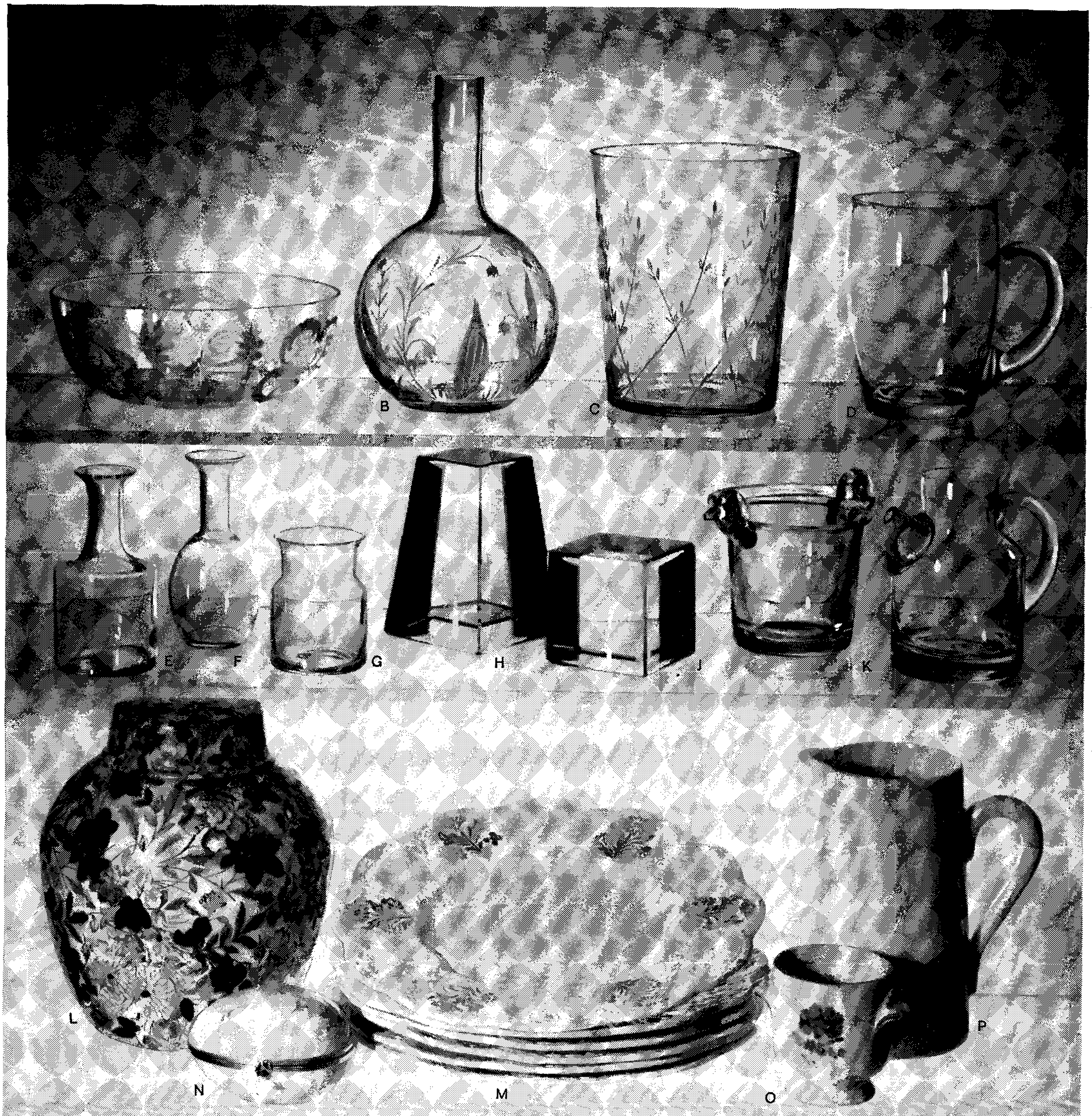

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Aint Supposed To Die a Natural Death—A great shout by Melvin Van Peebles, mingling social protest with the usual difficulties of people falling in and out of love. A musical with an all-black, all-wonderful cast. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Moves on Wednesday, Nov. 17, to the Ambassador, 49th St., W., 265-1855. Tuesdays, except Nov. 16, through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

And They Put Handcuffs on the Flowers—A horror play by the Spanish dramatist Fernando Arrabal about the sufferings of political prisoners in Spain. The form is nightmare, and the sufferings of the audience, which is manhandled in various ways, are greater—or at least more immediate—than those of the prisoners on the stage. (The Extension, 277 Park Ave. S., at 22nd St. 673-5470, from 4 to 8. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8.)

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel—This play by David Rabe, about the progress of a young soldier through training camp to combat (and death) in Vietnam, is a remarkable achievement indeed. William Atherton is fine as the soldier. The rest of the large and capable cast performs very well under Jeff Bleckner's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Black Girl—J. E. Franklin's short, rich play, which is both poignant and funny, about a seventeen-year-old who, faced with many obstacles, manages to leave her bickering black family in Texas and go North to college. Kishasha gives a superior performance in the title role, and she receives strong support from, among others, Esther Rolle, Leonard Parker, and Louise Stubbs. Shauneille Perry directed. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Black Terror—A play by Richard Wesley. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Follies—An ambitious attempt to tell some home truths, marred by a pedestrian book. Several very good songs by Stephen Sondheim and, as usual, a superlative production by Harold Prince. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Godspell—A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. The troupe is young, refreshing, and versatile. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Gun Play—A doomy, silly dud, but Eugene Troobnick is highly comic as a slapdash waiter. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Jesus Christ Superstar—A musical extravaganza with some pleasing songs and performers, adrift in a storm of Tom O'Horgan stage effects. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

James Joyce Memorial Liquid Theatre—This import from Los Angeles is more calisthenic than dramatic, and considerable participation of one kind or another is expected from the audience. The show has nothing whatever to do with James Joyce. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. 348-9254. Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 11.)

Lenny—Cliff Gorman as the late night-club comedian Lenny Bruce, surrounded by extraordinary visual and auditory metaphors of the society he reviled and longed to make over, and whose legal representatives helped to destroy him. Directed by Tom O'Horgan. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Love Me, Love My Children—This musical from Canada has a lively and stylish score by Robert Swerdlow, and it is performed with snap and sparkle by an especially engaging young company. The words, also by Mr. Swerdlow, are unobtrusive. (The theme is tribal youth again.) Setting by Jo Mielziner. (Mercer-O'Casey, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Master Builder—Even this shallow, lack-lustre production cannot dim Ibsen's blazing play, in a bright translation by Michael Meyer. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7161. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Old Times—Harold Pinter's new play, starring Robert Shaw, Rosemary Harris, and Mary Ure. Directed by Peter Hall. Previews Thursday through Monday, Nov. 11-15. Opens officially on Tuesday, Nov. 16. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 43

"THE CATECHIST" . . . . . *Donald Barthelme* 49

"THE FOUNDRY" (POEM) . . . . . *Thomas Snapp* 50

"THE HAWK AND THE MULES" . . . . . *W. S. Merwin* 52

POSTCARDS FROM THE HUDSON . . . . . *Anthony Hiss and Edward Koren* 54

THE THEATRE . . . . . *Brendan Gill* 66

OFF BROADWAY . . . . . *Edith Oliver* 66

FOOTBALL . . . . . *J. W. L.* 69

LETTER FROM VIETNAM . . . . . *Robert Shaplen* 77

OUR LOCAL CORRESPONDENTS (DENNIS HOPPER) . . . . . *James Stevenson* 116

"AFTERWARD" (POEM) . . . . . *John Peck* 128

THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . . *Pauline Kael* 133

A REPORTER AT LARGE (OLIGOCENE FOSSILS) . . . . . *Berton Roueché* 141

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON . . . . . *Richard H. Rovere* 157

THE RACE TRACK . . . . . *Audax Minor* 162

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE (ABOUT THE HOUSE) . . . . . *Janet Malcolm* 165

LETTER FROM LONDON . . . . . *Mollie Panter-Downes* 177

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 181

BOOKS . . . . . *John Updike* 187

BRIEFLY NOTED 198

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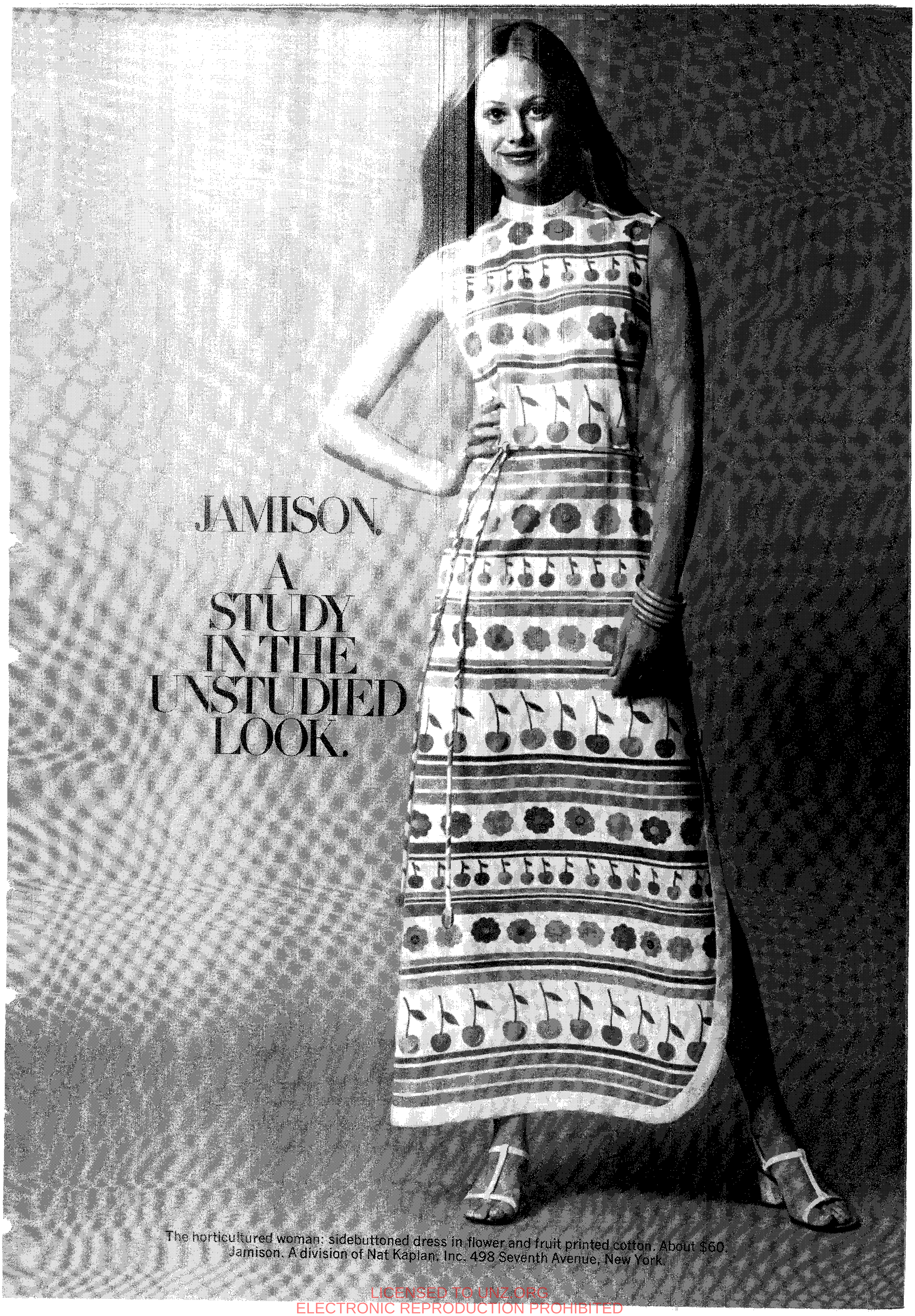
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel, set in an insane asylum. The performances, though strenuous, don't amount to much. (Mercer-Hansberry, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3939. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

On the Town—A musical that sounds even older than its twenty-seven years. Bernadette Peters, Donna McKechnie, Phyllis Newman, Remak Ramsay, and Ron Husmann work terribly hard. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue—Peter Falk and Lee Grant in Neil Simon's new comedy. Directed by Mike Nichols. Previews Wednesday, Nov. 10. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 11. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Proposition—An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but Jane Curtin, Judy Kahan, and Paul Kreppel provide a few bright spots of mimicry, and Danny Troob provides an enchanting musical accompaniment at the piano. (Mercer-Shaw, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Schiller's **mary stuart**, translated and adapted by Stephen Spender, with Nancy Marchand and Salome Jens. The first in this season's series of four plays. Preview Wednesday, Nov. 10. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 11, and will run through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30; on Friday, Nov. 12, at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Sticks and Bones—A play by David Rabe. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

To Live Another Summer, To Pass Another Winter—Surely this was put together by the Chamber of Commerce of Tel Aviv? Enough yet. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Twigs—Sada Thompson in a comedy by George Furth. Michael Bennett is the director. Previews through Saturday, Nov. 13. Opens officially on Sunday, Nov. 14. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Unlikely Heroes—Three Philip Roth stories that seem much more old-fashioned on stage than between covers. With Lou Jacobi and Michael Tolan. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Wedding of Iphigenia Plus Iphigenia in Concert—From London, a musical adapted by Doug Dyer from Euripides' "Iphigenia in Aulis," with a score by Peter Link performed by a rock chorus of women. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

Where Has Tommy Flowers Gone?—Terrence McNally's episodic comedy about the one-man rebellion against our society of a compulsive prankster and émigré to this city from St. Petersburg, Florida. The play lacks the force and bite of true satire, but it is quite entertaining most of the time. With Robert Drivas and, among other strong supporting actors, F. Murray Abraham. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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14	15	16	17	18	19	20

Long Runs—**applause:** Anne Baxter, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart in a rip-roaring musical version of the movie "All About Eve." (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **butterflies are free:** Gloria Swanson, David Huffman, and Pamella Bellwood are now in this little comedy that may make you laugh in spite of yourself. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)... **company:** A musical with Larry Kert, Susan Browning, Vivian Blaine, and lots of others romping their sweet/sour way through Stephen Sondheim's music and lyrics. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **the effect of gamma rays on man-in-the-moon marigolds:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother (Joan Blondell) of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **jacques brel is alive and well and living in paris:** A voice, sweettoned and sustained, called to him from the sea. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **the fantasticks:** Turning the curve he waved his hand. It called again. A sleek brown head, a seal's, far out on the water, round. Usurper. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **fiddler on the roof:** Here endeth the first lesson. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **hair:** Elizabeth would go her own way; and never had she pursued it in more decided opposition to Lady Russell than in this selection of Mrs. Clay; turning from the society of so deserving a sister, to bestow her affection and confidence on one who ought to have been nothing to her but the object of distant civility. From situation, Mrs. Clay was, in Lady Russell's estimate, a very unequal, and in her character, she believed, a very dangerous companion; and a removal that would leave Mrs. Clay behind, and bring a choice of more suitable intimates within Miss Elliot's reach, was therefore an object of first-rate importance. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **promises, promises:** Here endeth the second lesson. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **the house of blue leaves:** John Guare's farce deals with various aspects of the American dream, as made manifest in Sunnyside, Queens, in a story about a zoo attendant who longs to leave his insane wife and escape with his mistress to Hollywood. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **the me nobody knows:** A musical based on an anthology of the writings of children from the slums of this city. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **no, no, nanette:** A revival of the Youmans musical of 1925, with Ruby Keeler, Jack Gilford, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher, and with sets and costumes by Raoul Pène du Bois. Burt Shevelove directed. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **the rothschilds:** One man's family, with music. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **1776:** A musical about the laborious debates of the Continental Congress. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **sleuth:** A witty games-playing mystery by Anthony Shaffer about games-playing, with Paul Rogers and Keith Baxter. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Final performances of the season—Wednesday evening, Nov. 10: "Kettentanz," "Feast of Ashes," and "Astarte."... ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 11: "Square Dance," "Feast of Ashes," and "The Mingus Dances."... ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 12: "Kettentanz," "Feast of Ashes," and "Astarte."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 13: "Square Dance," "Weewis," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 13: "Reflections," "Valentine," and "The Mingus Dances."... ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 14: "Reflections," "Valentine," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 14: "Kettentanz," "Feast of Ashes," and "The Mingus Dances." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Ballet—Opening performances (tentative schedule) of an engagement that will run through Sunday, Feb. 20—Tuesday, Nov. 16, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "La Sonnambula," and "Who Cares?"... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 8: "Jewels."... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 18, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "La Sonnambula," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Friday, Nov. 19, at 8: "Four Last Songs," "La Source," "Tarantella," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue." ... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 20, at 2: "Jewels."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8: "Swan Lake" and "Dances at a Gathering." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

Les Grands Ballets Canadiens—A one-week engagement of The Who's rock opera "Tommy" (to music recorded by The Who), prefaced by Stravinsky's "Symphony of Psalms" as a curtain-raiser. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 17-18, at 8; Friday, Nov. 19, at 6:30 and 10; Saturday, Nov. 20, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Nov. 21, at 2 and 7.)

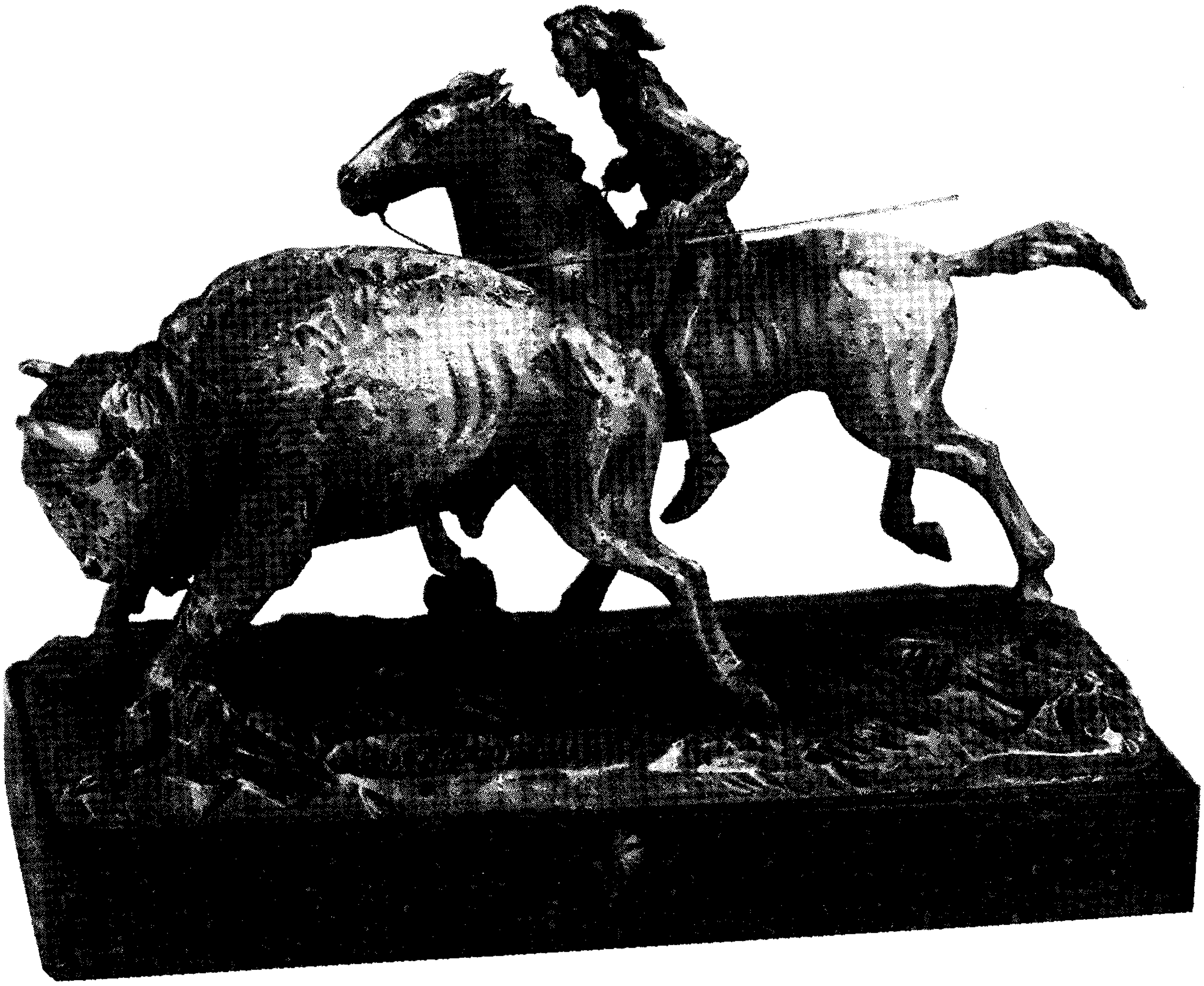
Julliard Dance Ensemble—A benefit program of works by Martha Graham, José Limón, and Anna Sokolow, performed by students of the Juilliard dance department, with the Juilliard Orchestra and Chamber Ensemble conducted by James Conlon. (Juilliard Theatre, Lincoln Center. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 12-13, at 8. For tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

Ann Halprin's San Francisco Dancers' Workshop—A new work, "Initiations and Transformations." (Downstairs at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. Friday through Tuesday, Nov. 12-16, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call JU 6-2828.)

Sierra Leone National Dance Company—A company of forty singers, musicians, and dancers in a one-week engagement. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Tuesday, Nov. 16, and Thursday and Friday, Nov. 18-19, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 20, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Nov. 21, at 2 and 7:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ritual Acrobats of Persia—An all-male troupe of thirty in a one-week engagement. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Country Joe McDonald, the sometime Fish man, lately has been involved with the poems of Robert Service, which he has set to music, and which he sings and plays (on guitar, harmonica, and tambourine). Comic Albert Brooks starts Thursday, Nov. 18. Coffee and tea are available. Tuesdays are reserved for visiting performers. Closed Wednesday, Nov. 17.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Jazz, soul food, red tablecloths—a formula that works well these days. Wednesday through Sunday, Nov. 10-14, guitarist Joe Beck leads a trio. Music from nine-thirty to three.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A wood-panelled bar and restaurant where people come for a cocktail and, sometimes, stay the evening. The music is quietly lively, and it runs from nine-thirty to one-thirty. Pianist-guitarist Ralph Towner will work with bassist Glen Moore through Saturday, Nov. 13. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy and a bass player substitute for the regulars. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

CELLAR, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—A new, polished restaurant whose only anomaly is the acoustics: loud and clear in the bar but faint and obscure in the dining area. Bassist Earl May leads a quartet in some inventive if standard jazz Tuesdays through Saturdays. Music from ten to four.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Part of the survival of the fittest; that is, Barney Josephson, of the long-lost Café Societies, still managing to come up with *spécialités de la maison*, such as Anita Sheer, coiled affectionately around her guitar and sounding far more Andalusian than any American has a right to be, plus Sammy Price, who treats a Steinway in a fine (and historical) way. From eight to one, except on Sundays, when Cyril Haynes, solo, moves to the piano for a seven-to-midnight set. Dining.

GASLIGHT, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—Brick walls, wooden benches, coffee, tea, and cider. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 10-11, Funkadelic and Parliament—two related groups that play rock from the interior of a tropical rain forest—will do four-hour sessions that begin at nine-thirty. Friday through Monday, Nov. 12-15, If, a British rock outfit with brass and reeds, will show what it can do. Music nightly, but Tuesdays are given over to visiting entertainers.

GUITAR, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—That time is here again when you can go listen to Jim Hall and Ron Carter, a guitar-bass combination the likes of which the world has never heard before. They stay through Sunday, Nov. 14. Wednesday through Sunday, Nov. 17-21, classical guitarist Bill Matthews will trade sets with the Sam Brown duo. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty until three or four. Soul food.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Saxophonist Buddy Tate is in charge of the foursome here, and Jo Jones is his top-cat drummer. Mondays, Clark Terry's seventeen-piece band has the stage to itself. Light Italian dishes are served.

JACQUES, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Pianist Eddie Thompson and bassist Jamal Sulieman are collaborating in this bar whose chief virtue (other than the music) is its freshly popped popcorn. The duo plays Fridays and Saturdays. Mr. Thompson plays alone Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays. On Mondays, another competent pianist, Lance Hayward, fills in. Nine until closing.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland turned out by a group that includes Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, Chuck Folds, and Eddie Locke. Closed Sundays.

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14	15	16	17	18	19	20

PEEWEE'S, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—A dim, funky bar that is run by, for, and because of the people, who are responding by filling the house. The house isn't much to look at, but the jazz is potent and often technically complex. Don Pullen's trio shares the stage with singer Rita Da Costa Friday through Sunday, Nov. 12-14. Soul-food dinners. Music from nine until closing. N.B.: Not for beginners.

RAFIKI, 170 Ave. A, at 11th St. (674-9522)—Musically provocative and gastronomically soulful. The Sonny Henry trio plays nightly except on Sundays, which are silent. Music from nine-thirty until two.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A banjo band smiles and makes music from the back of an old fire engine. Beer and peanuts. Polar bears and occasional old flicks. Closed Mondays.

SLUGS', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Trumpeter Lee Morgan heads his quintet through Sunday, Nov. 14. On Tuesday, Nov. 16, drummer Max Roach comes in with a fivesome. The room is a bit tired around the edges, and so is the neighborhood, but the sound draws a crowd. Closed Mondays.

TRUDE HELLER'S, Sixth Ave. at 9th St. (254-8346)—The Reggie Moore trio, with blues singer Joe Lee Wilson, alternates with the eclectic Midnight Sun in this old landmark that recently shifted from schlock to jazz. Music from nine to three. Closed Mondays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Mose Allison, a jazz pianist who is at home in the blues, leads his trio nightly, except Mondays, when new talent is auditioned. On Tuesdays, a trio led by Daphne Hellman, whose harp sings, takes turns with Allison's trio. Limited dining.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Bill Evans, a well-tempered piano player, leads his trio here through Sunday, Nov. 14. Mondays are reserved for the mighty seventeen-piece Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Music begins at nine-thirty, in theory.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Nat Jones and Herbie Lewis play Mondays through Wednesdays, and Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt play Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Balaban & Cats, a six-man outfit, produces some pretty hot Dixieland every Sunday from five-thirty to eleven. On Sunday, Nov. 14, trumpeter Pee Wee Erwin will sit in. The other nights of the week, this anachronous place offers whoop-de-do and a banjo band.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

C'EST MOI, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—Underneath the arches, I will keep a rendezvous with you, etc. Downstairs is a restaurant named Sam's. The upstairs arched room is open for dancing to discs from nine until three-thirty every night.

DANGER
SLIPPERY
ROAD AHEAD

L'ETOILE, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—Urbanity is the mood; glass, metal, and carpeting help create it. Dinner and supper are presided over by an experienced chef. Dancing, to recorded music, on Saturdays only, from eleven to three.

HIPPOPOTAMUS, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those ego-gratifying pleasure domes, where you are supposed to feel glad they let you in. The décor is British-in-India. Dancing to records from nine-thirty. An ample menu every night but Sunday, when only snacks are served. Reservations are required for dining.

NICO'S, in the Hotel Delmonico, Park Ave. at 59th St. (355-2500)—Some rock, some jazz—some hybrid. At times, Chico Hamilton leads his molybdenum quartet, and everybody listens coolly. (Dee Felice and the Mixed Feelings will take over from Hamilton on Monday, Nov. 15.) At other times, old Motown and Stax-Volt records spin, and everybody dances hiply. The chef, who may or may not have come in from the cold, provides something called dinner and something called supper. Music from eight-thirty to two every night but Sunday.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Little Egypt. People dance in this sphinx-filled restaurant to an assortment of records, some fast, some slow. Three times a night, the Vix come out and play and sing and so forth. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

THURSDAY'S 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—Round-the-clock action is the idea, but this insomniac principle is operative only on Fridays and Saturdays, when the doors stay open all day and all night. There are two restaurant floors, two bars, and a dance floor situated on a kind of floating mezzanine. Dancing to tapes. A fairly full menu.

TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—By gum and oh wow, the good old times are often used as backdrops for the good new times, which may explain why hot pants can be seen shaking beneath Tiffany-type lamps. Upstairs is for fancy hamburgers and such. Downstairs is for dancing to records from eight until three.

BIG DEALS

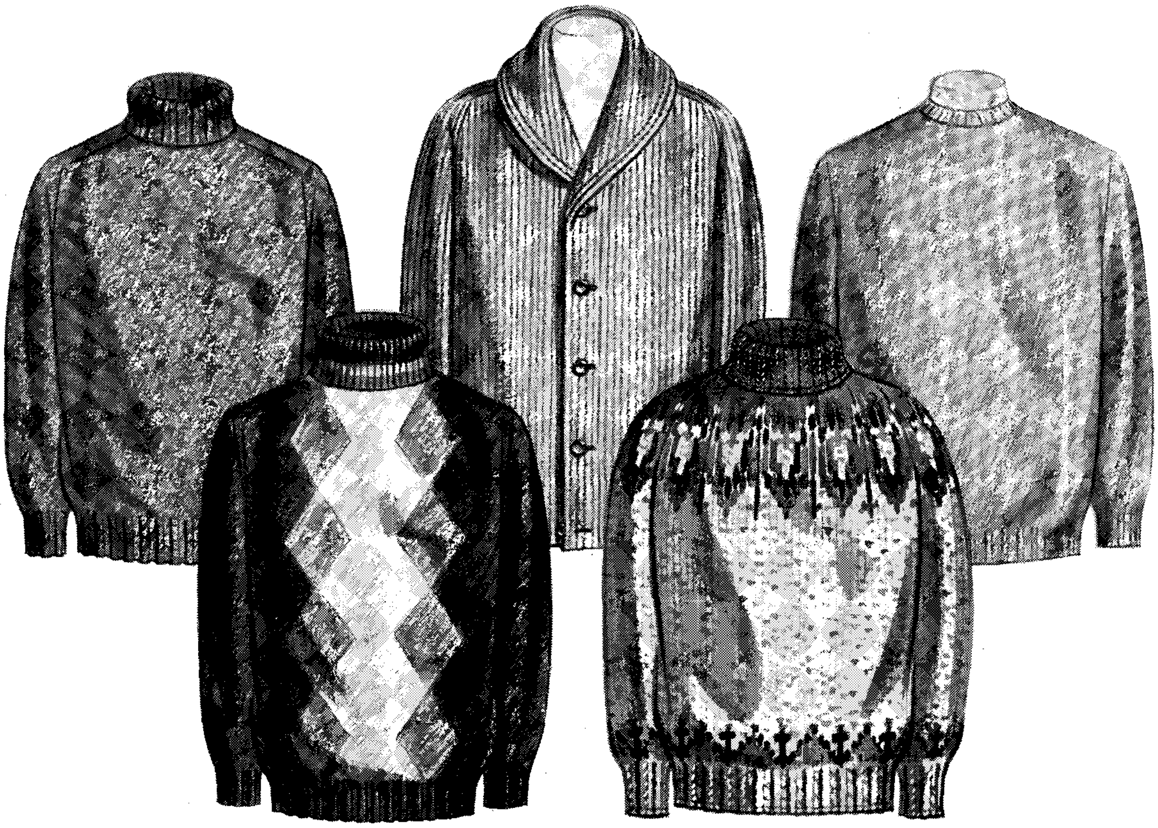
(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

ALPINE CELLAR, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A bit of the Corn Belt, but a bit of the Rhine Belt, too (*schuhplattler* dancers and a sort of brass band), and the two get along famously and cacophonously. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—A habit-forming pub for certain of our citizens, who are back in force now that the pub's ah-youth summer school has ended. Among the throng are Connie Francis, a gladiola sort of soprano, who is knowledgeable about the moods of an all-walks-of-life audience, and Frank Fontaine, a storyteller who has been on hand even longer than Uncle Remus. On Thursday, Nov. 18, another reunion party—this for Jerry Vale, a singer who pursues the uneven tenor of his ways, and Dick Capri, a narrator smarter than most. No silent nights. . . . ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, one can still evoke the illusion that he is in typical, topical Las Vegas surroundings. The music, just voice and piano, begins at ten. No quiet nights here, either.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**LA FORÊT,** where every prospect pleases, remains serene even when, on the bandstand, a set of Peter Duchin undergraduates suddenly go Dixie, for no harm can come within this magic circle—a French magic circle, all the way from chef to sommelier. Eight-thirty until two-thirty, but, alas, only on a five-day week—Tuesday through Saturday. . . . ¶ Phil Wayne, who carried off the prize for the best dance music of the past season, spends Sundays and Mondays in the **CAFÉ** with a smaller crew (just three), seven-thirty until quite late; Herb Winner's triad is on duty all the other nights.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—New faces in the fabled haunt. One of them, in the **PERSIAN ROOM,** is John Rowles, who has never been further East than Las Vegas, but has heard about pop tunes. Burt Farber and



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our exclusive imported cardigans and pullovers

FROM LEFT: *New Shetland wool turtleneck pullover knitted exclusively for us in Scotland. In scarlet mix, green opal, wheat mix, light beaver-white marl or cloud blue-white marl,* $22.50

New Irish wool turtleneck pullover with an attractive Argyll panel front. In shades of grey, wine, navy or dark camel, $27.50

Our hand-knitted ribbed bulky Shetland wool cardigan in a hip length model with shawl collar. Knitted exclusively for us in Scotland in mustard mix, white, medium grey or navy. Sizes medium, large, extra large, $55

Colorful new turtleneck ski pullover hand-knitted in Denmark exclusively for Brooks Brothers of water-repellent wool. Natural with navy-red design, $55

Crew neck Shetland wool pullover from Scotland in yellow, natural, navy, blue lovat, bottle green, burnt red, grey-white marl, dark grey marl, light blue marl, harvest yellow-white marl, royal purple, scarlet mix, mustard heather, apple green, green lovat-white marl. Sizes 36 to 48, $19.50

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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14	15	16	17	18	19	20

Mark Monte are on the bandstand, heading up their crews, which is to say that the situation here is otherwise just about normal, including the Sunday nights off. The star turn goes on at ten during the week, at nine and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. What was known as the Edwardian Room is now the **GREEN TULIP**, and a brace of new characters, Sig and Gary, who are strolling musicians, disport themselves therein. In **PLAZA 9** are thirteen new young people and a sort of revue whose music is carry-me-back-to-the-nineteen-twenties; this is done at eight and eleven every night but Monday. In the **PALM COURT** at night (except Sundays), a pair of old family retainers (Ernest Schoen and Jules Kuti) commune on fiddle and piano; Sandu Marcu, a violin man of long standing, is still on hand from four-thirty until seven-thirty. **PLAZA 9**, by the way, has a telephone of its own: PL 9-3933.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Benny Goodman on clarinet, and sometimes for dancing. How often does *that* happen? Add Urbie Green on trombone, and five other men, and that's a septet. Saturday, Nov. 13, is the end of this revival; on Monday, Nov. 15, Helen O'Connell will move in. The way she sings has little to do with Now or Mod, but it has a bouquet of its own, like a modest but sound French wine. The dance music while she is here is on tape. Closed Sundays.

RIVERBOAT, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444)—Sy Oliver's playbook brims with the complex arrangements that made him famous in the days when the path of music was not as rocky and rolly, and in the hands of his current orchestra they still sound like little works of art. Six until two, but no Sundays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **MAISONETTE** contains the New Seekers, a boys-and-girls-together choir that can hardly contain itself for glee. The young folk do dinner and supper sets, and they are surrounded, from seven-thirty until two, by the music of George Cort's orchestra. The Seekers end up on Saturday, Nov. 13, and on Monday, Nov. 15, Godfrey Cambridge, who is compounded largely of personality and such, will start talking. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA BOITE**, the prepossessing little chamber across the way, is exactly the setting for the chamber music that issues from the violin plied by that midtown landmark Gunnar Hansen. A better man for the job would be hard to find. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ And what a fine idea to pair guitarists as puissant as George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli, then to station them, at half past nine every evening but Sunday and Monday, in the minute **ST. REGIS ROOM**! No dining, no dancing, but who needs it here?

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Is it the loneliness of the long-distance runner, which the durable and endurable Johnny Mathis indeed is, that comes through the songs he broodingly chants in the slightly too vast **EMPIRE ROOM** during dinner and supper? Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The *pied-à-terre* of Bobby Short, his songs of the world's worldliest world, and his men-at-arms, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. It amounts to a quite elaborate literacy test. Usually not before ten. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S**, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): Less tongue in cheek and more tongue *and* cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here; whichever, the conversation is both brusque and bright. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sundays. . . . **DIONYSOS**, 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): The *son-et-lumière* festival that brings the Acropolis to life every night is easily matched right in this spot. Eat, dance (sometimes to rock), and be merry from nine until very, very late, and admire the scenery. Closed Sundays. . . . **ADONIS**, 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Games, more Aegean scenery, more song, dance, and bouzouki—and thereby more fun, from eight-thirty until four, though (in the Greek fashion) never on Sunday. . . . **AL MOUNIA**, in the Hotel Lancaster, Madison Ave. at 38th St. (683-5860): One of the seven wonders of the Moroccan world, and something to be seen by everyone at least once—i.e., a great place to start restaging the Arabian Nights. There's piano in one corner from six until whenever (after nine-thirty, it's by Jacques Kayal, a French-singing, non-Bogart Casablancan). Closed Sundays. . . . **CHEZ VITO**, 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Sort of a New World *café chantant*, what with Leyna Gabriele and her chorus singing away from a midway table and a set of fiddlers in almost constant motion. Closed Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. Bubber Johnson plays piano from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . **MYKONOS**, 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): Greek meets Greek in an inn on the well-known island, dines *à la grecque*, and nods with the beat of an agile Athenian trio. All quite jovial, and every night but Sunday. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): *En famille* with Rita Dimitri, a fine figure of a soubrette who, surveying her small domain from the top of a piano, sings, or talks-sings, during dinner and supper, in a manner distinctly not women's lib. Dancing, too, in this neat pocket park. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Anyone—be he waiter, busboy, or barkeep—who can carry a tray is required to carry a tune in this not especially disguised or especially sedate school of the opera. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The head of the house is Sandy Baron, a man-in-the-street philosopher, but one who indulges in original thinking. Around nine and eleven, and (on Saturdays) at one as well.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

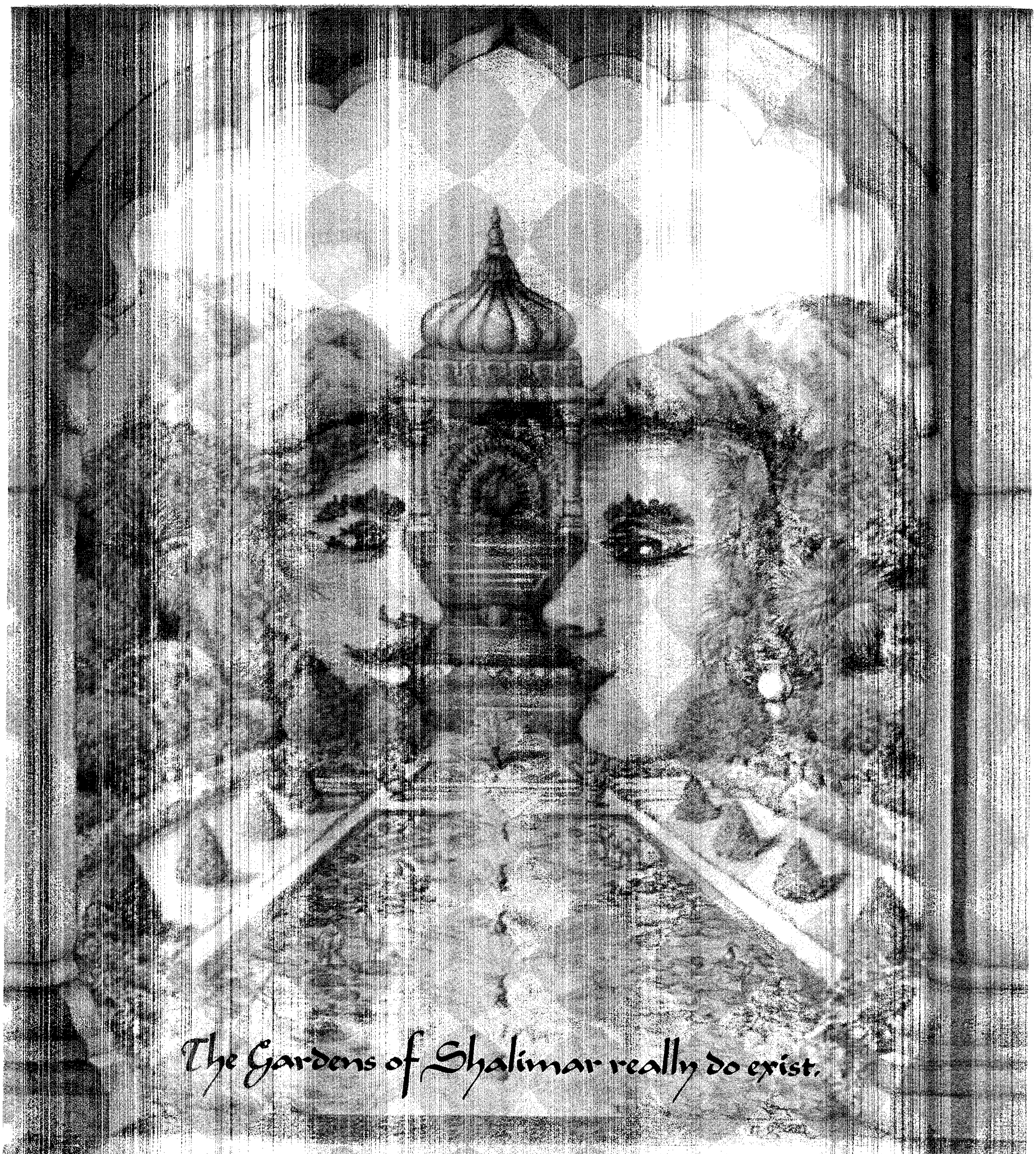
IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): In the well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The setting is circa 1975, but the music (the voice and guitar of Dino Palermo, a genuine exponent of *la dolce vita*) belongs to a fine Old World. Seven until one. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Belowstairs, in an equally ornamented, compartmented grotto, dance music flows from a dulcet threesome, seven-thirty to one-thirty, though not on Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henry IV moved into a modern co-op. The travelling violin plied by George Cardini and the retrospective piano plied by Herman Arminski are in service Tuesdays through Saturdays. Another pianist fills in on Mondays; no music Sundays. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rambunctious. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): As handsome as a townhouse can possibly be, and as formal, too. George Feyer, last of the Hapsburgs, gives his piano (and occasional lyrics) the flavor that has always been a secret ingredient of Vienna. No sound on Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT**, in the Carlton House, Madison Ave., at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley, justifiable pride of Western Australia, is holidaying in this fetching ancestral hall, where, from five-thirty until eleven-thirty, he is serving up his own keyboard specialties, the recipes for which remain his secret. The ancestral hall is ready to serve dinner until ten. No music Saturdays or Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A proper perspective on life after dark is afforded by the bar-and-grill, where one's prandial career is ad-lib and at-leisure. Every night except Sunday and Monday, Tony Gorody plays good, worldly piano from around six until as late as necessary. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The Grand Tour of Spanish architecture. The appropriate accompaniment is guitar, between seven and twelve during the week, between seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays; the nourishment is both American plan and Andalusian. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE GRIFFIN**, 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): The dinner piano (seven-thirty to eleven) is the work of Ray Onley, and it is such a quiet searching out of the possibilities in today's American music that one is tempted to stay on and on in this pleasurable and polite refectory. No music Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Invasions of privacy are not unheard of, for a troupe of serenaders can pop up beside one's butter plate on short notice, or none at all, and until fairly late at night. Well, when in Rome . . . Sundays are on short time—seven to eleven. . . . **MARYMARY**, 1234 Second Ave., at 65th St. (628-3110): In a way, a closed circuit run by New Yorkers for New Yorkers, who, like all other vanishing groups, stick to their old friends, such as Mary McCarty. She arrives, after her evening stint in "Follies," to reprise the songs and skits she loves the most. There also often arrives a passel of her Broadway playmates. The combination makes this one of the few true *boîtes de nuit* in our town. Dancing. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE**, 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A hill town (pop. 70) at the very cul-de-sac end of the street, high above First Avenue, wherefore the view is as good as the ambience and the ease. Norman Rollings, voice-over-piano, sits midway between bar and restaurant from eight until one Mondays through Thursdays, from nine until two Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE VERTE**, 308 E. 59th St. (832-3814): It's run by the same librarians, and it looks more outdoors than bookworm. It sounds that way, too, when Jerry Scott applies easy voice and piano to songs that don't often come our way. His work week: from nine until two through the week, ten to three Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, a country cousin from down South, gives the piano in the bar an air of being very well educated and extremely good-natured. He is in session from six until one, though not on Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old standby. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, there is piano by Dick Hankinson, who cedes the piano to other hands on Sundays. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL**, 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): A brace of Lester Lanin's boys go plink-plink on the Barclay Terrace during the cocktail session and in the Gold Room during dinner. Monday through Friday is the extent of this pleasant idea. . . . **JOHNNY ANGEL'S**, 232 E. 58th St. (758-5665): In remembrance of Goldie's New York, one of the city's best playgrounds, Wayne Sanders (long a part of that enterprise) does piano, nine to two, in a spot rather reminiscent of the original. Closed Sundays. . . . **JACK DELANEY**, 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Like Johnny Angel's (*vide supra*), a remembrance of the disused supper clubs whose piano men set a mood that kept one ear alert for conversation and the other alert for the music. The practitioners in this extremely matter-of-fact Village grill are Charles de Forest (Monday and Tuesday) and Murray Grand (the rest of the nights). Eight to two.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

KAREL APPEL—Fifteen new paintings and eight large polychrome aluminum sculptures, plus three painted wood-and-canvas wall reliefs



The Gardens of Shalimar really do exist.

They are in India.

They were built by the Mogul Emperor Shah Jahan for his favorite wife, Mumtaz Mahal.

Jahan met Mumtaz in the year 1608. Hindu Tantrism had dominated the country for five centuries. Love was worshipped as the highest attainment of life.

Mumtaz knew all of the arts of love.

She read "The Perfumed Garden", the "Kama Sutra."

She wore intoxicating scents such as musk and attar of roses.

She bore him fourteen children.

On June 7, 1631, the Empress Mumtaz died in the arms of her loving Shah Jahan.

Two weeks later, Jahan's hair turned white. He would burst into tears at the mention of her name.

In memory of her love he built the Taj Mahal.

In memory of their love, Guerlain created the perfume, Shalimar.

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This is the Christmas that memory brings.
The rustling of elves in the watchful night
With secrets shelved from the children's sight.

The glimmering gold of candle-shine;
The shimmering fragrance of fir and pine,
And, savory there on the silver tray,
The great, proud ham for the holiday.

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Many a Christmas candle has burned brightly beside a Hormel Ham. For this was America's first ham in a can—the symbol of holiday hospitality. Hormel makes this same, famous ham today, still with the same patient skill. Boned, trimmed and cooked to full tenderness and flavor. Magnificently ready to heat and to carve. *Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.*

by this European Expressionist whose works are familiar in New York; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

EDWARD AVEDISIAN—Large canvases with circular forms; through Dec. 2. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

MAX BECKMANN (1884-1950)—Paintings, drawings, and graphics; through Nov. 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

VARUJAN BOGHOSIAN—Wooden boxes and reliefs containing allusive objects; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

AARON BOHROD—More of this veteran artist's hyperrealistic paintings of assembled objects; through Nov. 27. (Danenberg & Roman, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

SIMEON BRAGUIN—Abstractions suggesting sails and the sea by a nineteen-thirties artist who was for many years an absentee from painting; through Thursday, Nov. 18. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

MORRIS BRODERSON—Portraits and still-lifes by a California painter; through Nov. 27. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL BURLIN (1886-1969)—Paintings, most of them late, by this well-known Expressionist; through Thursday, Nov. 18. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

DON CARRICK—Landscapes of Vermont and Martha's Vineyard, plus portraits; through Nov. 28. (Green Mountain, 17 Perry St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

ALSON CLARK (1876-1949)—Paintings of interiors, landscapes, and figures, done from 1899 to the 1940's by an American student of Whistler and William Merritt Chase who worked in Paris and the United States; starting Saturday, Nov. 13. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

PIERRE CLERK—The first one-man show in New York of geometric black-and-white paintings by an American who studied in Europe; starting Tuesday, Nov. 16. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

CALVERT COGGESHALL—Paintings by a veteran abstractionist; starting Tuesday, Nov. 16. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

CORNEILLE—Figurative Expressionist paintings by a founder of the Cobra group; starting Tuesday, Nov. 16. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

ALLAN D'ARCANGELO—Thirty paintings on canvas and paper which develop the recently inaugurated "Constellations" theme of this artist, who is known for his compositions of highway and traffic symbols; through Nov. 27. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GIORGIO DE CHIRICO—Early drawings; through Nov. 24. (Odyssia, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

AVEL DE KNIGHT—Landscapes with African themes by an award-winning Afro-American; through Nov. 27. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

LYNNE DREXLER—Abstract landscapes in oil and studies in crayon; starting Tuesday, Nov. 16. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

PAUL FEELEY (1910-66)—Paintings and drawings by a "color" painter; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

JOHN FERRO—The first one-man show of the artist's metal sculptures made of bolted bridge-building elements; through Nov. 24. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

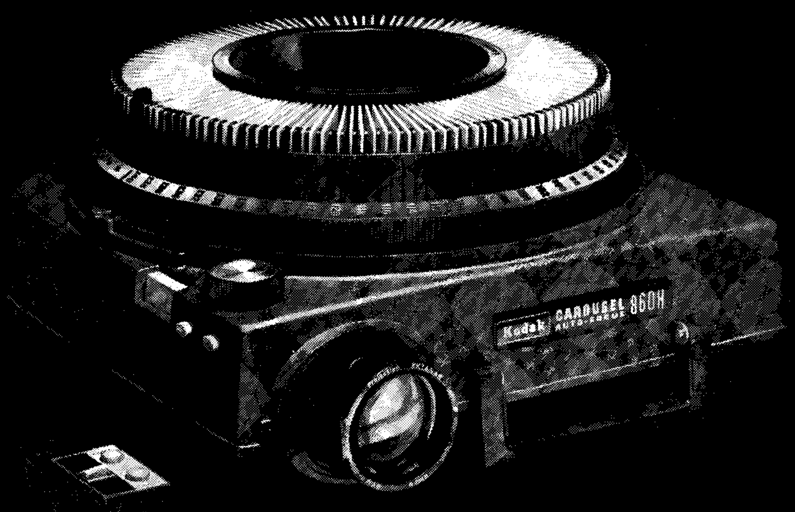
DAN FLAVIN—Installations of this artist's fluorescent-light compositions. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Through Nov. 23. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Weber, 420 West Broadway. Through Wednesday, Nov. 17. Closed Mondays.)

HELEN FRANKENTHALER—Two showings of paintings by this influential Abstract Expressionist; through Dec. 1. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.)

TIBOR FREUND—More of this artist's paintings that seem to move; starting Tuesday, Nov. 16. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

LEONEL GÓNGORA—Oils, watercolors, and drawings of humorous and erotic conceptions of women; through Nov. 27. (Lerner-Misrachi,

The
quiet one.



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Price subject to change without notice.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Grashow—Giant-size figures of men (of polyester, fibre glass, wire, and paint) engaged in a free-for-all; through Nov. 30. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Stephen Greene—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Gropper—Almost two hundred drawings from the past fifty years by this left-wing social commentator prominent in the thirties; through Nov. 27. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

George Grosz (1893-1959)—Drawings done between 1912 and 1920 by the great German satirist of the First World War period; through Nov. 27. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

Armand Guillaumin (1841-1927)—More than forty paintings by a French Impressionist; through Nov. 27. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Hirsch—Paintings of figures, singly and in groups, by a social realist; starting Saturday, Nov. 13. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Serge Hollerbach—Caseins and drawings of contemporary scenes in New York; through Tuesday, Nov. 16. (Kuhlik, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Jenkins—Eleven large paintings by this specialist in flowing pigments; starting Tuesday, Nov. 16. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Morris Kantor—Abstract paintings with suggestions of figures; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Alex Katz—Painted cutouts of the artist's friends; through Thursday, Nov. 18. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ellsworth Kelly—Color-field paintings; through Nov. 27. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

Robert Keyser—Paintings of abstract forms derived from nature; through Dec. 11. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Ron Kleemann—Neo-realist paintings of automobiles, subways, fire engines, and so on; through Wednesday, Nov. 17. (French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

David Levine—Portraits and scenes of Coney Island in watercolor; through Friday, Nov. 12. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Roy Lichtenstein—About forty early and recent drawings; through Dec. 8. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

Richard Lindner—Watercolors by the German-American famous for his threatening uniformed females; through Nov. 24. (Samuels, 18 E. 76th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)

Noel Mahaffey and Charles Waldeck—Two one-man shows: realistic paintings of city scenes by the former and kinetic sculptures using light and sound by the latter; starting Saturday, Nov. 13. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Ronald Markman—Ten paintings and ten bronzes with satirical themes; through Nov. 27. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Albert Marquet (1875-1947)—A benefit show of seventy paintings by this contemporary of Matisse, Vlaminck, and Derain; through Dec. 4. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Raymond Mason—Sculptures depicting the closing of the market in Les Halles, Paris, and the departure of the vegetables, their venders, and their buyers; through Nov. 27. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mitzi Melnicoff—Oil paintings of figures in patterned interiors; through Nov. 30. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Richard Miller—Bronze and wax female figures; through Nov. 27. (Peridot-Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Amedeo Modigliani (1884-1920)—Fifty-two paintings, including portraits and a few nudes, from private museum collections, representing all phases of the artist's development; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Piet Mondrian (1872-1944)—A show of oils and one watercolor which is running concurrently with his show at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum; through Nov. 27. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Lowell Nesbitt and Anton Heyboer—Drawings, some with watercolor, by the first, a fantasist in a hyperrealist mode, and prints by the second, a Dutch artist who devotes himself exclusively to etching; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Jerry Okimoto—Geometric paintings which, when seen at a distance, resemble stacked logs, a pile of boxes, and so on; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Jules Pascin (1885-1930)—Oils by a School of Paris artist celebrated for his paintings of women; through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Niveau, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Ann Cole Phillips—Impressions of ancient Persepolis, also paintings on the theme of modern estrangement; through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Anne Poor—Landscapes and flower still-lifes in oil and pastel; starting Tuesday, Nov. 16. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Sophy Regensburg—Still-lifes with closeup effects; through Nov. 30. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Saul—Drawings and one large painting on the subjects of "The Art World Establishment," "Black Power," and "The Political Scene;" through Nov. 27. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Julius Schmidt—Interlocking cylindrical forms in stainless steel, wood, and bronze; through Nov. 27. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Karl Schrag—Landscapes, interiors, and portraits; through Dec. 4. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Kurt Seligmann (1900-62)—Heraldic paintings by a Swiss Surrealist well known in New York; through Dec. 2. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

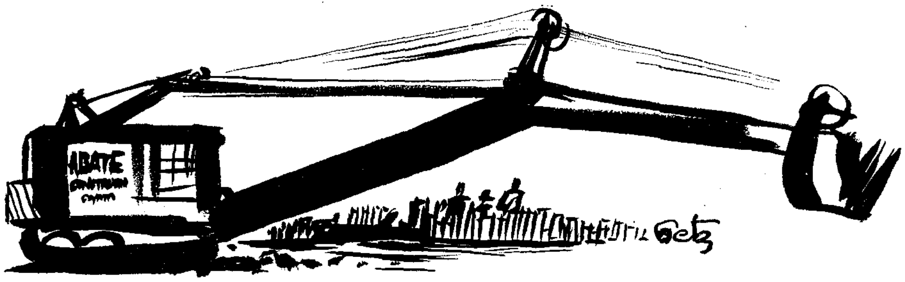
Ben Shahn (1898-1969)—Paintings, watercolors, gouaches, and drawings, many never before exhibited; through Nov. 27. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

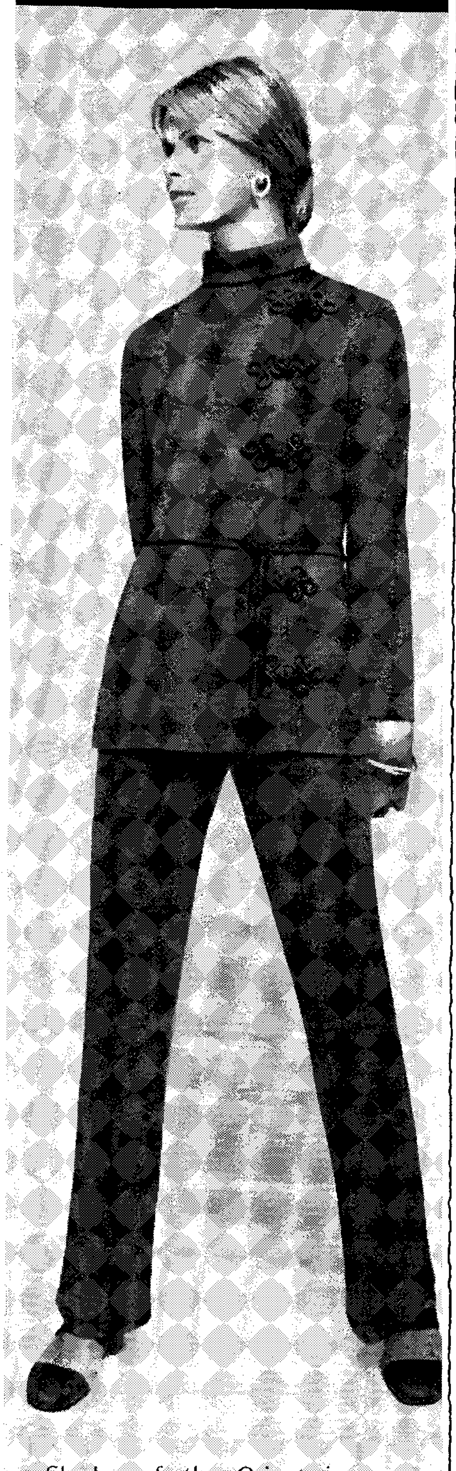
Rufino Tamayo—Recent paintings by a leading Mexican who combines modern and folk modes; through Dec. 11. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Walasse Ting—Paintings by a Chinese Abstract Expressionist; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Mark Tobey—Paintings from 1969 and 1970; through Nov. 27. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Gary Wojcik—Abstract sculptures of rubber and steel; through Thursday, Nov. 18.





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(Kornblee, 58 E. 70th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Zakanych—Heavily painted canvases divided into squares; through Nov. 27. (Palley, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Kes Zapkus and Charles Ginnever—Large paintings with a substructure of serialized mathematical elements by the former and large abstract outdoor sculptures in rust-colored steel by the latter; through Wednesday, Nov. 17. (Cooper, 100 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Karl Zerbe—Paintings of birds by a veteran American Expressionist; starting Saturday, Nov. 13. (Nordness, 236 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **hutton**, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: More than a hundred Russian avant-garde paintings, sculptures, and constructions from 1908 to 1922 by, among others, Goncharova, Larionov, Lissitzky, Malevich, Popova, Rodchenko, Jawlensky, and Kandinsky; through Dec. 18. (Closed Mondays.) A complement to this exhibit is the Russian avant-garde show at the New York Cultural Center. . . . **knoedler**, 21 E. 70th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Degas, Renoir, Cézanne, Duchamp-Villon, Laurens, and the like; through Nov. 27. . . . **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: Figurative paintings, drawings, and etchings by Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, and Robert Vickrey; through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Closed Mondays.). . . **new school**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: American posters of political protest from 1966 to 1970—two hundred and sixteen by over a hundred artists; through Dec. 4. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 11 to 6.). . . **pace**, 32 E. 57th St.: Works by important Europeans and Americans (Picasso, Matisse, Bonnard, Miró, Rothko, Arp, Nevelson, and others); through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.). . . **prince street gallery**, 106 Prince St.: More than thirty young figurative painters and sculptors; through Wednesday, Nov. 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.). . . **raydon**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: About seventy landscapes by nineteenth- and twentieth-century American artists, some of them—Thomas Cole, Childe Hassam, Homer Martin—well known; through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Closed Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.). . . **rené**, 6 W. 57th St.: More than a hundred paintings related to the geometric-Constructivist mode by, for example, Kandinsky, Mondrian, Delaunay, Albers, Arp, and Moholy-Nagy; through Saturday, Nov. 13. . . . **seligmann**, 5 E. 57th St.: Master drawings from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth; through Dec. 4. (Closed Mondays.). . . **shepherd**, 21 E. 84th St.: British and European paintings and drawings; through Nov. 27. (Closed Mondays.). . . **terrain**, 39 Grove St.: Paintings, drawings, and prints by three followers of "aesthetic realism"—Chaim and Dorothy Koppelman and Hank D'Amico; through Nov. 25. (Thursdays and Saturdays through Mondays, 2 to 6.). . . **westbeth**, 155 Bank St.: Paintings by ten Westbeth Housing Project artists, including Robert De Niro, Robert Fabian, Fred Farr, Leatrice Rose, and Anne Tabachnick; through Sunday, Nov. 14. (Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, 2 to 6; Fridays, 4 to 8.). . . **doris wiener**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Indian miniature paintings from the sixteenth century through the eighteenth; through Nov. 27. (Closed Mondays.). . . **zabriskie**, 29 W. 57th St.: Nineteenth-century East Indian paintings on cloth; through Dec. 4. (Closed Mondays.)

Sculptors Guild—Their thirty-fourth annual, composed of about eighty pieces (by Doris Caesar, Helen Beling, William Talbot, Lyman Kipp, and others) in a variety of styles and mediums; through Nov. 21. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The new Costume Institute showing comprises thirty complete costumes representing a variety of high-fashion clothing for women during the past two hundred years. . . . ¶ The European Paintings Galleries, just reopened, houses about seven hundred paintings arranged by national schools. . . . ¶ Five new galleries highlight the Museum's collection of American paintings and sculptures from the eighteenth century to the early twentieth. . . . ¶ A hundred sculptures from Nigeria and Cameroon; through Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Eighty paintings, sculptures, and pieces of jewelry from Tibet, Nepal, and Kashmir, done between the

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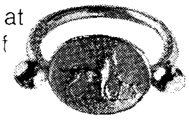

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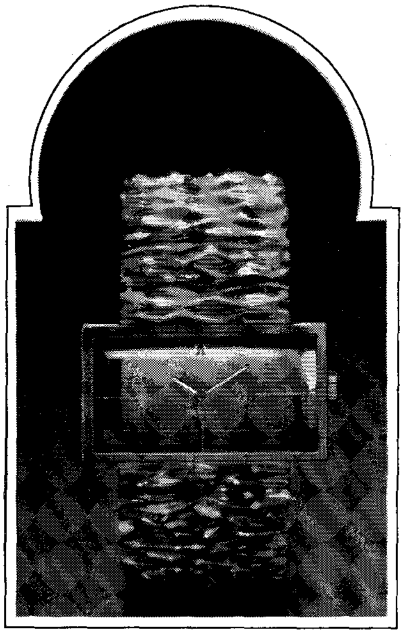

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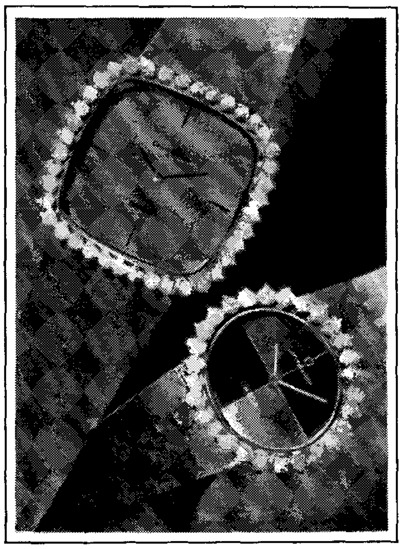

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seventh century and the nineteenth; through Jan. 30. (Tuesdays and Fridays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the paintings and sculptures of Barnett Newman (1909-70), including his much-discussed series, "Stations of the Cross;" through Jan. 10. . . . ¶ Stained and sprayed unstretched canvases suspended from the ceiling by Sam Gilliam, a Washington, D.C., artist; through Dec. 6. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A hundred and thirty-one works, of which a hundred and sixteen are oil paintings and fifteen are drawings and watercolors, constitute the most comprehensive exhibition ever held in New York of Piet Mondrian (1872-1944). It begins with the artist's earliest, naturalistic works of 1889-92 and covers the evolution of his style until his death. Through Dec. 12. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.) A complement to this showing is the one at the Goldowsky Gallery, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Three hundred and fourteen art objects produced in fifty-seven North American Indian tribes during the past two hundred years. The works include masks, headdresses, tobacco pipes, totem poles, war clubs, knives, shields, chests, and bowls. Starts Tuesday, Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Forty-nine prints in exceptionally large sizes; through Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Paintings by Frank Bowling, a recently prominent black artist; through Dec. 6. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Paintings and sculptures by eight contemporaries; through Sunday, Nov. 14. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Over forty stone and whalebone carvings and twenty-four prints of animals and figures by contemporary Eskimo artists; through Jan. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings by such artists as Romare Bearden, Marcia Marcus, and Philip Pearlstein, eligible for purchase under the Childe Hassam Fund for presentation to museums in the United States and Canada; starting Saturday, Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Drawings by forty-five members of the Institute; starting Saturday, Nov. 13. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A hundred and eighteen works of ancient Indonesian art from the Central Javanese period (eighth century to mid-tenth) and the Eastern Javanese period (mid-thirteenth century to fifteenth), among them stone carvings and bronzes, as well as pieces in gold and silver; through Nov. 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—More than a hundred Chinese objects in gold and silver that go back as far as 1500 B.C.; through Jan. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Paintings, drawings, and poetry by Sonia Sekula (1918-63), a figure in the New York art world during the forties and fifties; through Sunday, Nov. 14. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—Approximately sixty master works of the Japanese decorative school, which dates from the sixteenth century through the eighteenth; they include screens, scrolls, wooden panels, fabrics, woodblock books, and other objects. Through Sunday, Nov. 14. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Photographs and films by Roman Vishniac, plus a slide presentation, with a taped narration by Dr. Vishniac, on the life of the no longer existing Jewish communities of Eastern Europe; through Jan. 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Contemporary English bookbindings; through Nov. 27. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Seventy-five examples of pre-Columbian Mexican art from 1200 B.C. to 1500 A.D. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—The exhibit of post-Revolutionary Soviet art organized by the British Arts Council and displayed earlier this year in London. It focusses on Constructivism, the dominant avant-garde movement in Russia in the early twenties, and includes a small sampling of paintings and sculptures. The emphasis is on more than three hundred architectural models, reconstructions of theatrical design, furnishings, artifacts, films, photographs, and posters. Through Dec. 24. A complement to this show is the Russian avant-garde exhibit at Hutton Galleries, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St. . . . ¶ Five years of work by the European conceptual artist Benar Venet, who has promised to retire; starting Thursday, Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Paintings of still-lifes, landscapes, florals, battle scenes, clowns, and horses by Gian Rodolfo D'Accardi, a Milanese artist born in 1906; through Nov. 28. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The H. L. Mencken papers; typescripts of reviews and editorials and a ream of letters to and from this American writer and editor; through Dec. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Sculptures and prints by Elizabeth Catlett, a veteran artist who draws on African, American, and Mexican cultural traditions; through Jan. 9. . . . ¶ Photographs taken by James Van DerZee between 1900 and 1971; through Sunday, Nov. 14. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Nedda Casei, Franco Bonisolli, Robert Merrill, Ezio Flagello, and James Morris. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 11, at 8: "Carmen," with Viorica Cortez, Gabriella Tucci, George Shirley, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 12, at 8: "Cosi Fan Tutte," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Rosalind Elias, Teresa Stratas, Pietro Bottazzo, Tom Krause, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 13, at 2: "Tosca," with Grace Bumbry, Placido Domingo, Anselmo Colzani, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Nedda Casei, Franco Bonisolli, Robert Merrill, Ezio Flagello, and James Morris. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 15, at 8: "Faust," with Gabriella Tucci, Judith Forst, Franco Bonisolli, Mario Sereni, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 16, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Gail Robinson, Batyah Godfrey, Alfredo Kraus, Robert Merrill, Ezio Flagello, and James Morris. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 8: "Tosca," with Grace Bumbry, John Alexander, Anselmo Colzani, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 18, at 7:30: A new production of Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde," with Birgit Nilsson, Mignon Dunn, Jess Thomas, Thomas Stewart, and John Macurdy. (A *benefit performance; for tickets, call* 582-7500.) . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 19, at 8: "Carmen," with Viorica Cortez, Gabriella Tucci, George Shirley, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 20, at 2: "Cosi Fan Tutte," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Rosalind Elias, Teresa Stratas, Pietro Bottazzo, Tom Krause, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8: "Luisa Miller," with Adriana Maliponte, Jean Kraft, John Alexander, Mario Sereni, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Paul Plishka.

New York City Opera—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 8:15: "Mefistofele," with Carol Neblett, Beverly Evans, William Chapman, and Bernabé Martí. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 11, at 8:15: "Roberto Devereux," with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 12, at 8:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Patricia Wise, Mary Cross Lueders, Perry Price, and Richard Stilwell. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 13, at 2:15: "Mefistofele," with Carol Neblett, Beverly Evans, Norman Treigle, and Bernabé Martí. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Kay Creed, Herman Malamood, and Dominic Cossa. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 477-4720.). . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 14, at 1:15: "Susannah," with Maralin Niska, Barbara Shuttleworth, Michael Devlin, and Harry Theyard. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 14, at 7:15: "Cosi Fan Tutte" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Frances Bible, Robert Johnson, and Spiro Malas. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

JOHN BROWNLEE OPERA THEATRE—The first performance here of Alphonse Daudet's drama "L'Arlésienne" (in English), with music by Georges Bizet. Produced by Basil Langton, with the Manhattan Repertory Orchestra conducted by Giampaolo Bracali. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall—Michael Tilson Thomas conducting on Thursday, Nov. 11, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 12, at 2; and Monday, Nov. 15, at 7:30 (all with Jorge Bolet, piano). . . . ¶ Leonard Bernstein directing an all-Liszt program on Thursday, Nov. 18, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 19, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 22, at 7:30 (all with William Cochran, tenor, and the Westminster Choir). . . . **NOTE:** An hour before the concert on Monday, Nov. 15, Mr. Bolet will give a half-hour all-Liszt recital.

NEW JERSEY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Henry Lewis directing, with Marilyn Horne and Patricia Brooks, sopranos, and the Rutgers University Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

NATIONAL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Antal Dorati directing, with Eugene Istomin, piano, and the Howard University Chorus. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Nov. 14, at 3.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 16, at 8:15.)

CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—At Carnegie Hall, Georg Solti conducting—Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 8: A varied concert; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8: A performance of Schoenberg's opera "Moses and Aaron" in concert form, with Richard Lewis, tenor; Hans Hotter and Donald Gramm, bass-baritones; and the Chicago Symphony Chorus.

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Leopold Stokowski conducting an all-Wagner program, with Doris Jung, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 14, at 2:30, and Tuesday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Robert and Gaby Casadesus, pianos. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 8:30.)

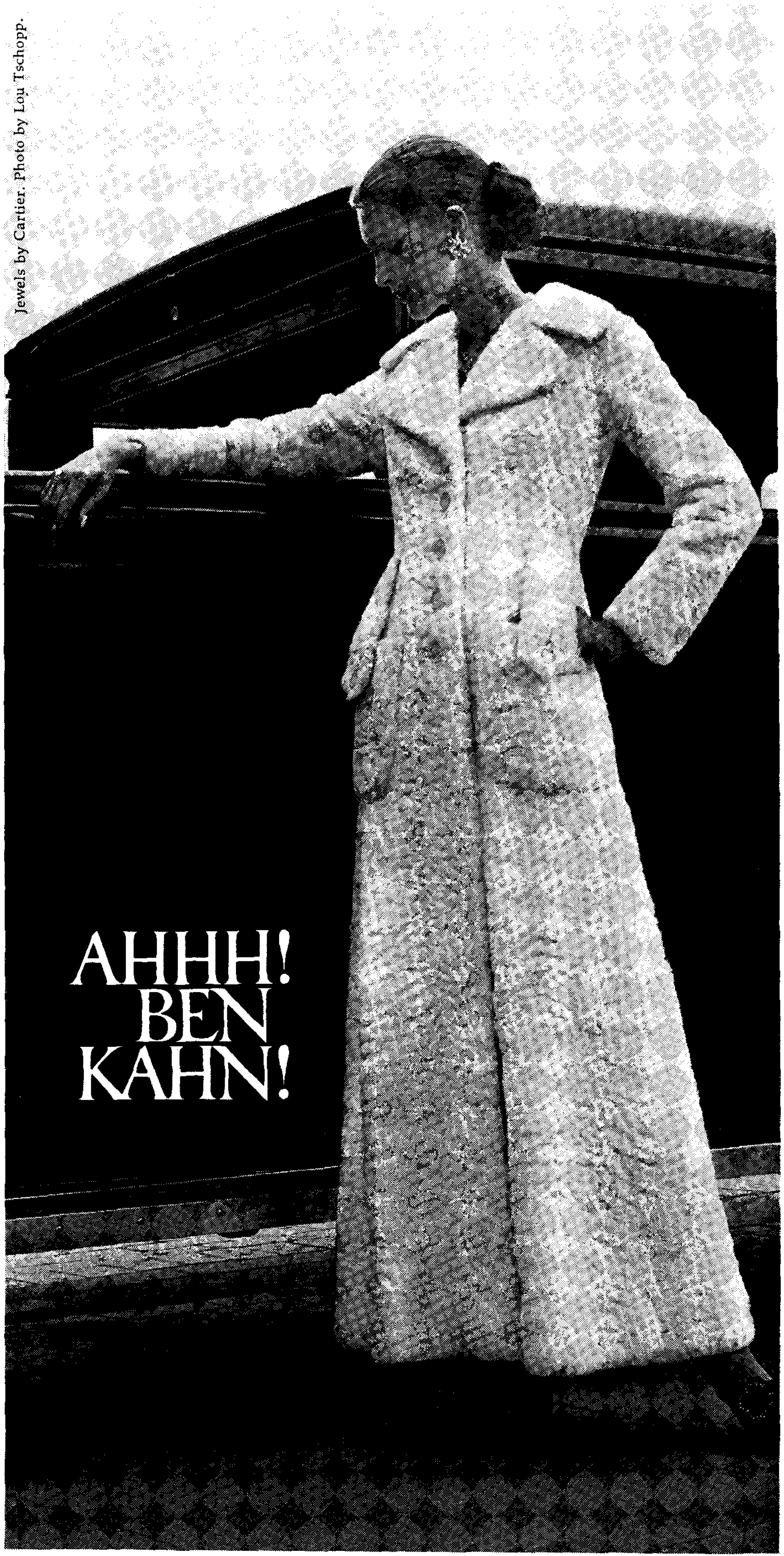
"ST. JOHN PASSION"—Meredith Davies directing a benefit performance of the American première of the Benjamin Britten edition of Bach's oratorio (translated by Peter Pears and Imogen Holst). Performers include members of the New York Philharmonic; the Westminster Choir; Helen Boatwright, soprano; Helen Watts, contralto; Ernst Haefliger and Charles Bressler, tenors; Richard Best, bass-baritone; and Thomas Paul, bass. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

CLARION CONCERTS CHORUS—Newell Jenkins directing, with Lou Ann Wyckoff, soprano; Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano; Gold and Fizdale, duo piano; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 16, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

NADIA KOUTZEN—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

MYUNG WHUN CHUNG—Piano. (Wollman Audi-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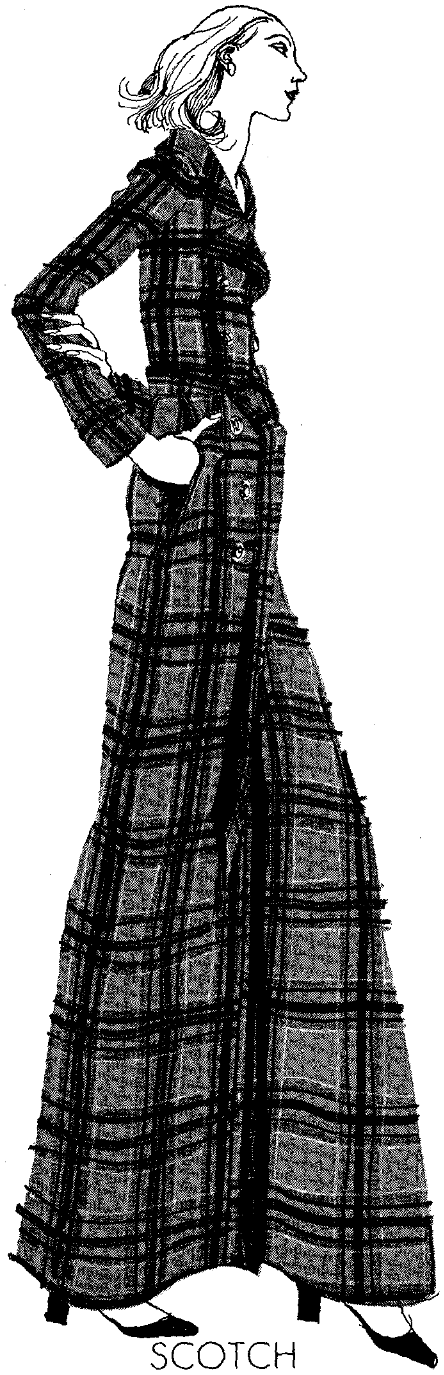

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

torium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Janos Starker and Gyorgy Sebok—A recital of sonatas for cello and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Nov. 11, at 8.)

Dagar Brothers—Two singers and three instrumentalists from India in a program of ragas. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 11-13, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 14, at 7:30.)

Francisco Aybar—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 11, at 8:30.)

Guarneri Quartet and William Masselos—In an all-Dvořák program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 12, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Minoru Nojima—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, Nov. 12, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Pinchas Zukerman and Charles Treger, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Nov. 12, at 8:30, and Saturday, Nov. 13, at 9.)

Composers in Performance—Terry Riley presenting a program of his works for electronic organ and tape-delay system. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

Long Island Chamber Ensemble—In a program of works by Alan Hovhaness. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 9.)

Lorin Hollander—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Nov. 14, at 2:15.)

Joseph Fennimore—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 14, at 3.)

Bowling Green String Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 14, at 7:30.)

Philharmonia Trio—Chamber music. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Monday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

Music in America: Three Aspects—The last in a series of concerts, this one a program of vocal and instrumental chamber music performed by Gerald Tarack, violin; Irena Nicolai, soprano; Lalan Parrott, piano; and a chamber chorus directed by David Amram. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Monday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

Rodrigo de Zayas and Anne Perret—Lute and mezzo-soprano, in the second in a series of three programs, this one devoted to English Renaissance and French baroque music. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

Sylvia Marlowe—Harpsichord, in an all-Bach program, with Paula Robison, flute. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

Philip Cho—Tenor, in a benefit recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

Victoria de los Angeles—Soprano, in a recital originally scheduled for Dec. 10. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

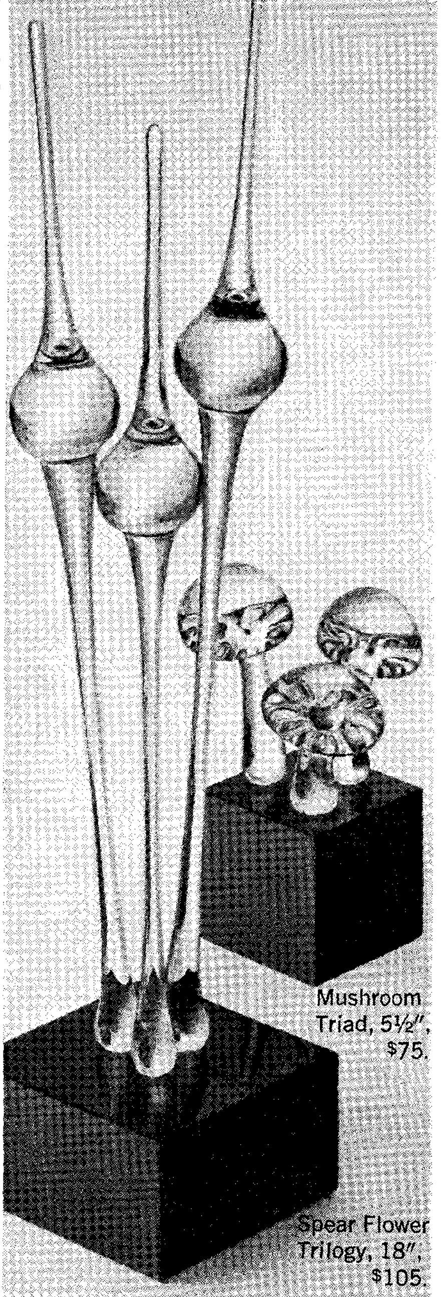
Lili Kraus—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

John Williams—Classic guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

New York Chamber Soloists—In an all-Mozart program, with Jean Hakes, soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; and Raymond Murcell, bass. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Earle Brown—Conducting a chamber orchestra in a program of his own avant-garde works. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and La-



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Guardia Pl. Friday, Nov. 12, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 598-2116.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Gordon Lightfoot—Carnegie Hall. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 11-12, at 8.

Dee Felice and the Mixed Feelings—Maisonette, St. Regis-Sheraton Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. Friday, Nov. 12, at noon. For tickets, call 489-0654.

Clark Terry Band—With Dee Felice and the Mixed Feelings. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Nov. 12, at 7:30.)

Donovan—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Nov. 12, at 8.

Seals & Crofts—With Boz Scaggs. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Nov. 12, at 8.)

Isaac Hayes—Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Nov. 13, and Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 7:30 and 10:30.

Clancy Brothers—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8.

Pink Floyd—Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 15, at 7:30.

Ten Years After—Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Nov. 18, at 8.

Betty Carter's Trio—Maisonette, St. Regis-Sheraton Hotel. Friday, Nov. 19, at noon.

James Gang and Jimmie Spheeris—Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 60th St. 535-5350. Friday, Nov. 19, at 7:30 and 10:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Nov. 11, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Golden State Warriors. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8: Knicks vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 16, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Phoenix. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8: Knicks vs. Baltimore.

Boxing—Enrique Pinder vs. Davey Vasquez, 12 rounds, for the North American Bantamweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 8:30; a closed-circuit telecast of the Muhammad Ali-Buster Mathis heavyweight bout in Houston will start at about 10:30.)

College Football—SATURDAY, NOV. 13: Army vs. Pittsburgh, at West Point, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Harvard, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Pennsylvania, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Cornell, at Hanover, at 1. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Manhattan, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Syracuse, at Annapolis, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Yale, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Holy Cross, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Wesleyan, at Hartford, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Amherst, at Williamstown, at 1:30. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 20 (all games at 1:30): Brown vs. Columbia, at Providence. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Kings Point, at Fordham. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Colgate, at New Brunswick. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Harvard, at New Haven.

Professional Football—Jets vs. Baltimore Colts. (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 14, at 1.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Los Angeles. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 13, at 1:35: Rangers vs. Buffalo. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 14, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Vancouver.

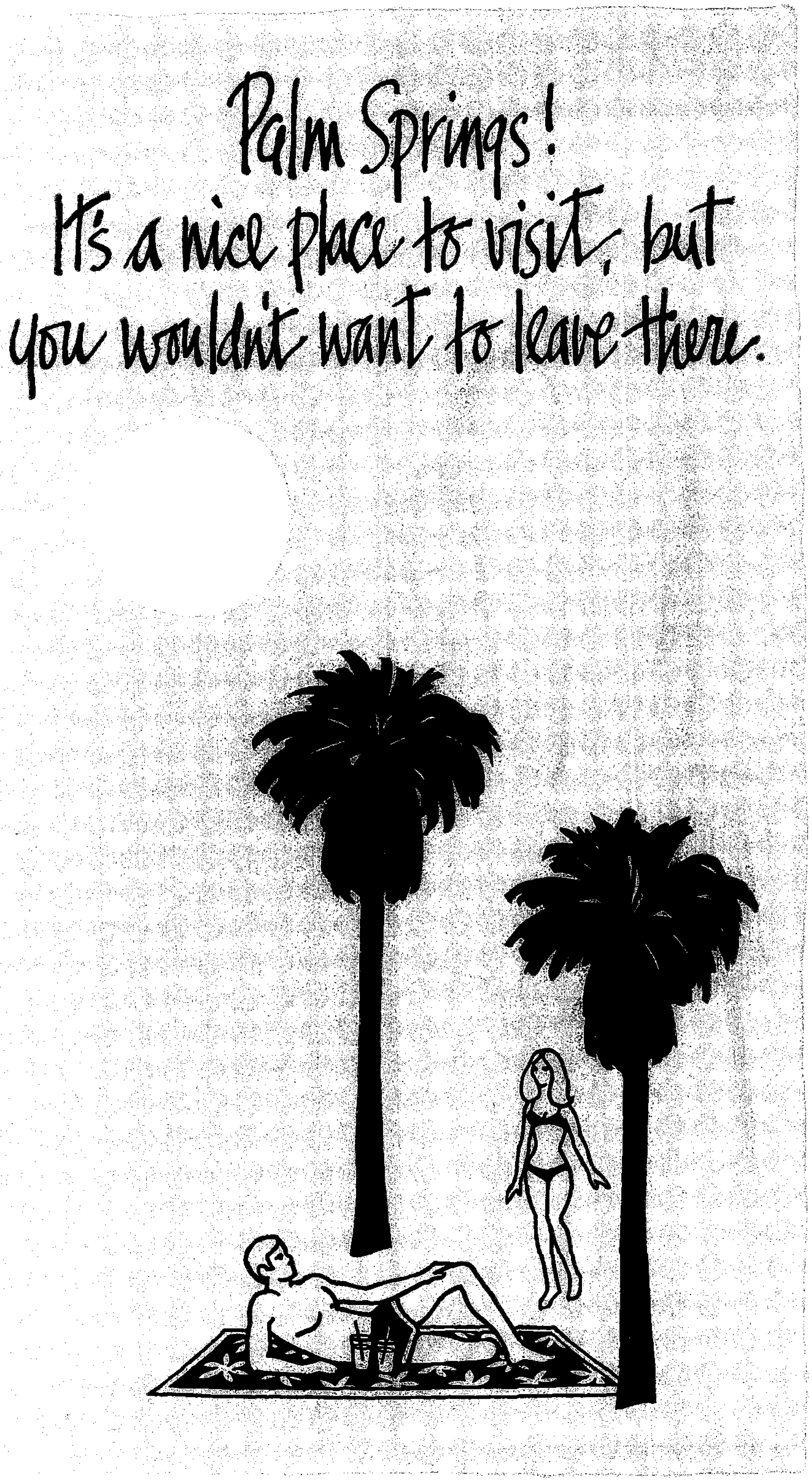
Hunt Racing—Virginia Fall Race Meeting. (Middlebury, Va. Saturday, Nov. 13.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 12:30; through Wednesday, Dec. 15. The Interborough Handicap, Wednesday, Nov. 10; the Queens County Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 13; and the Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 20. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Daily at 12:30; through Saturday, Nov. 13. The New Jersey Futurity, Wednesday, Nov. 10, and the Garden State, Saturday, Nov. 13. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, Dec. 31.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Wednesday, Dec. 15.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic in the opening children's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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

concerts of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 12:10 and 2:30.)... ¶ "The Hunting of the Snark," a children's opera by Edwin Roberts and Bill Tchakirides, based on Lewis Carroll's poem of the same name. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Saturdays at 1, 3, and 5. For information about tickets, call 427-2906.)... ¶ "La Bohème," with Boris Goldovsky narrating and playing the piano and with assisting artists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 2:30.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES:** "The Wizard of Oz." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.)... **SALVATORE GUIDA:** "The Magical Red Fan," Saturday, Nov. 13, at 2:30.... ¶ "Bravo, the Clown," Sunday, Nov. 14, and Saturday, Nov. 20, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.)... **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1.... ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.)... **MERI MINI PLAYERS:** "Looice." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 260-4863. Saturdays at 2:30.)... **TEN PENNY PLAYERS:** "Yes, Yes, Boniface!" (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 1 and 3, and Sunday, Nov. 14, at 2.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show in the Sky Theatre is called "Interplanetary Travelers." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under *five not admitted.*)... ¶ An hour before the shows, the new Guggenheim Space Theatre presents a projection of the story of astronomy—from man's earliest concepts of the universe to the achievements of the Space Age.

JUNIOR MUSEUM STUDIO, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—A display of children's paintings honoring the Harlem School of the Arts; through Nov. 25. (Tuesdays and Fridays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 2; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday, from 3 to 5:30.

ET ALIA

(The number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY AND PROSE READINGS—Andrei Voznesensky reading from his own poetry, in Russian, with English translations read by William Jay Smith. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 8:30.)... ¶ William Gass and John Hawkes reading from their own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Nov. 18, at 8:30.)

THOMSON SYMPOSIUM—Virgil Thomson speaking about twentieth-century music, theatre, and criticism. Other participants will be A. Tillman Merritt, Henri Sauguet, Michael Steinberg, Henry Russell Hitchcock, and Janet Flanner. (Tishman Auditorium, Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 4. Admission is free.)

FLOWER SHOW—The Thanksgiving Flower Show will be presented by the Horticultural Society of New York (128 W. 58th St.) on Wednesday, Nov. 17, from 12 to 4.

NATIONAL POSTAGE STAMP SHOW—The twenty-third annual exhibit will comprise four hundred frames, displayed by dealers from the United States, Canada, and England. (Madison Square Garden Center Exposition Rotunda, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 19-20, from 10 to 9, and Sunday, Nov. 21, from 1:05 to 8.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 10-11, at 10:15 and 2: Modern and old-master prints, from several collections.... ¶ Friday, Nov. 12, at 2, and Saturday, Nov. 13, at 10:15 and 2: American paintings, prints, autographs, furniture, and decorations; from various owners.... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 16, at 2: Autographs, including letters signed by Abraham Lincoln and Franklin D. Roosevelt; from many owners.... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 8: Postwar and contemporary art by such artists as Robert Rauschenberg, Claes Oldenburg, Andy Warhol, and Jim Dine; from a number of collectors, among them Nelson A. Rockefeller and Norton Simon. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 12.... **NOTE:** On Thursday, Nov. 11, at 6, there will be a benefit auction of drawings, including works by Charles Addams, George Price, Chic Young, and Chon Day, at PB-84, 171 E. 84th St. (Exhibition hours: Wednesday, Nov. 10, from 9 to 5, and Thursday, Nov. 11, from 9 to 3.)

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nov. 10 at 2 and 5:30: "The Caretaker" (1963), directed by Clive Donner, with Donald Pleasence, Robert Shaw, and Alan Bates.... ¶ Nov. 11 at 2: "Tom Jones" (1963), directed by Tony Richardson, with Albert Finney and Susannah York.... ¶ Nov. 11 at 5:30: "Look Back in Anger" (1959), directed by Tony Richardson, with Richard Burton and Claire Bloom.... ¶ Nov. 11 at 8: "The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner" (1962), directed by Tony Richardson, with Michael Redgrave and Tom Courtenay.... ¶ Nov. 12 at 2 and 5:30: "Having a Wild Weekend" (1965), directed by John Boorman, with the Dave Clark Five.... ¶ Nov. 13 at noon: "Blackmail" (1929), directed by Alfred Hitchcock.... ¶ Nov. 13 at 3 and 5:30: "The Passengers" (1971), in French, directed by Annie Tresgot.... ¶ Nov. 14 at 2 and 5:30: "Bronco Bullfrog" (1969), directed by Barney Platts-Mills.... ¶ Nov. 15 at 1: "Winter Kept Us Warm" (1965), directed by David Secter.... ¶ Nov. 15 at 6 and Nov. 16 at 2: "Riders of the Purple Sage" (1925), directed by Lynn Reynolds, with Tom Mix.... ¶ Nov. 16 at 5:30: "Breathing Together: Revolution of the Electric Family" (1971), directed by Morley Markson.... ¶ Nov. 17 at 2 and 5:30: "I Love You, I Kill You" (1971), in German, directed by Uwe Brandner.... ¶ Nov. 18 at 2 and 5:30: "Trash" (1970), directed by Paul Morrissey, with Joe Dallesandro and Holly Woodlawn.... ¶ Nov. 18 at 8: "Viva la Muerte" (1971), in French, directed by Arrabal. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)... **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Three programs in a series of Russian silent films: Through Nov. 12: "Ten Days That Shook the World" (1928), directed by Sergei Eisenstein and Grigori Alexandrov.... ¶ Nov. 13-14: "Strike" (1924), directed by Sergei Eisenstein.... ¶ Starting Nov. 17: "Potemkin" (1925), directed by Sergei Eisenstein. (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)... **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES**, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Dovzhenko, Dreyer, Eisenstein, Flaherty, Cocteau, Frampton, Kubelka, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and (except Nov. 14 and 17) at 10. No Mondays.... **WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100)—A series called "The New American Filmmakers" is being screened at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show.

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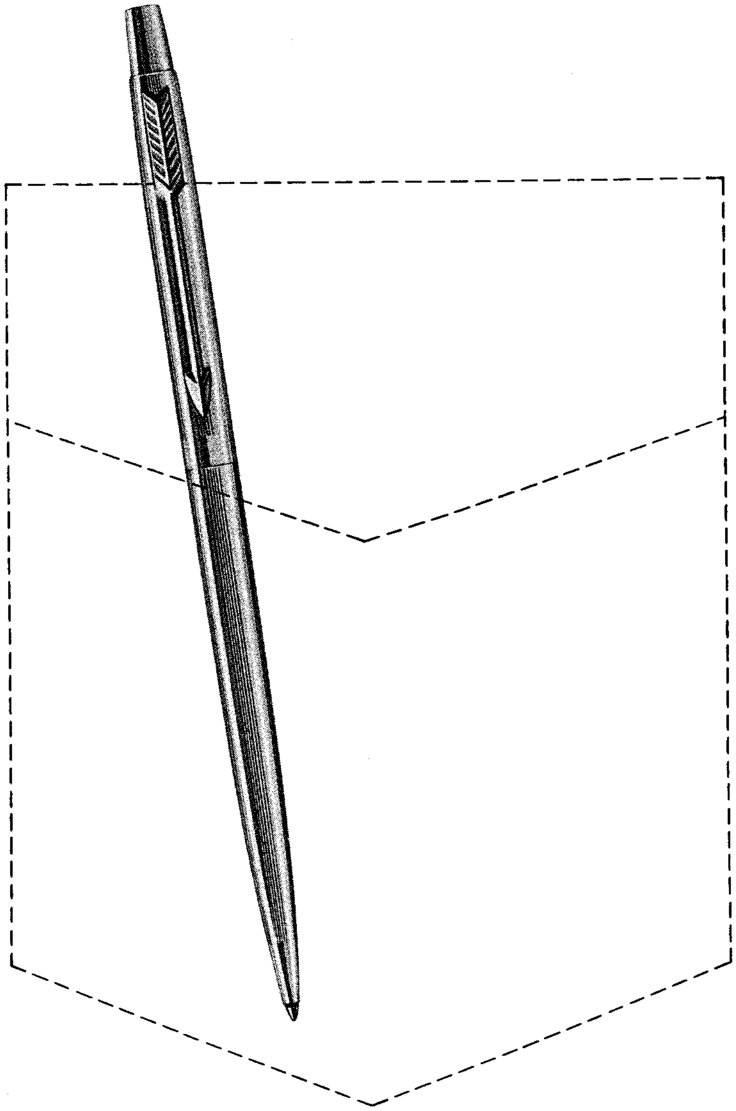
They said we'd lose our shirt.



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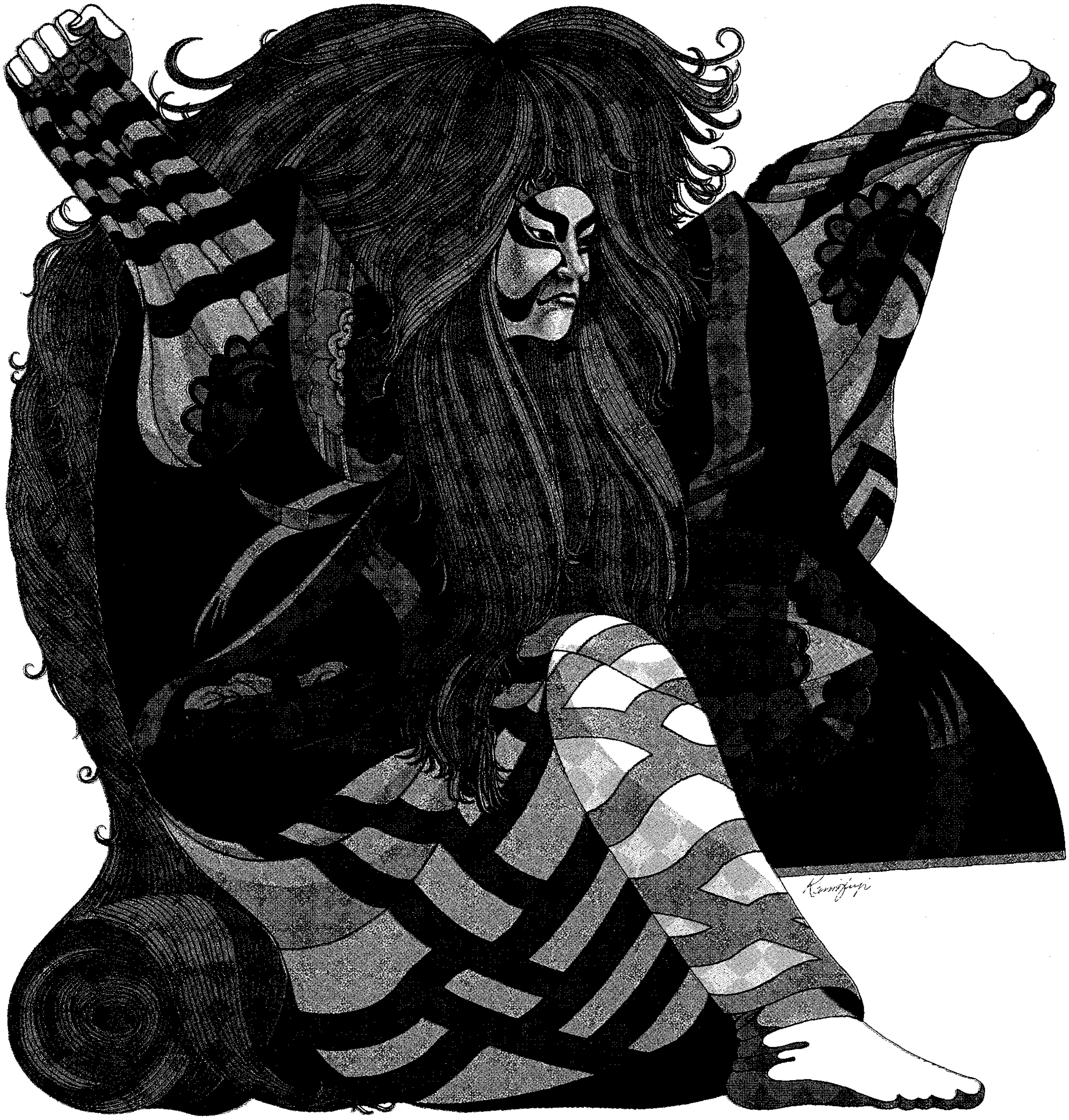

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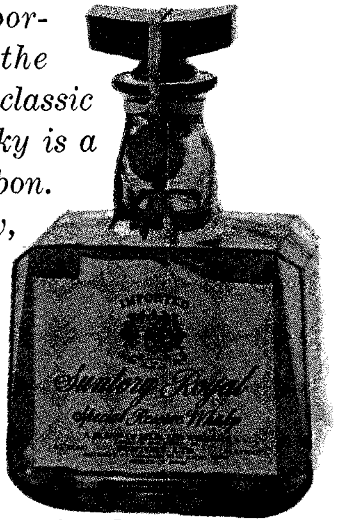

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THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Nov. 14: "Reckless" and "China Seas."
Nov. 15-18: "Wife Versus Secretary" and "Libeled Lady."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Nov. 10: "Bitter Sweet" and "Yolanda and the Thief."
Nov. 11-13: "On the Town" and "Good News."
Nov. 14-17: "Ziegfeld Girl" and "Pigskin Parade."
From Nov. 18: "Varsity Show" and another feature, to be announced.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Nov. 10: "Ice" and "The Smugglers."
Nov. 11: "A Man Escaped" and "Zazie."
Nov. 12-13: "Point of Order!" and four short films.
Nov. 14-15: "Les Carabiniers," "Pickpocket," and "Me and My Brother."
Nov. 16: "The Fire Within" and "Morire Gratis."
Nov. 17: "Mother."
From Nov. 18: "Cuba: Battle of the 10,000,000" and "Othon."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Films by David Friedman, Dirk Kortz, Jerry Abrams, George Csiscery, George Klauber, Karen Johnson, Jud Yalkut, Constance Beeson, John Agazzi, Victor Faccinte, John Knoop, Arch Brown, Travis Alice Ripst, and Allan Holzman.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 16 (tentative): "The Devils."
From Nov. 17 (tentative): "Kotch."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Nov. 16: "Jennifer on My Mind."
From Nov. 17: "Fantasia."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Nov. 16: "Death in Venice" and "The Damned."
From Nov. 17: To be announced.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Doctor Zhivago."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Nov. 11: "Joe Hill."
From Nov. 12: "King of Hearts."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Nov. 11: "Gone with the Wind."
From Nov. 12: To be announced.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Trojan Women."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"200 Motels."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Sacco and Vanzetti."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Sunday Bloody Sunday."

R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Some of My Best Friends Are . . ."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Films by Robert Steinberg, Michael Cooper, John Dole, John Knoop, Arch Brown, Travis Alice Ripet, Allan Holzman, Karen Johnson, Jud Yalkut, Constance Beeson, John Agazzi, and Victor Faccinte.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Carnal Knowledge."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"WR—Mysteries of the Organism."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Last Picture Show."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"A Safe Place."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Long Ago, Tomorrow."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Go-Between."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"T. R. Baskin."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 16: "Gone with the Wind."
From Nov. 17: To be announced.

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Nov. 15: "Cry Uncle."
From Nov. 16: "One Night at Dinner."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Jennifer on My Mind."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Nov. 11: "Adrift."
From Nov. 12: "The Anonymous Venetian" and "Belle de Jour."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Nov. 16: "Klute" and "I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!"
From Nov. 17: "Kotch."

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The French Connection."

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The French Connection."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Organization."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
"Three Lives" and "Persona."

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (533-8270)
Through Nov. 16: A week of Bette Davis films.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Nov. 16: "The Devils" and "Start the Revolution Without Me."
From Nov. 17: "Airport" and "Anne of the Thousand Days."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 16: "Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion" and "Medium Cool."
From Nov. 17: "The Conformist" and "The Stranger."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Medea."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Nov. 11: "Adrift" and "The Passion of Anna."
From Nov. 12: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Nov. 11: "Shame" and "The Ritual."
Nov. 12-14: "The Magician" and "The Virgin Spring."
Nov. 15-16: "Summer Interlude" and "Brink of Life."
Nov. 17-18: "Secrets of Women" and "Monika."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Nov. 11: "Play Misty for Me."
Nov. 12-16: "Secret Rites" and "Road to Salina."
From Nov. 17: "Kotch."

Bijou Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (757-6792)
Nov. 10: "Samurai Banners."
From Nov. 11: "Haunted Samurai" and "Ninjitsu, Master of Magic." (No performances on Sunday, Nov. 14.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"El Topo."

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Fiddler on the Roof."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Nov. 17: "Gone with the Wind."
From Nov. 18: "Who Says I Can't Ride a Rainbow."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Nov. 10: "The Railway Children."
From Nov. 11: "Bedknobs and Broomsticks."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Desperate Characters."

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Is There Sex After Death?"

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Murmur of the Heart."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through Nov. 16: "The Devils."
From Nov. 17: "Kotch."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"It Only Happens to Others."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Nov. 12: "Henry V."
Nov. 13-14: "Hamlet."
Nov. 15-16: "Julius Caesar."
Nov. 17-18: "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Nov. 16: "Cry Uncle."
From Nov. 17: "The Marriage of a Young Stockbroker" and "M*A*S*H."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Nov. 16: "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich" and "Something for Everyone."
From Nov. 17: "Doctor Zhivago."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Nov. 10: "Paisan" and "Open City."
Nov. 11-17: "The Miracle" and "Stromboli."
From Nov. 18: "Voyage to Italy" and "The Rise of Louis XIV."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 16: "The Conformist" and "The Confession."
From Nov. 17: "Kotch."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Nov. 11: "On the Waterfront" and "The Wild One."
Nov. 12-17: "Ninotchka" and "Anna Christie."
From Nov. 18: "Meet Me in St. Louis" and "Gigi."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Nov. 11: "Adrift."
From Nov. 12: "The Anonymous Venetian."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Nov. 10: "The 10th Victim" and "Divorce—Italian Style."
Nov. 11: "Divorce—Italian Style" and "Seduced and Abandoned."
Nov. 12: "Seduced and Abandoned" and "Red Desert."
Nov. 13-14: "Red Desert" and "8½".
Nov. 15: "8½" and "The Gold of Naples."
Nov. 16: "The Gold of Naples" and "Nights of Cabiria."
Nov. 17: "Nights of Cabiria" and "Two Women."
Nov. 18: "Two Women" and "Boccaccio '70."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Adrift—Mannered film by Ján Kadár, a gifted Czech in exile from his gift. People look cosmically solemn, time goes in circles, and an unmistakably American girl rises from the waves to haunt an unmistakably Czech fisherman in unmistakably Czech circumstances. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Midtown; through Nov. 11.)

Airport (1970)—The publicity aura of the film makes you think that it might be a good dopey film-to-read-on-a-plane, so to speak, but it's dull stuff. (Waverly; starting Nov. 17.)

Anna Christie (1930)—One waits for an eternity for Garbo to show up and utter her first talking-picture line—"Give me a whiskey, ginger ale on the side. And don't be stingy, baby." This is not one of Eugene O'Neill's best plays, and dat-ole-davil-sea stuff is pretty hard to take in this version, directed by Clarence Brown. The cast includes Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler, and George F. Marion. (Thalia; Nov. 12-17.)

Anne of the Thousand Days (1970)—Literate and civilized, but not very exciting. Richard Burton plays Henry VIII to Geneviève Bujold's Anne Boleyn. (Waverly; starting Nov. 17.)

The Anonymous Venetian—And let everyone connected with the film be anonymous, too. (Trans-Lux 85th St. and Midtown; starting Nov. 12.)

Bedknobs and Broomsticks—Angela Lansbury in a feature from the Disney studio, partly animated and partly live action. (Music Hall; starting Nov. 11.)

Belle de Jour (1967)—Buñuel's beautiful and gently comic color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; starting Nov. 12.)

Bitter Sweet (1940)—The songs are by Noël Coward, and they include "I'll See You Again," but not everyone has the stomach to see the overgrown kitten Jeanette MacDonald and the dim, stalwart Nelson Eddy again. By no means the worst of their love-duet films, but not one of the rare

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ones redeemed by high spirits, either. W. S. Van Dyke directed; the cast includes George Sanders. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 10.)

Boccaccio '70 (1962)—The Fellini segment features Anita Ekberg as a big blonde on a gigantic poster advertising milk; the skit gets to seem as padded as Ekberg. The Visconti segment is an elegant though overextended sketch featuring Romy Schneider in an attractive performance as a wife who holds her husband (Tomas Milian) by making him pay for her favors. The De Sica segment—the liveliest, and the only one with a Boccaccio flavor—features Sophia Loren as a girl who works with a travelling carnival; in each town she is the prize of a Saturday-night raffle. The way she looks, the whole world would buy tickets. In Italian. (Olympia; Nov. 18.)

Brink of Life (1957)—Ingmar Bergman directed this study of women in a maternity hospital—and a gory, dreary film it is. With Eva Dahlbeck, Ingrid Thulin, and Bibi Andersson. In Swedish. (Elgin; Nov. 15-16.)

Les Carabiniers (1963)—A Jean-Luc Godard film about two numbed soldiers who are pleased to go to war because of the chances it offers, in their Candide reckoning. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 14-15.)

Carnal Knowledge—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects, and, in Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Cinema I.)

China Seas (1935)—Classy-lady Rosalind Russell, and Jean Harlow as tough, hard-drinking "China Doll," compete for the affections of ship's officer Clark Gable. Russell can't compete, of course, 'cause that common girl is *funny*. Sleazy but likable M-G-M melodrama based on the formula that had proved a big hit in 1932 in "Red Dust." Tay Garnett directed. (Art; through Nov. 14.)

The Confession—Costa-Gavras's beautifully detailed demonstration of how the Communists at the Stalinist show trials were made to confess to imaginary crimes. A great, neglected movie subject, intelligently presented. Yves Montand gives a fine non-egotistic performance. In French. (Symphony; through Nov. 16.)

The Conformist—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively; his evocation of the thirties is one of the rare sensual experiences in modern movies. In Italian. (Symphony; through Nov. 16. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; starting Nov. 17.)

Cry Uncle—With Allen Garfield, directed by John Avildsen. Sex satire. Cry off. . . . (Juliet 1; through Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Regency; through Nov. 16.)

Cuba: Battle of the 10,000,000—A film by Chris Marker. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Nov. 18.)

The Damned (1969)—Luchino Visconti's excruciating attempt at a masterpiece. Depravity in the Third Reich—grandiose, lurid, sluggish. (Murray Hill; through Nov. 16.)

Bette Davis—A week of films starring Miss Davis. Nov. 10: "Jezebel" (1938). Nov. 11: "Dark Victory" (1939). Nov. 12: "The Petrified Forest" (1936). Nov. 13: "All About Eve" (1950). Nov. 14: "Now, Voyager" (1942). Nov. 15: "Marked Woman" (1937). Nov. 16: "Beyond the Forest" (1949). (Garrick.)

Death in Venice—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carry-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterishness, in the look of the picture (photographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feeling of history on the turn that Visconti can uniquely impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (Murray Hill; through Nov. 16.)

Desperate Characters—One of the best American films for months, gifted with insight and speed. The story is bang-on about a certain kind of New York middle-class self-hatred and wit. Its core is a hungry, sophisticated married dialogue between Shirley MacLaine and Kenneth Mars. Adapted and directed by Frank D. Gilroy. (Festival.)

The Devils—In Ken Russell's film about a contagion of sexual hysteria in a French convent in 1632, the screen continually seems to be in a sort of spasm. Vanessa Redgrave plays a deformed nun in love with a wisely secular priest (Oliver Reed). Burning at the stake, leg-breaking, goings-over by apothecary, and much concentration on a witch-exorcising instrument that looks like a very ornate bicycle pump and that gets used on Vanessa Redgrave. Ken Russell doesn't report hysteria, he markets it; the quiet vein of his early B.B.C. documentaries eludes him at the moment. (Waverly and Lincoln Art; through Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through Nov. 16, tentative.)

Divorce—Italian Style (1962)—Marcello Mastroianni in a witty performance as a bored husband bent on murdering his tiresome wife. The director, Pietro Germi, has made the most of his outrageous opportunities. In Italian. (Olympia; Nov. 10-11.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—The poet-doctor (Omar Sharif) isn't a strong enough protagonist to bind together the events of the Russian Revolution, and so one seems to be on the sidelines watching an enormous, romantic, historical pageant. David Lean put it all together (or tried to) from Robert Bolt's adaptation of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Alec Guinness, Tom Courtenay, and Rod Steiger milling about. (34th St. East. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Nov. 17.)

8½ (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical fantasy about the life of a movie director. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale. In Italian. (Olympia; Nov. 13-15.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and Stravinsky, among others) and the film—a grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has recently been revived as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (Kips Bay; starting Nov. 17.)

Fiddler on the Roof—With Topol, directed by Norman Jewison. (Rivoli. Mondays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays through Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Tuesdays through Thursdays at 1:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

The Fire Within (1963)—A Scott-Fitzgerald-like young man in Paris seeks out a variety of old friends before putting a bullet in his heart. A beautiful picture, thanks to the acting of Maurice Ronet and the direction of Louis Malle. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 16.)

The French Connection—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A slam-bang thriller that zaps the audience by noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. Gene Hackman plays the lowlifer police detective who cracks the case as a mixture of Joe and Archie; William Friedkin directed. (Orpheum and Loew's Ciné.)

Gigi (1958)—A handsome and melodious adaptation of the Colette tale about a young lady who is tutored to be a courtesan and winds up the betrothed of the richest young fellow in Paris. Book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by Frederick Loewe, costumes by Cecil Beaton, and a fine cast, headed by Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Louis Jourdan. Vincente Minnelli directed, in a confidant, confectionery style. (Thalia; starting Nov. 18.)

The Go-Between—Harold Pinter wrote the stinging screenplay of this 1900 period piece from an L. P. Hartley novel about a twelve-year-old schoolboy at a posh Norfolk house-party who is press-ganged into being the postman between Julie Christie, the heiress of the hall, and Alan Bates, a mere tenant farmer. Accurate about the English class system, pretty to look at, rather cold-hearted. Perfidious Albion basks in the sun and courteously destroys lives; the film partakes in the prevailing, pretty cruelty. With Margaret Leighton. Directed by Joseph Losey. (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Gold of Naples (1957)—Vittorio De Sica directed this collection of Neapolitan episodes, featuring Totò as a tinhorn crook, Silvana Mangano as a prostitute, Sophia Loren in her celebrated comic turn as a pizza seller, and De Sica himself as a gambler—which the whole world knows he is. He is also a director who can combine melancholy and wit. It's an uneven film, but Loren walking and De Sica gambling are works of art. In Italian. (Olympia; Nov. 15-16.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Trans-Lux East; through Nov. 11. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse; through Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Guild; through Nov. 17.)

Good News (1947)—One of the best of the lighthearted rah-rah collegiate musicals. Peter Lawford and June Allyson do the number "The French Lesson" by Comden and Green and Roger Edens, and there's also that memorable novelty "Pass That Peace Pipe," by Ralph Blane and Hugh Martin. The rest of the score, including "The Best Things in Life Are Free," is from the original show by DeSylva, Brown, and Henderson. Charles Walters directed, and the cast includes Mel Tormé and Joan McCracken. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 11-13.)

Hamlet (1948)—Laurence Olivier gives an active and exciting performance in the version he directed—a handsome production with lively contributions by Eileen Herlie (the Queen), Basil Sydney (the King), Jean Simmons (Ophelia), Stanley Holloway (Grave Digger). (Paramount; Nov. 13-14.)

Henry V (1944)—Laurence Olivier's glorious version of Shakespeare's historical drama. (Paramount; through Nov. 12.)

Haunted Samurai—A Japanese film. (Bijou Cinema; starting Nov. 11. No performances on Sunday, Nov. 14.)

Ice (1970)—Robert Kramer's comprehensive view of the life style of New York's revolutionary terrorists. Gray and grainy and painfully stagnant, but a revealing account of the anomalies in the urban guerrilla movement. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 10.)

I Love You, Alice B. Toklas! (1968)—A giddy, slapdash, entertainingly inconsequential comedy, written by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker, and starring Peter Sellers as a Los Angeles Jewish lawyer who turns hippie. With Joyce Van Patten as his anxious fiancée. Directed by Hy Averback. (U. A. East; through Nov. 16.)

Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion—A political parable, directed by Elio Petri, about a mad big-shot police official (Gian Maria Volonte) who believes he has a license to kill, but the movie is too nasty and kinky for the political point to be effective. Petri doesn't use suspense pleasurably; he makes one apprehensive and doesn't resolve the tensions, so the film leaves one in a foul mood. In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse; through Nov. 16.)

Is There Sex After Death?—Porno-spoof with the usual sex scenes and the usual sex jokes. And the usual fatigue sets in, because the scenes and jokes in films of this type are repetitive and interchangeable. However, this one has some funnier-than-usual skits involving Buck Henry, Jim Moran, and Marshall Efron. Written and directed by Jeanne and Alan Abel. (Cinema 57 Rendezvous.)

It Only Happens to Others—With Marcello Mastroianni and Catherine Deneuve, directed by Nadine Trintignant. In French. (Paris.)

Jennifer on My Mind—With Michael Brandon and Tippy Walker, directed by Noel Black, from Erich Segal's script. (Juliet 2. . . . ¶ Kips Bay; through Nov. 16.)

Joe Hill—Some pretty period re-creation, but sadly shallow. With Thommy Berggren as the Wobbly-troubadour. Directed by Bo Widerberg. (Sutton; through Nov. 11.)

Julius Caesar (1953)—A collaboration between Joseph Mankiewicz and William Shakespeare, with James Mason, John Gielgud, Marlon Brando, and Edmond O'Brien. (Paramount; Nov. 15-16.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by 200 animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Sutton; starting Nov. 12.)

Klute—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance yet, as an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder melodrama. The picture is reminiscent of the good detective mysteries of the forties, though the suspense devices are not as entertaining as they used to be. With Donald Sutherland. (U. A. East; through Nov. 16.)

Kotch—With Walter Matthau, directed by Jack Lemmon. Dreadful. (U. A. East, R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, Lincoln Art, and Symphony; starting Nov. 17. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting Nov. 17, tentative.)

The Last Picture Show—Peter Bogdanovich's fine, straightforward, involving narrative picture about boys trying to reach manhood, without much in the way of models. The setting is small-town Texas in the early fifties. From Larry McMurtry's novel. With Timothy Bottoms and Jeff Bridges. (Columbia I.)

Libeled Lady (1936)—Jack Conway directed this entertaining M-G-M newspaper comedy-melodrama with Spencer Tracy as the editor whose paper is being sued for libel by Myrna Loy. Jean Harlow has some great wisecracking lines, and William Powell has a fly-fishing scene that Howard Hawks must have liked, because in 1964 he did his version of it in "Man's Favorite Sport?" With Walter Connolly. (Art; Nov. 15-18.)

Long Ago, Tomorrow—Doomed love between paraplegics, who must go through considerable wheelchair wiggling even to kiss. For people who want to be turned on by the sadness of it. With Malcolm McDowell and Nanette Newman, directed by Bryan Forbes. (Beekman.)

The Magician (1958)—It has a fairy-tale atmosphere of expectation, like those stories that begin "We started out to see the king, and along the way we met . . ." but then this story of a nineteenth-century mesmerist (Max von Sydow) and his assistant (Ingrid Thulin) goes off into an argument about magic vs. rationalism and gets somewhat tacky. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Elgin; Nov. 12-14.)

A Man Escaped (1956)—Robert Bresson tells the story of a wartime prisoner's single-minded dedication to escape. An austerely beautiful movie, made at the Montluc fortress with almost fanatic authenticity. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 11.)

The Marriage of a Young Stockbroker—With Richard Benjamin and Joanna Shimkus, directed by Lawrence Turman. Know-all and floundering. (Regency; starting Nov. 17.)

M*A*S*H (1970)—Robert Altman's loose, cheery, profane service comedy, about how a group of surgeons try to keep their sanity while patching up casualties in Korea. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman. (Regency; starting Nov. 17.)

Me and My Brother (1969)—The photographer Robert Frank made this film about Julius Orlovsky, a catatonic boy released from a state institution, and how he is taken care of by his brother, Peter Orlovsky, and Allen Ginsberg. Julius appears in the film and is also acted in some sequences by Joseph Chaiken. Frank tries to investigate insanity, methods of treatment, the nature of acting, the nature of what one records on film, and so on; he tries to do too much, and the viewer doesn't get a chance to sort out his own reactions. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 14-15.)

Medea—With Maria Callas, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Medium Cool (1969)—Haskell Wexler's film, with a TV-cameraman hero (Robert Forster), about the Chicago Democratic Convention of 1968, police brutality, Vietnam, Appalachia, McLuhan thoughts on media—the lot. An expert, hard-natured picture that makes a great many points at a glib pace and wears its liberal conscience on its sleeve. (8th St. Playhouse; through Nov. 16.)

Meet Me in St. Louis (1944)—Judy Garland, sprightly and vocal, in an excellent musical-comedy adaptation of Sally Benson's stories. With Margaret O'Brien as Tootie, whose Halloween adventure is the high point of the movie. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. (Thalia; starting Nov. 18.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream (1935)—Mickey Rooney as Puck gets to be a bit much, but Cagney as Bottom has a mysterious beauty. Max Reinhardt (with William Dieterle) imprints things on the memory with the talent of a director who was as potent in his day as Peter Brook is in ours. (Paramount; Nov. 17-18.)

The Miracle (1948)—This Roberto Rossellini film is itself a miracle: brief, utterly simple in its means, and perhaps the most fully achieved of all his movies. Anna Magnani stars as the peasant woman who is convinced that the child in her belly is a new Christ child, and Federico Fellini (who also wrote the story) plays the man who put the baby there. This is the film that was the subject of a censorship case that was fought all the way up to the Supreme Court. In Italian. (New Yorker; Nov. 11-17.)

Monika (1952)—Harriet Andersson in a great performance early in her career, in one of Ingmar Bergman's most interesting, least-seen movies. In Swedish. (Elgin; Nov. 17-18.)

Morire Gratis (1968)—A first film, by Sandro Franchina, about a sculptor driving from Rome to Paris with a sculpted wolf packed with heroin. In Italian. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 16.)

Mother (1926)—Frequently selected by critics as one of the greatest films of all time, Pudovkin's masterpiece, based on Maxim Gorky's novel, which is set during the 1905 revolution, is not overtly political; it gives an epic sense of that revolution through the emotions of the participants, and sweeps one along by its fervor and a brilliant and varied use of the medium. Vera Baranovskaia plays the mother who is tricked by the police into betraying her son (Nikolai Batalov). Pudovkin (unusual among the great Russian directors, in his interest in acting) himself plays the officer who interrogates her. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 17.)

Murmur of the Heart—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog. An exhilarating high comedy by the least known of the major French directors. In French. (Little Carnegie.)

Nights of Cabiria (1957)—A series of episodes in the life of a dreamy, gullible little Roman streetwalker (Giulietta Masina). The last Federico Fellini film before his flamboyant style became overpowering, and perhaps his finest. In Italian. (Olympia; Nov. 16-17.)

Ninjitsu, Master of Magic—A Japanese film. (Bijou Cinema; starting Nov. 11. No performances on Sunday, Nov. 14.)

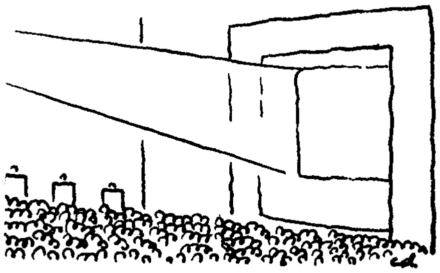
Ninotchka (1939)—Garbo in Lubitsch's comedy—the one famous for her laughing for the first time, though it should be even more famous for the way her innate eloquence pierces the Lubitsch kitsch. She is a Russian on the run—to flee a country, or to look for a love, which she somehow manages to make seem everyone's condition. Garbo is implicity omniscient as no other actress ever seems to have been—the world's parent. (Thalia; Nov. 12-17.)

One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich—Casper Wrede, a Finn living in England, made this careful depiction of a great text by Solzhenitsyn. Siberian labor-camp: the squeak of feet on snow, boiled grass to eat, snatches of talk between intelligent men put to futile jobs. Tom Courtenay plays Ivan, obdurate, skeptical. Like much work from great Russian literature, the film is less about a character than about a state of soul—about a state of surviving by saying no. (Carnegie Hall Cinema. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 16.)

One Night at Dinner—With Jean-Louis Trintignant, Tony Musante, and Florinda Bolkan, directed by Giuseppe Patroni Griffi. (Juliet 1; starting Nov. 16.)

On the Town (1949)—Gene Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, Ann Miller, Jules Munshin, Vera Ellen, Florence Bates, and Alice Pearce in the Comden and Green musical, with the Bernstein score. Not as good as all that may make it sound. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 11-13.)

On the Waterfront (1954)—One of the most powerful American movies of the fifties, best in its intimate scenes (Marlon Brando courting Eva Marie Saint, Brando with his brother, Rod Steiger), worst in its attempts at dynamic Christian symbolism and in Karl Malden's big moments. Elia Kazan directed from Budd Schulberg's script. Score by Leonard Bernstein. (Thalia; through Nov. 11.)



Open City (1944)—A brutal melodrama about the Roman underground resistance to the German Occupation, famed for the extraordinary immediacy and the almost documentary look of Roberto Rossellini's direction, and for Anna Magnani's magnificent performance. In Italian. (New Yorker; Nov. 10.)

The Organization—Sidney Poitier as Virgil Tibbs. Allen Garfield, in a big-studio movie for a change, plays a dope dealer. Directed by Don Medford. (86th St. East.)

Othon—A film by Jean-Marie Straub. In German. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Nov. 18.)

Paisan (1946)—Roberto Rossellini made this episodic film after his first breakthrough with "Open City." Each of the six parts has a story and deals with an aspect of the war that had just ended. The present-tense semi-documentary visual style is innovative; the content less so, though the film is often hailed as a peak in the history of the screen. In English, French, Italian, and German. (New Yorker; Nov. 10.)

The Passion of Anna (1970)—Ingmar Bergman studies the ebb and flow of spirit in four people living on an island. There is an amazing use of closeup two-shots and of something near soliloquy. The moral landscape is totally modern, with barely a modern object in sight. In Swedish. (Greenwich; through Nov. 11.)

Persona (1967)—A puzzling, obsessive film that Ingmar Bergman seems not to have worked out but, rather, to have torn from himself. Yet it has moments of intensity and a superb erotic monologue. Liv Ullmann is an actress who has stopped speaking, and Bibi Andersson is her nurse, who becomes resentful and hysterical. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

Pickpocket (1958)—Robert Bresson's film about a young man compelled to steal. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 14-15.)

Pigskin Parade (1936)—Atrocious but fun. A Twentieth Century-Fox musical (that's not a recommendation, as anyone who went to musicals knows) featuring the young, pudgy, budding talent, Judy Garland (three years before "The Wizard of Oz"), Patsy Kelly, Betty Grable, Stuart Erwin, and Dixie Dunbar, and also, to be truthful, Jack Haley and the Yacht Club Boys. David Butler directed this nonsense about a football game. The songs include "Balboa." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 14-17.)

Play Misty for Me—Foolish thriller, with Clint Eastwood and Jessica Walter, directed by Eastwood. He should have taken some lessons before he tried to play in public. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Nov. 11.)

Point of Order! (1964)—Joe McCarthy himself is the star of this documentary film, made from the original TV kinescopes of the Army-McCarthy hearings of 1954. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 12-13.)

The Railway Children—With Dinah Sheridan and Jenny Agutter, directed by Lionel Jeffries. (Music Hall; Nov. 10.)

Reckless (1935)—Jean Harlow in a misguided picture that is best forgotten. Victor Fleming directed. (Art; through Nov. 14.)

Red Desert (1965)—Boredom in Ravenna, and it seeps into the viewer's bones. Antonioni's hazy illustration of emotional chaos may or may not have something to do with industrialism; he makes the pollution so exquisite that one can't decide. With Monica Vitti and Richard Harris. In Italian. (Olympia; Nov. 12-14.)

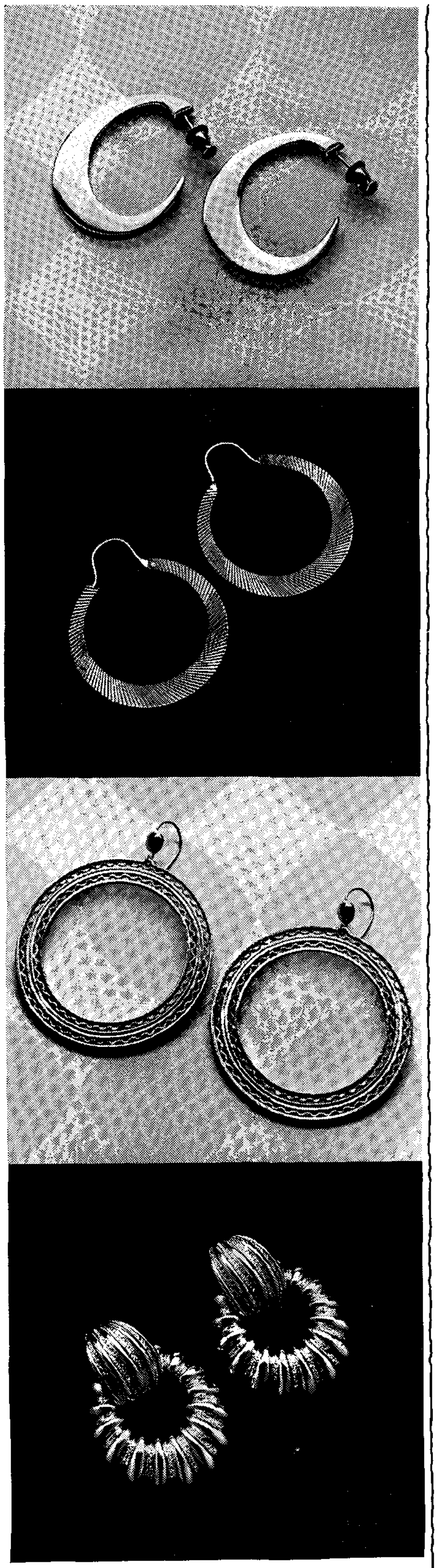
The Rise of Louis XIV (1966)—Rossellini's beady-eyed and graceful chronicle about the growing up of a young monarch, from a boy written off as nothing much more than an unambitious young debauchee into one of the most skillful absolutists in European history. In French. (New Yorker; starting Nov. 18.)

The Ritual—Ingrid Thulin, Anders Ek, and Gunnar Björnstrand in a film Ingmar Bergman made for Swedish television. In Swedish. (Elgin; through Nov. 11.)

Road to Salina—With Rita Hayworth, Robert Walker, and Mimsy Farmer, directed by George Lautner. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, Nov. 12-16.)

Sacco and Vanzetti—Would that it were better. With Riccardo Cucciolla and Gian Maria Volonte in the title roles. Directed by Giuliano Montaldo. (Baronet.)

A Safe Place—Even hardened moviegoers



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stumble out after a half hour of this one. With Tuesday Weld, Orson Welles, and Jack Nicholson, directed by Henry Jaglom. (Columbia II.)

Samurai Banners—Directed by Hiroshi Inagaki. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; Nov. 10.)

Secret Rites—A documentary film by Ramiro Arango. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; Nov. 12-16.)

Secrets of Women (1952)—Eva Dahlbeck, Anita Björk, and Maj-Britt Nilsson tell the stories of their marriages, in this early (and uneven) Ingmar Bergman comedy-melodrama. In Swedish. (Elgin; Nov. 17-18.)

Seduced and Abandoned (1964)—Directed by Pietro Germi, maker of the gloriously funny "Divorce—Italian Style." This later picture doesn't quite take flight, because the director was trying to repeat himself, but the dignified slapstick about Sicilian sex mores is still pretty funny. In Italian. (Olympia; Nov. 11-12.)

Shame (1968)—Ingmar Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. One of his great ones. With the strong, remarkable young actress Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Elgin; through Nov. 11.)

The Smugglers (1969)—Luc Moullet's slapstick comedy about girl smugglers in the Alps. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 10.)

Some of My Best Friends Are . . .—Homosexuals. The boys in the band in a bar. With Candy Darling, Fannie Flagg, and Carleton Carpenter. Directed by Mervyn Nelson. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas.)

Something for Everyone (1970)—Nothing much for anyone, actually, in this film about the omnisexuality of a footman hero (Michael York), who sidles up to an Austrian countess (Angela Lansbury), and also to her son and to everyone else in sight. Miss Lansbury does try as best she can for high comedy. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 16.)

Start the Revolution Without Me (1970)—A parody of swashbucklers that begins bouncingly with the birth of Donald Sutherland and Gene Wilder as two sets of identical twins, mismatched by a harried obstetrician—one mismatched pair to be raised as peasants, the other pair as aristocrats. Some funny ideas but it gets too silly. Hugh Griffith is a poignantly befuddled Louis XVI. Bud Yorkin directed. (Waverly; through Nov. 16.)

The Stranger (1967)—The movie version follows the Camus novel without being able to encompass it, but it is an intelligent try, beautifully acted and well worth seeing. Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina play the leads, and Luchino Visconti directed. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Nov. 17.)

Stromboli (1950)—The first of the films that Roberto Rossellini made with Ingrid Bergman; it came out when the press was still full of the scandal of their romance, and it deals with volcanic passions. In Italian. (New Yorker; Nov. 11-17.)

Summer Interlude (1951)—This rapturous study of a ruined summer romance was Ingmar Bergman's first great breakthrough. Maj-Britt Nilsson plays the tired ballerina who has been emotionally dead since her adolescence. In Swedish. (Elgin; Nov. 15-16.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Coronet.)

The 10th Victim (1965)—Marcello Mastroianni and Ursula Andress are the stars of this sometimes witty extravaganza about licensed sudden death in the twenty-first century. Ably directed by Elio Petri. In Italian. (Olympia; Nov. 10.)

Three Lives—A film by Kate Millett and the Women's Liberation Cinema Co. (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

El Topo—Directed by, and with, Alexandro Jodorowsky. (Forum.)

T. R. Baskin—Slick, totally unbelievable. An unintentional parody of women's liberation, starring Candice Bergen. With Peter Boyle, directed by Herbert Ross. (Tower East.)

The Trojan Women—Despite the makeshift style of the film, the great play catches one by the throat, and by the most legitimate of all means—its simplicity. With Katharine Hepburn, Vanessa Redgrave, Geneviève Bujold, and Irene Papas, directed by Michael Cacoyannis. (Fine Arts. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

200 Motels—With Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention. (Plaza.)

Two Women (1961)—A young widow, Sophia Loren, takes her teen-age daughter out of wartime Rome to her native village and then starts back home too soon; both mother and daughter are raped by Moroccan soldiers. Emotional, even shattering, but far from depressing. Jean-Paul Belmondo and Eleanora Brown, directed by Vittorio De Sica. In Italian. (Olympia; Nov. 17-18.)

Varsity Show (1937)—A Warners collegiate musical, featuring Dick Powell, Ted Healy, Rosemary and Priscilla Lane, and Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians, and, more important, Buck and Bubbles—one of the great teams in American show-business history. The songs ("We're Working Our Way Through College," "Moonlight on the Campus," "Let That Be a Lesson to You," etc.) are by Johnny Mercer and Richard Whiting; William Keighley directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Nov. 18.)

The Virgin Spring (1960)—A young girl is raped and murdered on her confirmation day, and her father (Max von Sydow) takes a bloody revenge. On the stark side. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Elgin; Nov. 12-14.)

Voyage to Italy (1953)—Roberto Rossellini made this study of a marriage in trouble, starring Ingrid Bergman and George Sanders; in the film's finest scene, the couple visit Pompeii and see two petrified embracing bodies that have just been uncovered. An influential film (there are echoes of it in both Godard's "Contempt" and Bergman's "The Touch"), and yet deeply marred by banality and clumsiness. In Italian. (New Yorker; starting Nov. 18.)

Who Says I Can't Ride a Rainbow—With Jack Klugman, directed by Edward Mann. (Guild; starting Nov. 18.)

Wife Versus Secretary (1936)—Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, James Stewart, and Myrna Loy in the kind of picture M-G-M was famous for. The Faith Baldwin story still shows, but Norman Krasna, John Lee Mahin, and Alice Duer Miller all worked to give it a brittle shine, and Harlow the comedienne is best when the surface is hard. Clarence Brown directed. (Art; Nov. 15-18.)

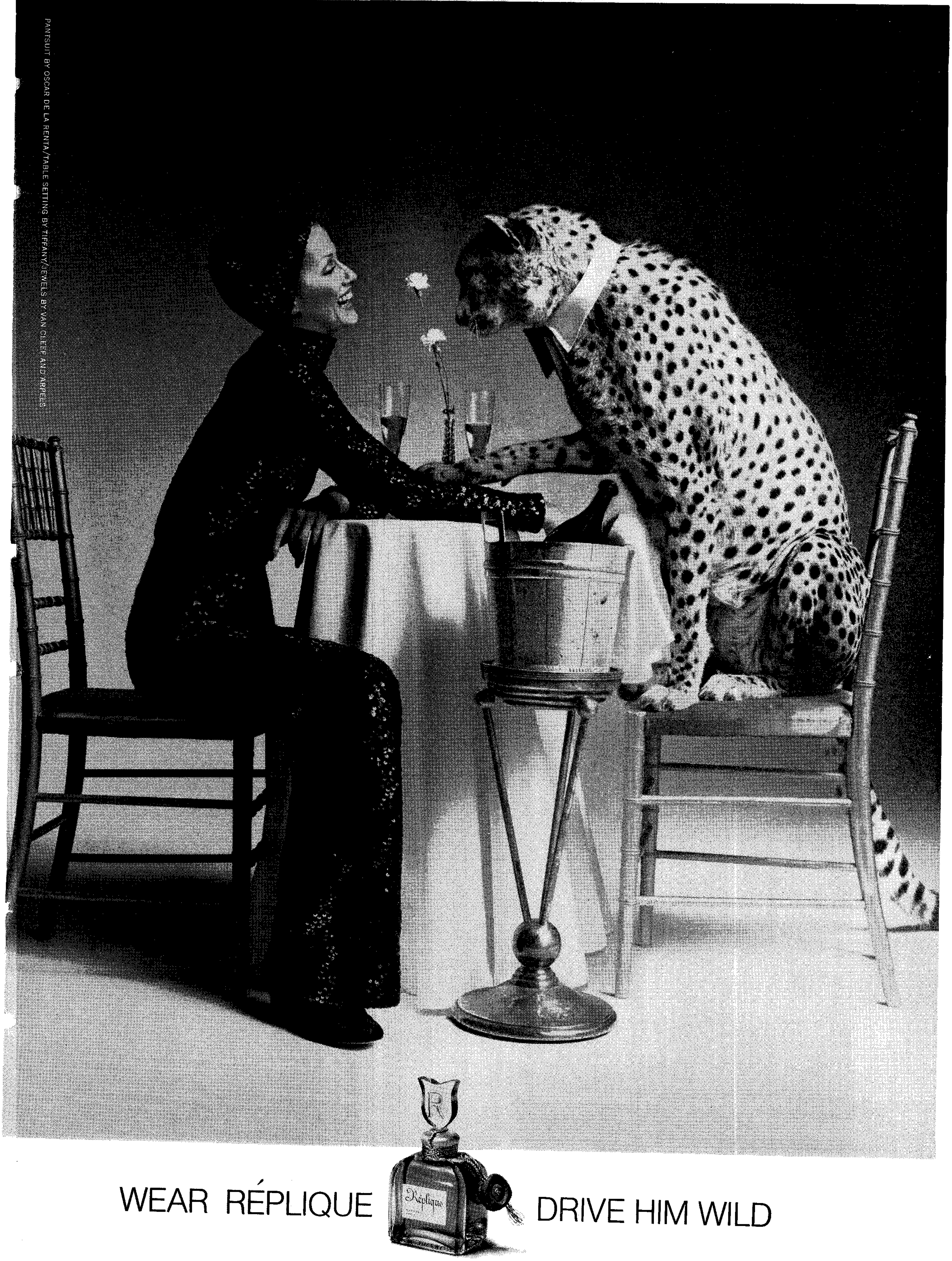
The Wild One (1954)—Despite its naïveté and clumsiness, a key movie that affected the life styles of the fifties and sixties. With Marlon Brando—in his soft-eyed youth, when his talent magnetized audiences—as the leader of a rebel motorcycle gang, and Lee Marvin and Mary Murphy. Directed by Laslo Benedek. (Thalia; through Nov. 11.)

WR—Mysteries of the Organism—A Yugoslavian film, directed by Dusan Makavejev. (Cinema II.)

Yolanda and the Thief (1945)—Fred Astaire was paired with Lucille Bremer in this stupefyingly baroque M-G-M musical set in a mythical South American country and encumbered with what the director, Vincente Minnelli, once called "an insane plot." Astaire is cast howlingly against type as a crooked gambler; when he learns that the beautiful heiress Yolanda believes she has a guardian angel, he pretends to be the angel in order to swindle her. It's the most extreme of the big-musical mistakes; it's full of surreal dreams and fiestas, and because it goes beyond parody, it perhaps needs to be seen by anyone who wants to know what killed the M-G-M musicals. Yolanda's bathroom has cascading fountains, and the ballets, staged by Eugene Loring and costumed by Sharaff at her maddest, include such decorator delights as laundresses washing linen in a pool of gold coins. The cast includes Mary Astor, Frank Morgan, Mildred Natwick, and Mary Nash. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 10.)

Zazie (1960)—A foul-mouthed, demonic little girl's view of Paris. Louis Malle directed this extraordinarily inventive, maybe too brilliant slapstick comedy taken from the Raymond Queneau novel. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 11.)

Ziegfeld Girl (1941)—An odd, rather fascinating M-G-M musical that mixes melodrama with big production numbers. The performers include Judy Garland, James Stewart, Hedy Lamarr, and Dan Dailey, as a sadistic prizefighter who gives Lana Turner a bad time. Robert Z. Leonard directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 14-17.)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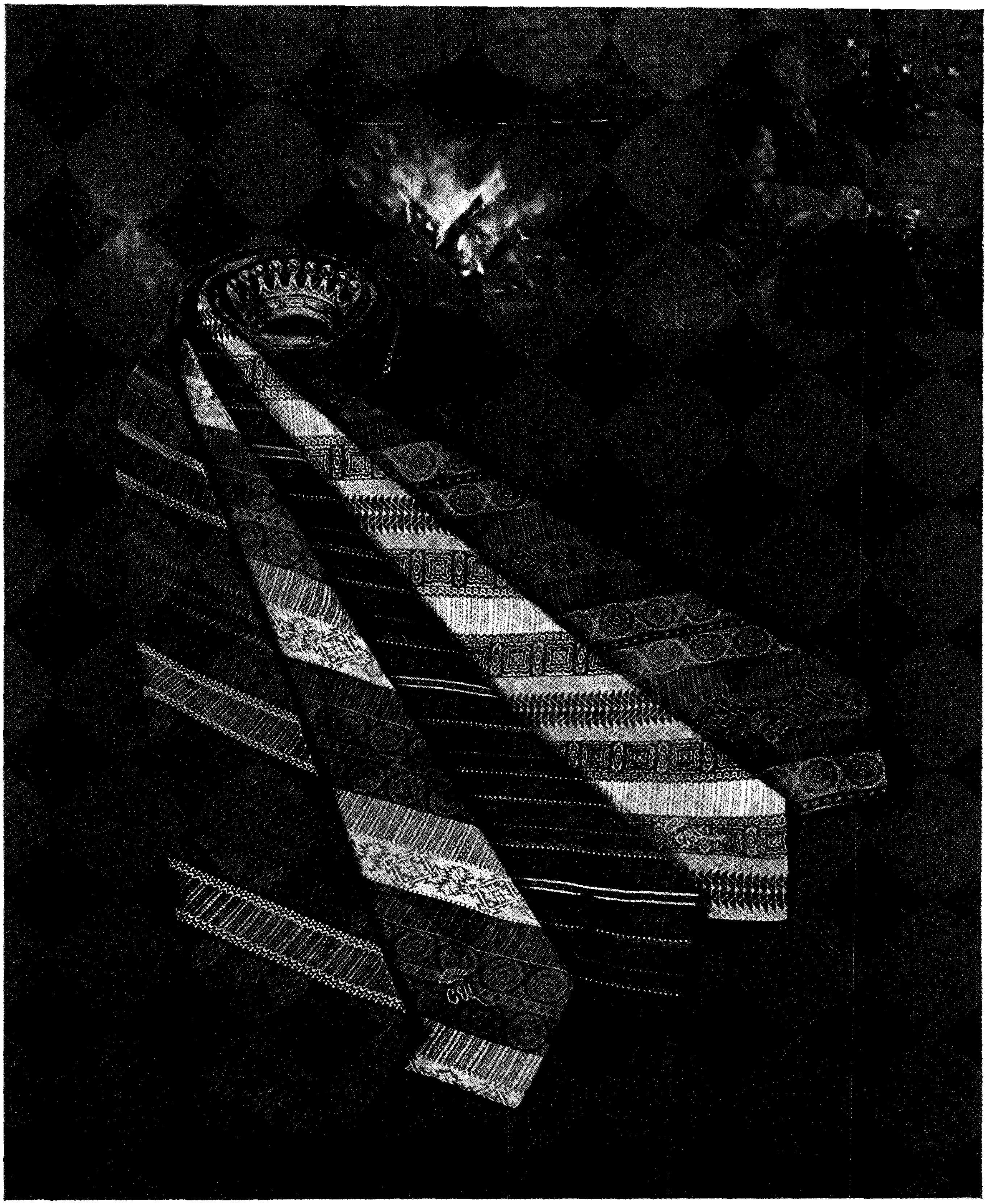

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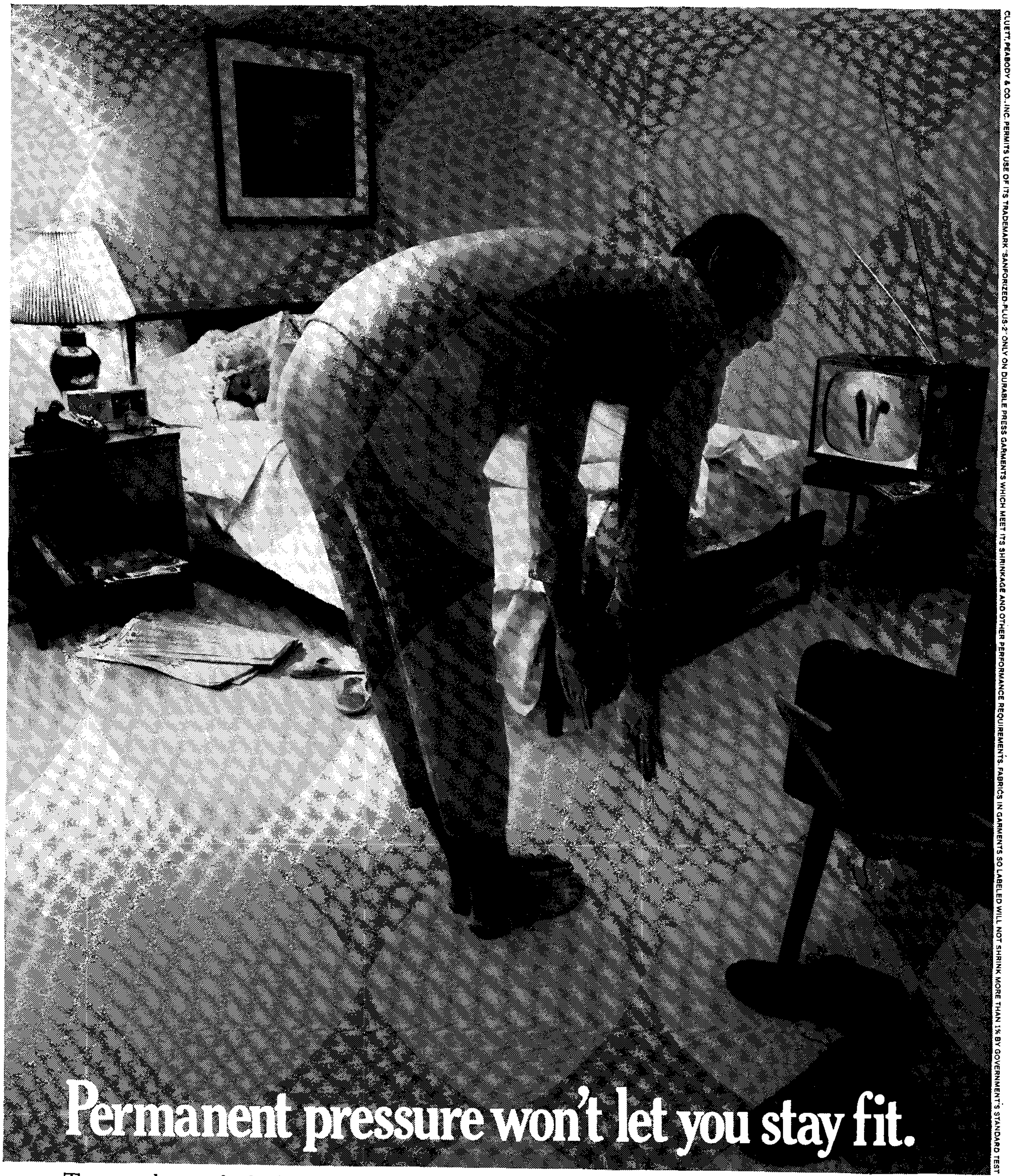

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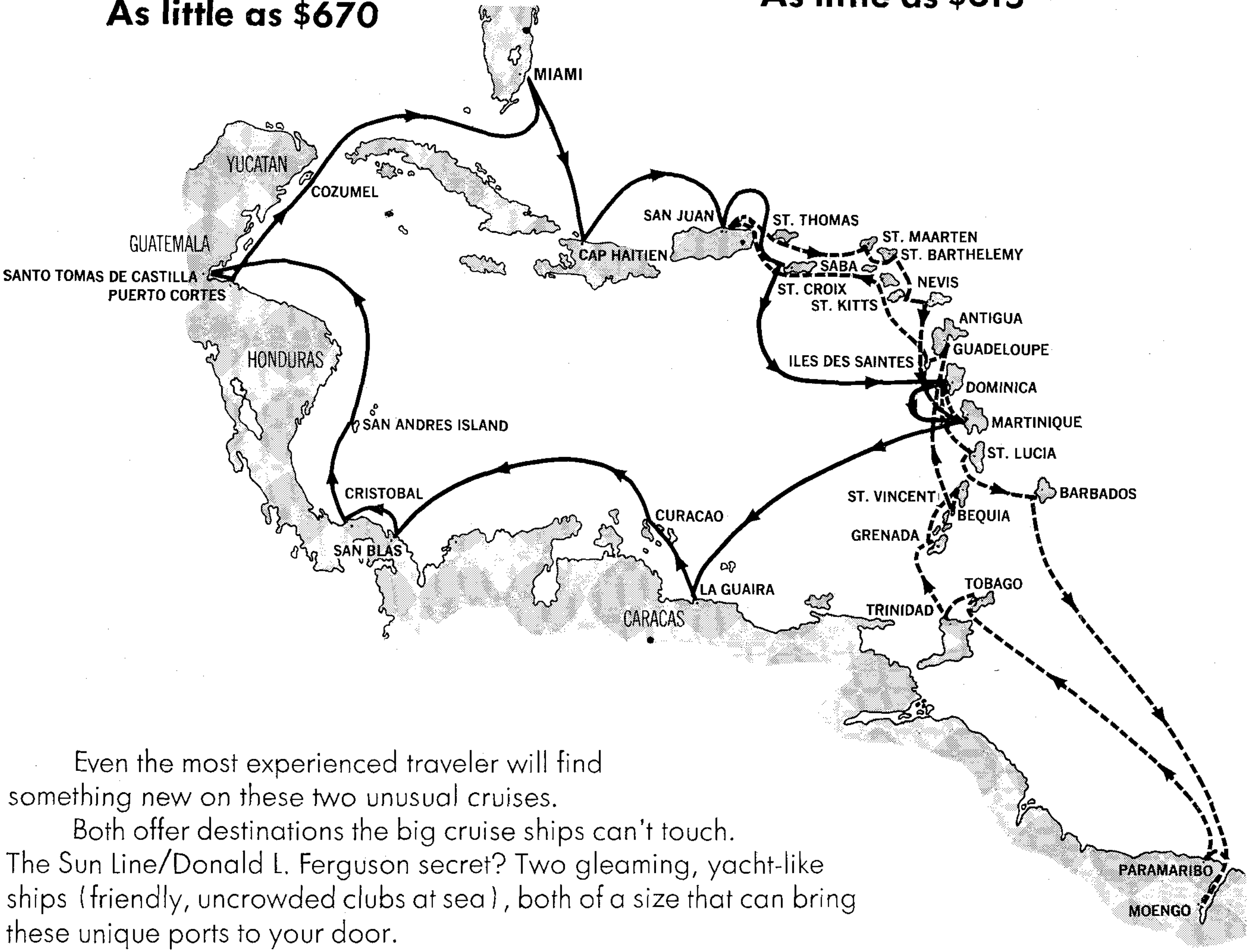
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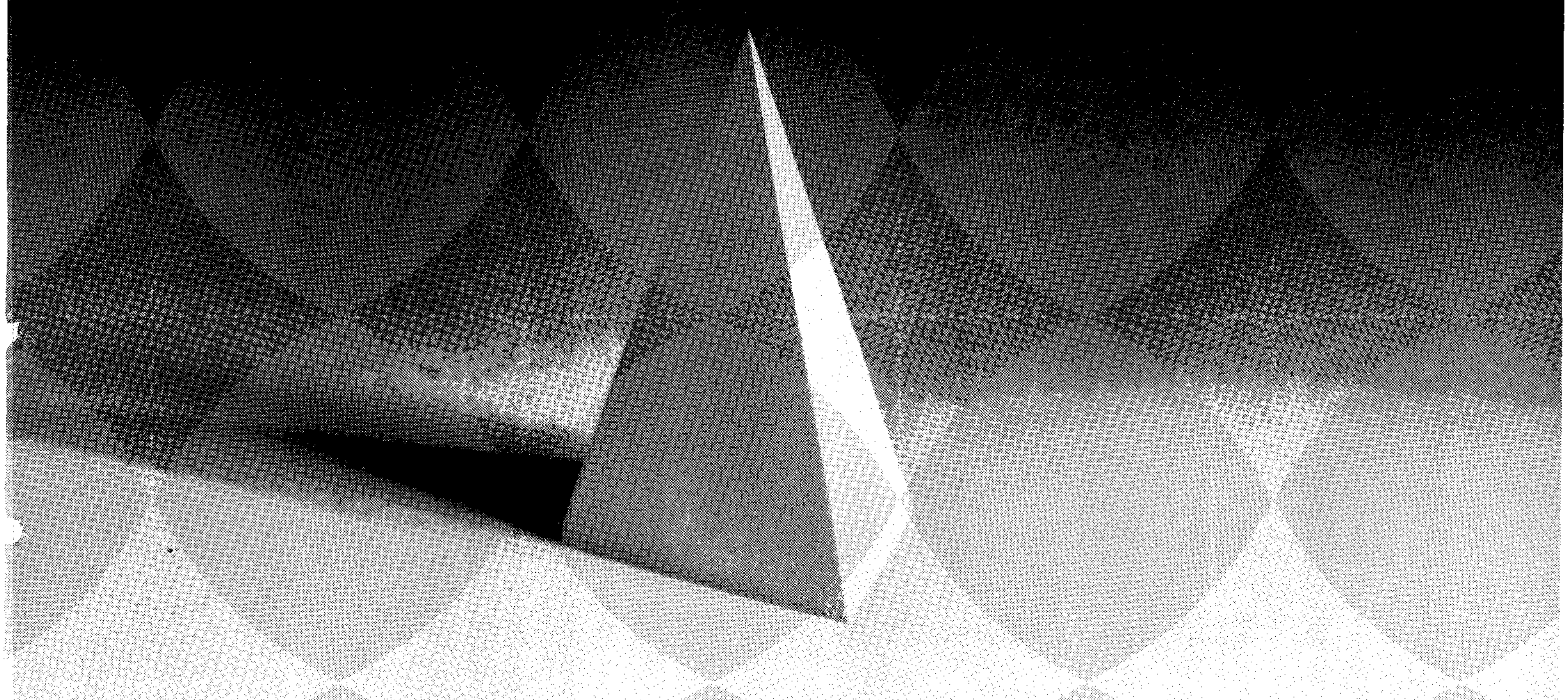

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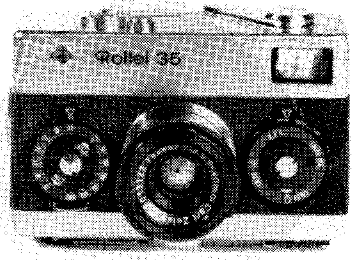

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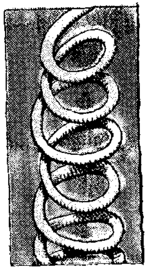

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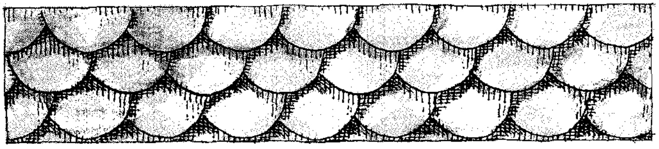

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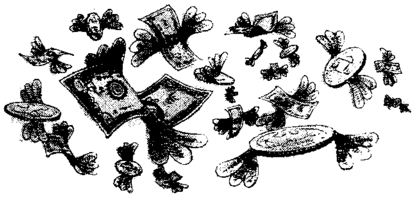

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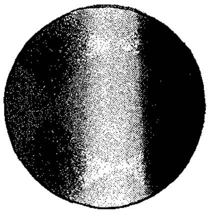

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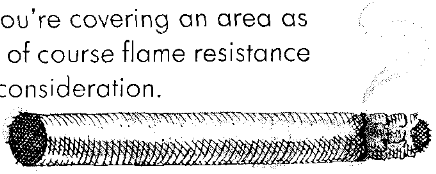

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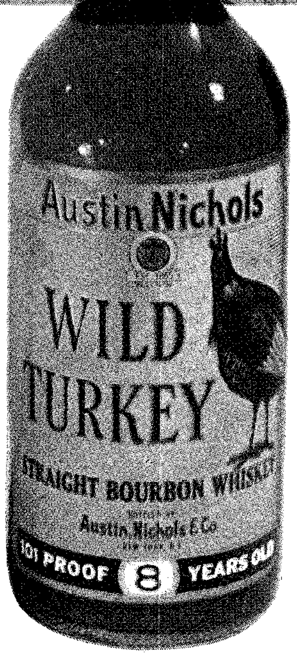
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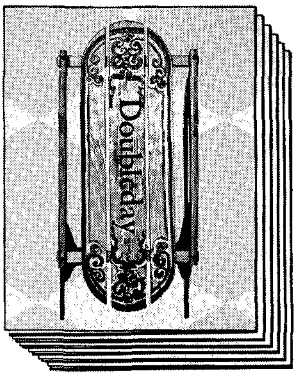

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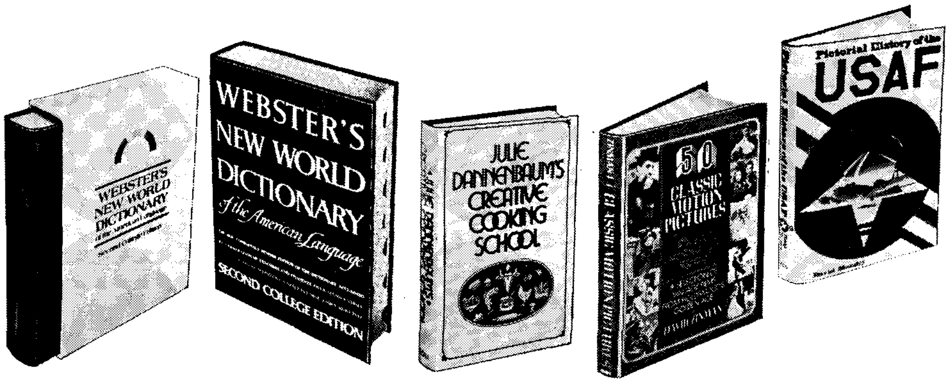
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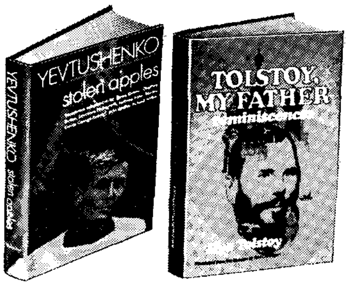

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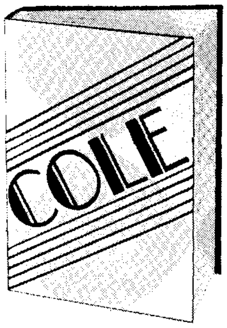

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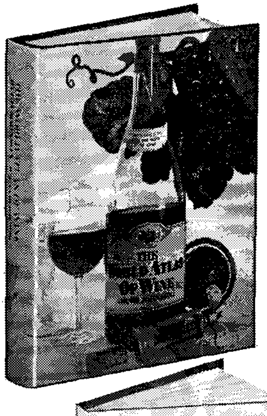
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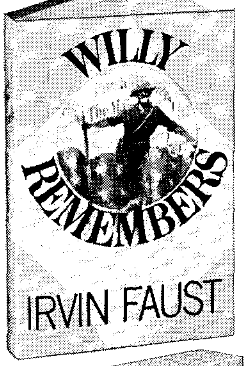
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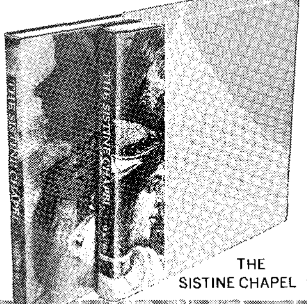
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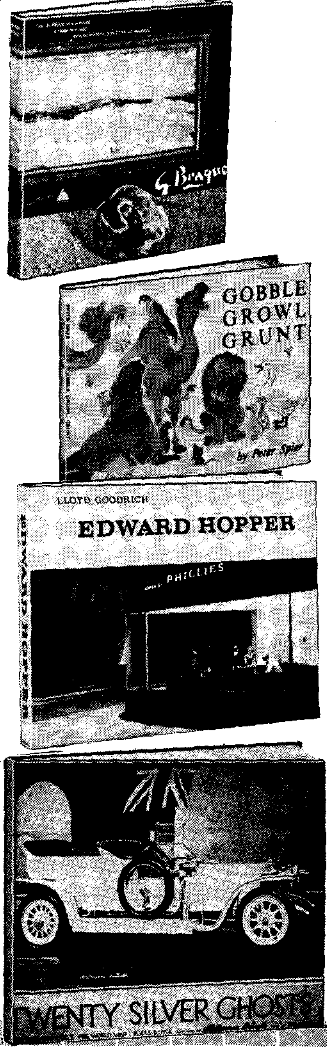
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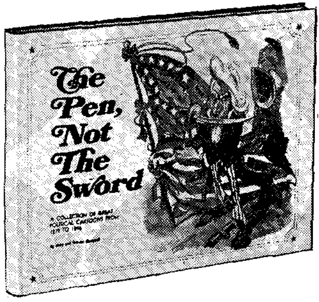

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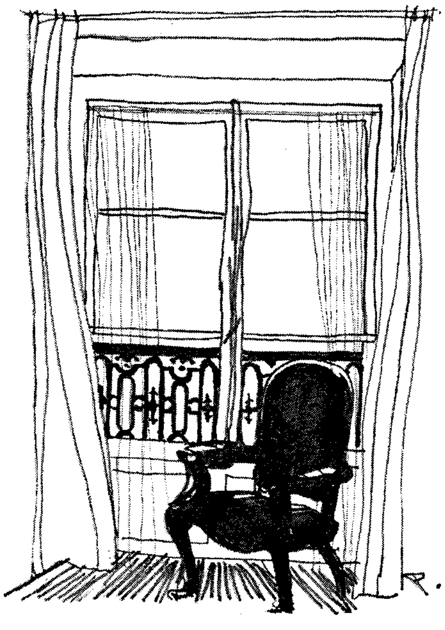
THE NEW YORKER

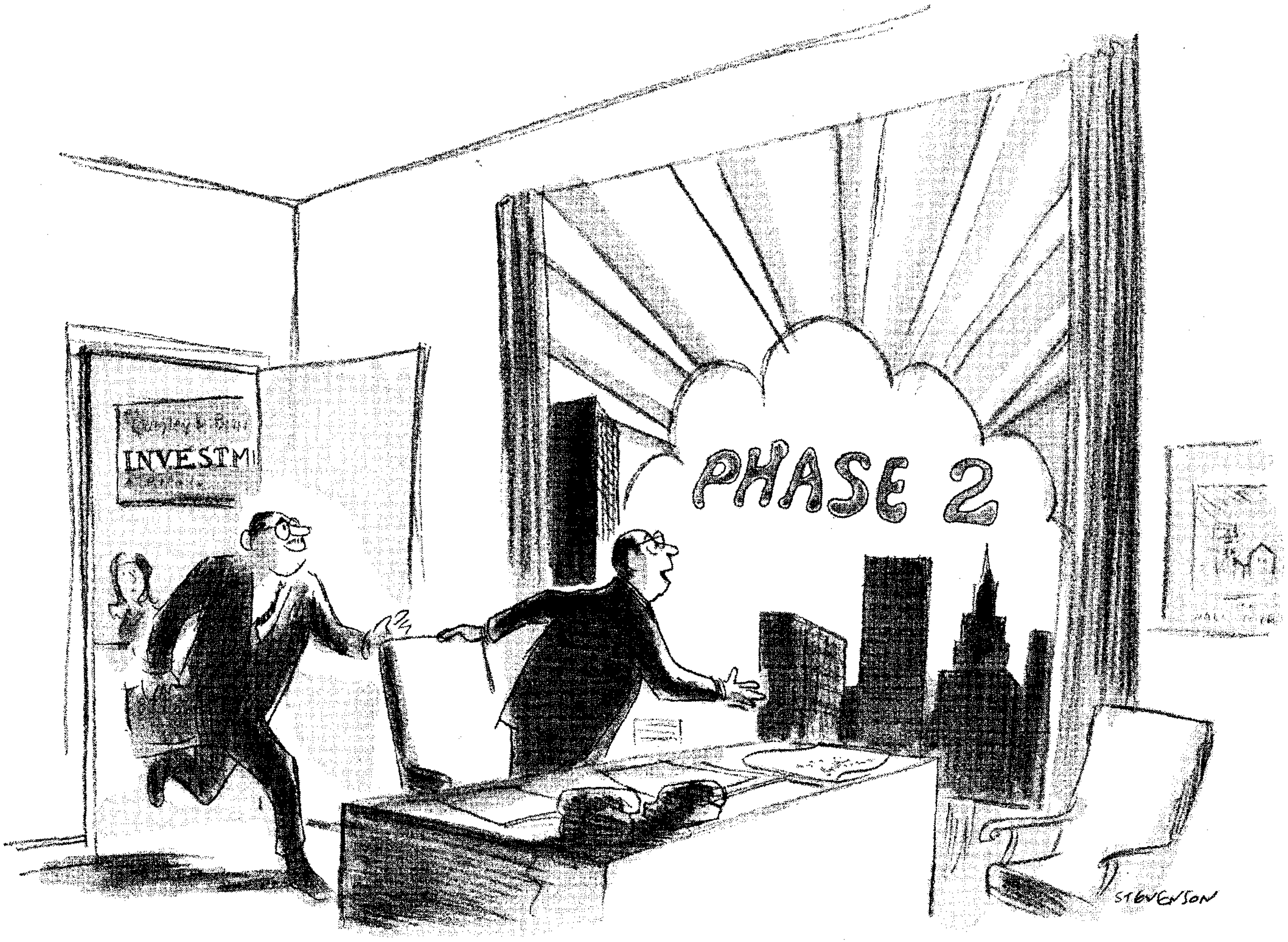
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN his recent article in the *Times*, "America Is Not a Repressive Society," Lewis Powell writes, "There may have been a time when a valid distinction existed between external and internal threats. But such a distinction is now largely meaningless. The radical left, strongly led and with a growing base of support, is plotting violence and revolution. Its leaders visit and collaborate with foreign Communist enemies. Freedom can be lost as irrevocably from revolution as from foreign attack." And he adds, "Foreign powers, notably the Communist ones, conduct massive espionage and subversive operations against America." He warns against "the day when the heel of repression is a reality—not from the sources now recklessly defamed [current law-enforcement authorities] but from whatever tyranny follows the overthrow of representative government," and ends by noting, "This is the greatest danger to human liberty in America." In recent years, a number of the highest authorities have slyly predicted that radical activism on the left might provoke a repressive "reaction" from the right. Since such a reaction could take place only with the coöperation of these same authorities, their predictions have, of course, the character of threats. Mr. Powell speaks differently and plainly. He sees the repression coming from the left itself. When he surveys the current scene in America, he finds a powerful revolutionary force in existence that may in the foreseeable future overthrow the government of the United States by violence and, with the help of foreign enemies, establish a repressive left-wing regime in its stead. Powell's manner is mild and his tone is that of a moderate man, but his America is an alarming place. Any government official who found himself living in this America—or who *thought* he found himself living in this America—would naturally discover that the conduct of his office was dramatically altered. Heavy new obligations would fall on his shoulders. The work of the Supreme Court justices, for example, would be greatly complicated. In ordinary times, their work of interpreting the law is difficult enough, but in times of extreme disorder or of imminent revolution they would have to assume the added burden of deciding when to apply the law at all and when to suspend it. When the state's survival is in real jeopardy, so-called reasons of state gradually eclipse legal considerations. What were once legal questions become political or military questions. Ordinarily, some new form of law, such as martial law or rule by decree, is imposed. The question that judges and other men then face is not so much "Is this act legal or not?" as it is "Which side am I on?" Powell, who sees a revolution on the horizon, has already begun to struggle with these thorny issues. Since in his eyes the demonstrators who blocked traffic in Washington last Mayday are "insurrectionaries"—members of the alliance between young revolutionaries and foreign states which threatens us—he doesn't bother to look for a legal justification for the mass arrests that were made, in most of which no evidence was taken and no sustainable charges were filed. Instead, he points to what he sees as the unthinkable *political* consequences of acting otherwise; namely, what he envisages as the "surrender" of the government to "insurrectionaries." This makes sense if you believe, as Powell does, that the survival of our government is seriously threatened. When he comes to the subject of wiretapping, reasons of state again apply. In explaining why he believes that the government should be allowed to use wiretaps at its own discretion, rather than the courts', in "national-security" cases, he offers no Constitutional justification. Instead, he points to the advantages such a procedure would have for military strategy. (He notes, "Public disclosure of this sensitive information would seriously handicap our counter-espionage and counter-subversive operations.")



A great deal has been said recently about the "judicial philosophy" and the "political philosophy" of men and women being considered for the high court. But the differences between the various candidates have proved elusive when they were measured by differences in philosophy: all the candidates wish to remain as faithful as possible to the Constitution, but they recognize that some divergence in interpretation is inevitable; all of them believe in the Bill of Rights; none of them favor the overthrow of our government. Powell's article gives us something that may be more important than his philosophy—his picture of the United States in 1971. He sees no threat of repression from the authorities, but he does see a threat of repression from revolutionaries. The critical questions to ask candidates for the high court may be not about their "philosophies" or opinions but about their judgment on questions of fact. In Powell's case, one would like to ask: How many revolutionaries are there? Who are they? Which foreign powers are they collaborating with? If they assaulted the government, would the government collapse?



"Look, George! I think it's begun!"

• •

The answers he would give to such questions are important. We want our leaders to have impeccable philosophies, but we also want them to live in the real world, because even the stoutest defenders of liberty can inaugurate repression once they start taking real emergency measures to deal with imagined insurrections.

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QUITE probably, the fate of the two-and-a-half-billion-dollar New York State transportation bond issue was presaged by the statement in the *Times* the day before the election that "virtually every major civic group and politician in the state supports it." Those two ultimate political antagonists, Mayor Lindsay and Governor Rockefeller, rode the subway together to promote it. William Ronan, the chairman of the Metropolitan Transportation Authority, and City Comptroller Abraham Beame endorsed it on television. Representatives Bella Abzug and Edward Koch gave it their approval in statements that appeared in the newspapers. Ghetto leaders and spokesmen for municipal unions urged their followers to vote for it. For that matter, the *Times* itself backed the bond issue, and so did the city's two other major papers, the *News* and the *Post*. The endorsements were understandable. The bond issue—such a nicely balanced package, worked out through delicate and deliberate negotiation—contained something for everyone: $1,350,000,000 would be spent on mass-transportation projects and $1,150,000,000 on highways, but since $200,000,000 of the mass-transportation funds would be spent upstate, downstate mass transportation and upstate highways would come out exactly even. The political craftsmanship that went into the proposal was perfectly matched by the expert promotion. For several weeks before the voting, our television screens were spotted with commercials urging us all to "Vote heck, yes!" for the bond issue. In a series of compact "dramatizations," a sleek blond girl asked motorists, subway riders, and rail commuters—balance, always balance—whether they'd like their particular facilities improved, and the obvious answers were given. And the promotion didn't stop at television commercials; here, too, there was something for everyone. Radio got its share of spot announcements; there were newspaper displays and subway posters; and handbills were distributed on downtown corners by pretty girls in shorts. In the outlying boroughs and the suburbs, handbills were distributed by conspicuously neat young men. The handbills weren't all the same, either. In areas where Mayor Lindsay has met opposition, the residents were told that Governor Rockefeller was urging them to vote yes, and in areas where neither has polled well it was Lieutenant Governor Malcolm Wilson who did the urging.

In the face of such a beautifully orchestrated campaign, there was really very little organized opposition to the bonds. What there was revolved around the labor mediator and arbitrator Theodore Kheel, who has for years been advocating the proposition that mass transit should be subsidized by tolls and taxes on automobiles. Cheerfully accepting the designation of "unofficial chairman of the unorganized committee," affixed to him by the *Times*, Kheel denied charges by Governor Rockefeller that he was "politically motivated," and, both before and after the defeat of the bond issue, went as far as to raise his right hand and "take a Sherman"—a term used in political circles for a vow never to run for political office. Kheel had a little help from minor political organizations but only one ally of prominence—City Air Resources Commissioner Robert N. Rickles, who opposed the bond issue on the grounds that it provided no long-range solution to the city's mass-transit problems and that the thirty-cent fare could be saved without it, and who was therefore denounced as "a nut" by Mayor Lindsay. The voices of these few opponents were all but drowned out by the flood of advertising and promotion paid for by the New York Good Roads Association, an organization formed in 1949 to support highway projects, among other things, and by a temporary entity formed for this campaign and called Yes for Transportation in New York State, Inc. Since these organizations are not backing political candidates per se, they are not required to file reports on their campaign expenditures, but we have the Governor's word for it that the funds contributed to them came from "business and banking people who were interested in the future of New York State and its growth."

With such formidable political and financial backing, then, how could the transportation bond issue lose—and lose so decisively? It lost by a three-to-two margin. It lost in the city, despite the threat of the forty-five-cent fare; it lost in the suburbs, despite the long-standing deficiencies in commuter transportation; and it lost upstate, where voters had to drive to the polls over roads manifestly in need of rehabilitation. Mr. Kheel's explanation was summed up in the advertising term "oversell." "I had been fighting in court to get equal time for all their commercial spots," he told us the day after the election, "but, as it turns out, they did us a favor, because in the end each of those advertisements seems to have eroded away support for the bonds." Oversell is certainly part of the answer, and another part is perhaps to be found in the national situation; in the face of Vietnam and the country's increasing economic and political tensions, it is, after all, becoming difficult for the public to accept what it is told simply on the word of its political leaders. But the major part of the answer may lie in the nature of politics, which, no matter how the fact may be glossed over, is supposed to be divisive—even polarizing. In the American system, after all, politicians are supposed to compete and dispute, and when two men like Governor Rockefeller and Mayor Lindsay, who have been at each other's throats politically for years, throw their arms around each other—on the subway, at that—and urge the public to vote "Heck, yes," the public's answer is more likely than not to be "Hell, no."

Excuse

AN easily preoccupied fourth-grader we know came home from school the other day with the mysterious homework assignment of making a list of ten rare fish. His mother suggested that he take pencil and paper to a nearby pet shop and ask the owner for the information he needed. The boy returned in half an hour with a blank piece of paper and an explanation: "The monkey stole my pencil."

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BRASS sign seen in an elevator of Athens' nine-story King Minos Hotel:

THE ROOF GARDEN
IS ON THE FIRST FLOOR

Opening It Up

TWO years ago last August, the Metropolitan Museum's European paintings were temporarily banished to a northern fastness of the building, and their galleries were taken over by the first of five special exhibitions marking the Museum's Centennial. During their exile, the pictures acquired a new curator-in-charge, Everett Fahy, and for the last five months Mr. Fahy and his staff have been frantically busy reinstalling the collection in its old quarters—thirty-nine galleries radiating from the top of the grand staircase. We went up to look at the reinstallation last week, and we found, as you might expect, Many Changes.

Mr. Fahy was explaining things to a large group of Metropolitan Museum members when we arrived, so we joined the group and listened. It goes without saying that curators of European paintings at the Met must be handsome, poised, and elegant, and we noted straightway that Mr. Fahy, in addition to having these traits, was also young and cheerful. "In the past, the paintings here at the Metropolitan were arranged in a rough chronological sequence," he explained. "That sequence, though, was broken up by private collections, like the Altman, Bache, and Friedsam, with the result that you found the Vermeers in four different places, the Botticellis in three, and the Rembrandts all over. During the last year, we obtained permission from the foundations and heirs connected with these collections to disperse their pictures through the Museum, so now, for the first time, you will find all

"What are you two plotting now?"

the paintings of a given master together in one place." Mr. Fahy went on to say that the pictures had been grouped according to national schools, and that the galleries of each of the major national schools now had their own identifying color—dark red for Italian, dark green for Flemish, dark blue for French, and so on.

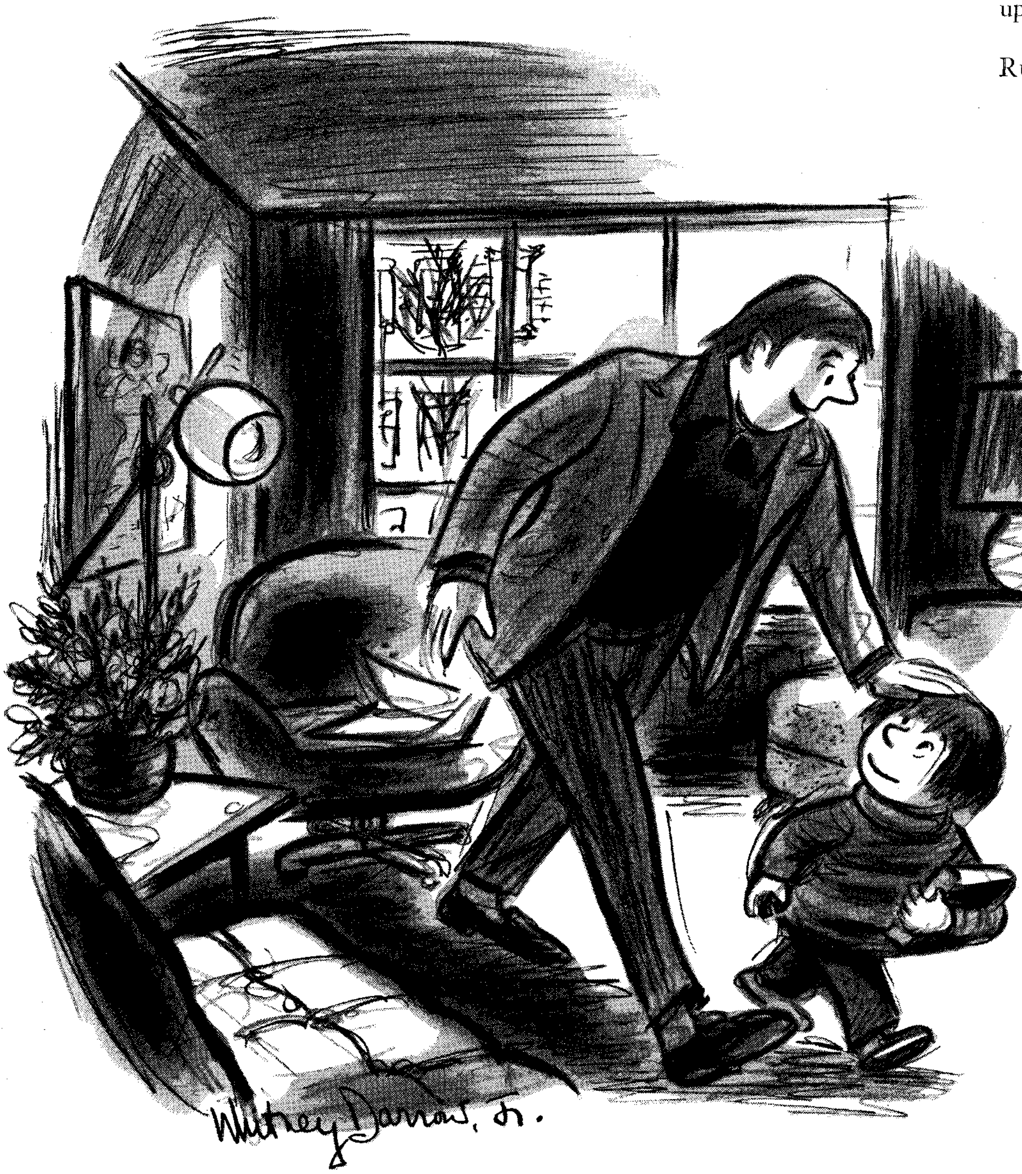
"Please notice that we have painted all the walls in dark, saturated colors," Mr. Fahy said after leading the group to a large gallery of French seventeenth-century paintings. "This is a tremendous change. In American museums since the Second World War, it has been the fashion to paint everything beige or off-white. When we were experimenting with paint colors last spring, though, I found that the lighter the wall, the greater the glare of the light reflected from it. And what's so important about so many of these paintings—like that Claude Lorrain over there—is the light *inside* the painting, which shows up so much better against a dark wall."

Moving on to the next gallery (French eighteenth-century), Mr. Fahy pointed out that the paintings were now hanging about a foot higher than they used to hang, to facilitate viewing, and that more than two hundred of them had been remounted in frames more appropriate to the period in which they were painted. In the room beyond, a huge gallery of nineteenth-century French salon paintings, Mr. Fahy concluded his tour, and then, as the members struck off bravely on their own, agreed to answer a few questions for us.

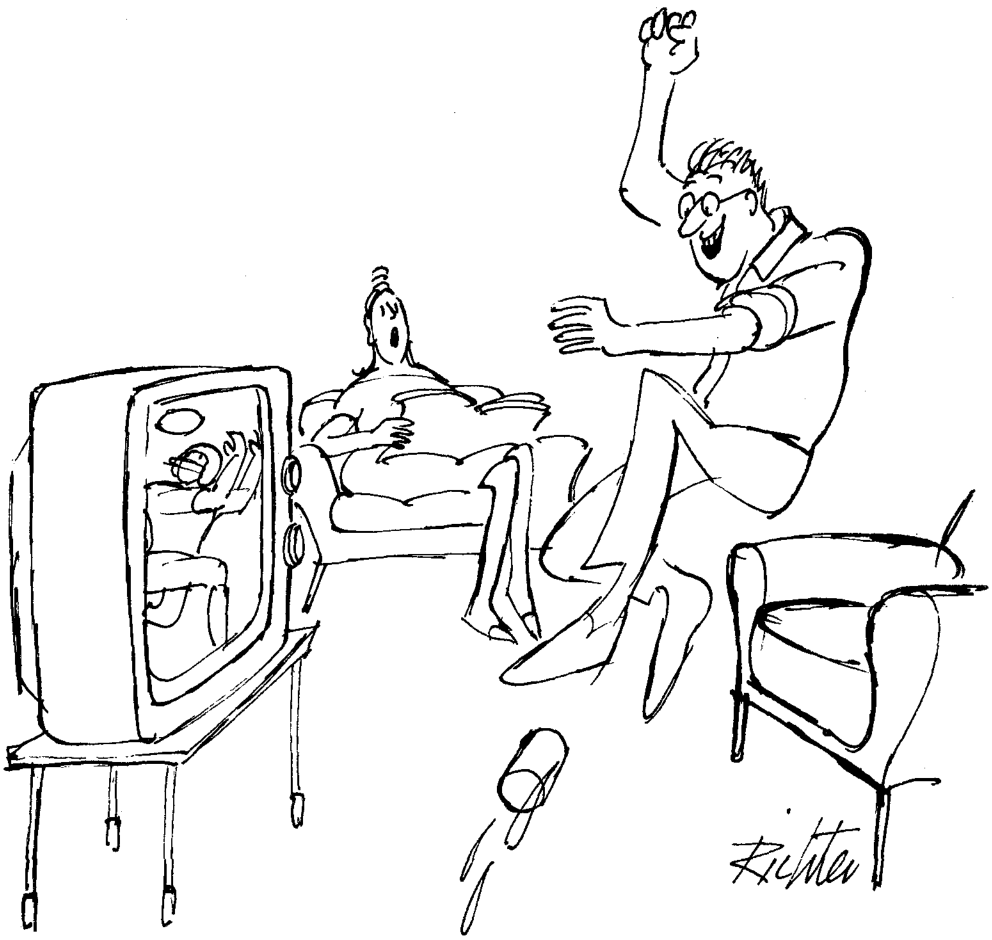
On the way back to his office, Mr. Fahy told us that he had spent practically all his time in the last two weeks taking groups of Metropolitan employees around the galleries. "I've dealt with just about everybody—public-relations people, the education department, secretaries, all the guards—and they've made some extremely helpful suggestions," he said. "The most common reaction, even from people who have been here thirty years, is that we've cleaned the pictures. But it's really the dark backgrounds—they've removed the Old Master dinginess and given the paintings a kind of rich glow. Some people say the whole thing is too single-minded, but Tom Hoving really stood behind me all the way, and what he got was an uncompromised solution rather than a committee decision. I *like* dark colors. I find them more tranquil, more resonant. Our Impressionist pictures now look the way people thought they did in the nineteenth century, when they spoke of them as 'windows looking out.' I must admit I was a little edgy on opening night about some of our collectors of Impressionist pictures. Their walls are all off-white, and I was afraid that when they saw what Attila the Hun had done with Impressionism they'd want to string me up. But so far no complaints."

We went through a doorway in a Rubens gallery to reach Fahy's office, where he exchanged his suit jacket for a relaxed-looking dark-green cardigan, sat down, and, in response to our first question, told us that he was born in Philadelphia in 1941. He majored in chemistry and English literature at the University of Virginia, but a summer abroad whetted his appetite for the fine arts, and in 1962 he entered Harvard, where he studied under the famous Renaissance scholar Sydney Freedberg. "I feel I owe it all to him," Fahy said. "I look at pictures the way he sees them. For me, the Italian Renaissance was the great period in art, and that's the level our thinking should be on. When Tintoretto died, it was all over. Incidentally, my other unpopular view is that seventeenth-century French painting is really Roman. Those artists spent their entire lives in Rome, and they are really part of the classical Italian tradition."

After two years working at I Tatti, the Berenson villa in Florence, and two more years at the Fogg Museum, in Cambridge, Fahy got his doctorate, at Harvard, in 1968. The following year, he accepted a job at the Metropolitan as a European-paint-


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"It wouldn't be fair to just tell you, Son. Why don't we go look up the meaning of 'pusillanimous' together?"



"He earns one million dollars, and you're excited!"

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ings consultant to Hoving, but it didn't work out very well. "I was like a little golden boy whom nobody knew what to do with," he said, "so I quit and took a job as an associate professor at the New York University Institute of Fine Arts." But then, early in 1970, the Metropolitan's curator of European paintings, Claus Virch, tendered his resignation, and Hoving had no trouble persuading Fahy, who was twenty-eight at the time, to accept the post. He came back to the Met a year ago last July as a full curator.

Old Metropolitan hands have been impressed by the new curator's innovative energy, and by his pronounced ability to get what he wants. A number of famous paintings that used to hang in other parts of the Museum have rejoined the main collection—one example being Boucher's succulent "Toilet of Venus," which hung for years in the Department of Decorative Arts. Conversely, Fahy has sent a lot of old favorites into storage, including "September Morn" and the Ingres "Odalisque in Grisaille." "I'm showing far fewer pictures than were shown before," he told us, "because I believe that if you see three or four superb examples and really get involved with them, it's better than trying to look at thirty."

Mr. Fahy paused a moment, apparently to think about that, and then went on, "As far as our collection is concerned, the main emphasis in the future should be on refining it. The era of great intake at the Met is over. And because of the colossal cost of international loan shows I can see that in the next few years there will be very few of those. What we want to do now is use our own resources to the very best advantage, and we also want to use them in more informal ways. Every six or eight weeks, we'll have a small, single-gallery exhibition, like the first show, called 'The Painter's Light,' which, incidentally, was a by-product of our looking at the interior light in our paintings against a dark-colored wall. The next small show will be centered on Titian's 'Venus and the Lute Player,' which we've just cleaned. The picture was covered with old varnish about an eighth of an inch thick, and we finally decided to clean it off—a really radical decision, because you never know what you're going to find underneath. What we found was that the picture had been gooked up. Somebody had taken a brush to Venus, and her right breast had been lowered three or four inches. When Hubert von Sonnenberg, our master restorer, started to clean the painting, the nipple started climbing. And Venus became more and more pert and sexually attractive. We've got color transparencies of the whole thing, showing the progressive changes, and we'll use those, together with X-rays, infrareds, and blowups, to tell the technical side of the story. Then, secondly, we're going to show in the same room what this painting meant in terms of Titian's work, and why he painted the subject five times during his life. We'll have photographs of the other versions—the two in the Prado, the one in Berlin, and the one in the Fitzwilliam, at Cambridge University—and explanatory labels describing how, as the guy got older, his approach changed, and how our picture fits into the development. But all that can be presented informally. It's not a big deal—it's not like having a loan show of seventy-five Titians."

We asked whether Mr. Fahy had ever heard it said that this particular Titian was not a Titian.

"Oh, sure," he replied. "Of course. We took a gamble by opening it up. But, happily, we discovered that it's a glowing thing, and intact, with some really marvellous passages. There's no doubt about its authenticity now."

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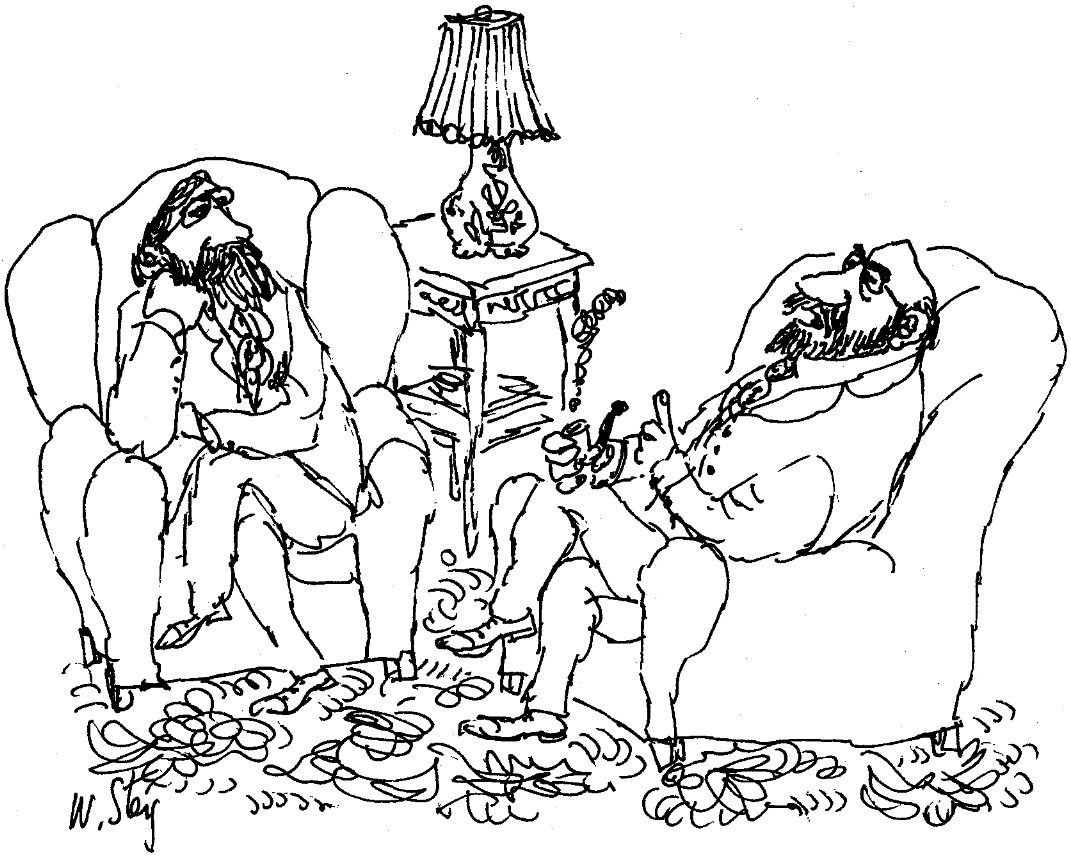
POSTER observed outside a grind movie house on West Forty-second Street:

A Film Feast of
Sitar Music
Steel Band Music
Romance
Passion
Violence
Non-Violence

First on the Spot

IF President Nixon visits Peking, can the American businessman be far behind? We've just attended an all-day session at the Plaza at which our host, the American Management Association, briefed a hundred or so bankers, exporters, importers, and the like on "the practical aspects of doing business with the People's Republic of China." The symposium's chairman was Stefan J. Rundt, president of an international business-consultant firm that publishes *Rundt's Weekly Intelligence, a Service to Exporters, Bankers, and Overseas Investors*, and he told us that he



"The female is intuitive. The male reasons."

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had begun to plan the meeting last April, post-Ping-Pong but *before* the President announced his visit. We had missed a sixty-minute opening address by Louis J. Mulkern, senior vice-president of the Bank of America in San Francisco, but we learned from a copy of it that eighty per cent of the mainland Chinese work in the fields, that the chief crops are rice and wheat, and that "though China's doors are inching open, the view is hazy" and "many still fear those doors may close before our curiosity is fully satisfied."

We inched our way into a big room full of crowded green baize tables, and with many a smart attaché case on its floral-design carpet, in time to hear Dr. J. Mark Mobius, chairman of the Trade Expansion Committee of the American Chamber of Commerce in Hong Kong, who had just concluded a thirty-minute speech on "Patterns of Exports and Imports," take questions from the floor.

"As a generality," one ran, "how effective is the English language in communicating with Chinese foreign-trade corporations?"

"In Hong Kong, of course, we speak Cantonese," Dr. Mobius said. "I suggest that American trading companies start writing in Chinese. You can get a Chinese typewriter."

"What is the reception given to American businessmen in Hong Kong?" someone asked.

"Varied," said Dr. Mobius. "Sometimes you're given a political harangue. More often, fairly courteous treatment."

A man who identified himself as coming from the Department of Commerce returned to the subject of language. "You stated that English was the business language of the East," he began.

Dr. Mobius shook his head.

"Well, I think it's true nevertheless," said Commerce. "Do you recommend that American businessmen write the Chinese in Chinese? I don't."

"If you have a facility in the Chinese language, it helps," said Dr. Mobius.

Commerce shook *his* head.

"I've given Dr. Mobius forty-five minutes of my time," Mr. Rundt, who was down on a printed schedule for an eleven-fifteen-to-twelve-thirty discussion of "Terms of Payment and Collections" and "Fiscal, Financial, and Monetary Affairs," remarked on the stroke of noon, and he launched into a stepped-up disquisition. "We have been told that the Chinese have nothing to sell but pig bristles," he said, but he added to this export commodity carbon black, aspirin, vacuum bottles, perambulators, electric fans, typewriters, radios, bicycles, and trucks. And he stated that large-scale sales of opium earned handsome profits for Peking.

Rising from the speakers' table, W. Graham Metson, Jr., a bearded representative of the State Department's Office of Asian Communist Affairs, took sharp exception to this last.

"Well, they did until a few years ago," said Mr. Rundt.

Mr. Metson denied this categorically, waggling his beard.

Mr. Rundt, who was clean-shaven, said that he stood corrected.

A running argument followed between him and an accountant guest as to the creditworthiness of China on a long-term basis; the accountant voiced doubts about investment in an agrarian economy.

"Who knows?" Mr. Rundt finally said. "In trade, China has never defaulted."

It was now twenty to one, and a woman representative of the American Management Association, standing at the back of the room, had for ten minutes been signalling to the chairman, clapping her hand to her mouth. She caught his eye at last; he nodded but kept on talking, so she sidled around and stood in back of him. "We now have to have lunch," he said five minutes later, and we all did—in a room down the hall, where a man next to us said he was with Brown Brothers Harriman.

"We have a couple of clients with Chinese interests," he said during the chicken. "I wish there were more discussion about Chinese business done through third parties."

Well, as luck would have it, there was, during the parfait—in an address entitled "We Should Try Doing Business with the People's Republic Even If We Don't Succeed," by S. E. Sweet, president of an international trading corporation. "Much business is done through intermediaries," he said. "General Motors has sold truck engines to the Chinese through Italy. Packaging is important. Drums are scarce in China. Chemicals should be sent in small drums that can be transported manually or by bicycles. China is reluctant to engage in direct trade with us, but she is beginning to feel her way. We won't be warmly welcomed for some time. Nothing may be forthcoming until after the Nixon visit, but let us be first on the spot and reliable in performance."

THE CATECHIST

IN the evenings, usually, the catechist approaches. "Where have you been?" he asks.

"In the park," I say.

"Was she there?" he asks.

"No," I say.

The catechist is holding a book. He reads aloud: "*The chief reason for Christ's coming was to manifest and teach God's love for us. Here the catechist should find the focal point of his instruction.*" On the word "manifest" the catechist places the tip of his right forefinger upon the tip of his left thumb, and on the word "teach" the catechist places the tip of his right forefinger upon the tip of his left forefinger.

Then he says: "And the others?"

I say: "Abusing the mothers."

"The guards?"

"Yes. As usual."

The catechist reaches into his pocket and produces a newspaper clipping. "Have you heard the news?" he asks.

"No," I say.

He reads aloud: "*Vegetable Oil Allowed in Three Catholic Rites.*"

He pauses. He looks at me. I say nothing. He reads aloud: "*Rome, March 2nd. Reuters.*" He looks at me. I say nothing. "*Reuters,*" he repeats. "*Roman Catholic sacramental anointings may in the future be performed with any vegetable oil, according to a new Vatican ruling that lifts the Church's age-old—*" He pauses. "*Age-old,*" he emphasizes.

I think: Perhaps she is at ease. Looking at her lake.

The catechist reads: "*. . . that lifts the Church's age-old insistence on the use of olive oil.* New paragraph. *Under Catholic ritual, holy oil previously blessed by a bishop is used symbolically in the sacraments of confirmation, baptism, and the anointing of the sick, formerly extreme unction.* New paragraph. *Other vegetable oils are cheaper and considerably easier to obtain than olive oil in many parts of the world, Vatican observers noted.*" The catechist pauses. "You're a priest. I'm a priest," he says. "Now I ask you."

I think: Perhaps she is distressed and looking at the lake does nothing to mitigate the distress.

He says: "Consider that you are dying. The sickroom. The bed. The plucked-at sheets. The distraught loved ones. The priest approaches. Bearing the holy viaticum, the sacred oils. The administration of the Host. The last anointing. And what is it you're given? You, the dying man? Peanut oil."

I think: Peanut oil.

The catechist replaces the clipping in his pocket. He will read it to me again tomorrow. Then he says: "When you saw the guards abusing the mothers, you—"

I say: "Wrote another letter."

"And you mailed the letter?"

"As before."

"The same mailbox?"

"Yes."

"You remembered to put a stamp—"

"An eight-cent Eisenhower."

I think: When I was young they asked other questions.

He says: "Tell me about her."

I say: "She has dark hair."

"Her husband—"

"I don't wish to discuss her husband."

The catechist reads from his book. "*The candidate should be questioned as to his motives for becoming a Christian.*"

I think: My motives?

He says: "Tell me about yourself."

I say: "I'm forty. I have bad eyes. An enlarged liver."

"That's the alcohol," he says.

"Yes," I say.

"You're very much like your father, there."

"A shade more avid."

We have this conversation every day. No detail changes. He says: "But a man in your profession—"

I say: "But I don't want to discuss my profession."

He says: "Are you going back now? To the park?"

"Yes. She may be waiting."

"I thought she was looking at the lake."

"When she is not looking at the lake, then she is in the park."

The catechist reaches into the sleeve of his black robe. He produces a manifesto. He reads me the manifesto. "*All intellectual productions of the bourgeoisie are either offensive or defensive weapons against the revolution. All intellectual productions of the bourgeoisie are, objectively, obfuscating objects which are obstacles to the emancipation of the proletariat.*" He replaces the manifesto in his sleeve.

I say: "But there are levels of signification other than the economic involved."

The catechist opens his book. He reads: "*A disappointing experience: the inadequacy of language to express thought. But let the catechist take courage.*" He closes the book.

I think: Courage.

He says: "What do you propose to do?"

I say: "I suggested to her that I might change my profession."

"Have you had an offer?"

"A feeler."

"From whom?"

"General Electric."

"How did she respond?"

"A chill fell upon the conversation."

"But you pointed out—"

"I pointed out that although things were loosening up it would doubtless be

a long time before priests were permitted to marry."

The catechist looks at me.

I think: She is waiting in the park, in the children's playground.

He says: "And then?"

I say: "I heard her confession."

"Was it interesting?"

"Nothing new. As you know, I am not permitted to discuss it."

"What were the others doing?"

"Tormenting the mothers."

"You wrote another letter?"

"Yes."

"You don't tire of this activity, writing letters?"

"One does what one can." I think: Or does not do what one can.

He says: "Let us discuss love."

I say: "I know nothing about it. Unless of course you refer to Divine love."

"I had in mind love as it is found in the works of Scheler, who holds that love is an aspect of phenomenological knowledge, and Carroll, who holds that 'tis love, 'tis love, that—"

"I know nothing about it."

The catechist opens his book. He reads: "*How to deal with the educated. Temptation and scandals to be faced by the candidate during his catechumenate.*" He closes the book. There is never a day, never a day, on which we do not have this conversation. He says: "When were you ordained?"

I say: "1950."

He says: "These sins, your own, the sins we have been discussing, I'm sure you won't mind if I refer to them as sins although their magnitude, whether they are mortal or venial, I leave it to you to assess, in the secret places of your heart—"

I say: "One sits in the confessional hearing confessions, year after year, Saturday after Saturday, at four in the afternoon, twenty-one years times fifty-two Saturdays, excluding leap year—"

"One thousand and ninety-two Saturdays—"

"Figuring forty-five adulteries to the average Saturday—"

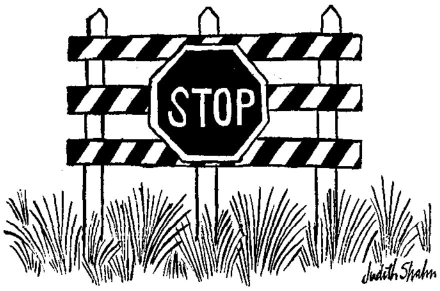
"Forty-nine thousand one hundred and forty adulteries—"

"One wonders: Perhaps there should be a redefinition? And with some adulteries there are explanations. The man is a cabdriver. He works nights. His wife wants to go out and have a good time. She tells him that she doesn't do anything wrong—a few drinks at the neighborhood bar, a little dancing. 'Now, you know, Father, and I know, Father, that where there's drinking and dancing there's bloody well something else too. So I tell her, Father, she'll stay out of that bar or I'll hit her upside the head. Well, Father, she says to me you can hit me upside the head all you want but I'm still going to that bar when I want and you can hit me all day long and it won't stop me. Now, what can I do, Father? I got to be in this cab every night of the week except Mondays and sometimes I work Mondays to make a little extra. So I hit her upside the head a few times but it don't make any difference, she goes anyhow. So I figure, Father, she's getting it outside the home, why not me? I'm always sorry after, Father, but what can I do? If I had a day job it would be different and now she just laughs at me and what can I do, Father?' "

"What do you say?"

"I advise self-control."

The catechist pokes about in his pockets. He pokes in his right-hand pocket for a time and then pokes in his left-hand pocket. He produces at length a tiny Old Testament, a postage-stamp Old Testament. He opens the postage-stamp Old Testament. "*Miserable comforters are ye all.*" He closes the postage-stamp Old Testament. "Job 16:2." He replaces the postage-stamp Old Testament in his left-hand pocket. He pokes about in his right-hand pocket and produces a button on which the word "LOVE" is printed. He pins the button on my cassock, above the belt, below the collar. He says: "But you'll go there again."



I say: "At eleven. The children's playground."

He says: "The rain. The trees."

I say: "All that rot."

He says: "The benches damp. The seesaw abandoned."

I say: "All that garbage."

He says: "Sunday the day of rest and worship is hated by all classes of men in every country to which the Word has been carried. Hatred of Sunday in London approaches one hundred per cent. Hatred of Sunday in Rio produces suicides. Hatred of Sunday in Madrid is only appeased by the ritual slaughter of large black animals, in rings. Hatred of Sunday in Munich is the stuff of legend. Hatred of Sunday in Sydney is considered by the knowledgeable to be hatred of Sunday at its most exquisite."

I think: She will press against me with her hands in the back pockets of her trousers.

The catechist opens his book. He reads: "*The apathy of the listeners. The judicious catechist copes with the difficulty.*" He closes the book.

I think: Analysis terminable and

THE FOUNDRY

Recalling the old neighborhood picture,
I see the steel foundry on Florence Street;
A dark, reptilian mass, it would squat
With its gorge full of our captive fathers,
And menace us with our squalid futures.

With daylight, we drew near its blackened
Eyes; we reached for hooks dangled from naked
Beams and swung from chain falls over
Rusty flasks. We raised and lowered each other.
We made no sound, and took rust for granted.

Night drove us back across the street to hide
In rented yards something like fear, and to
Watch it flare and grumble in the night
Like a mad salamander, as molds blew
Behind dirty panes and silhouettes leaped aside.

Unable to leap aside, one by one most
Of us were taken—with time out for some school,
A service hitch, some shacking up, some running,
Some rising and falling before slinking
Back with no sound, to take the granted rust.

—THOMAS SNAPP

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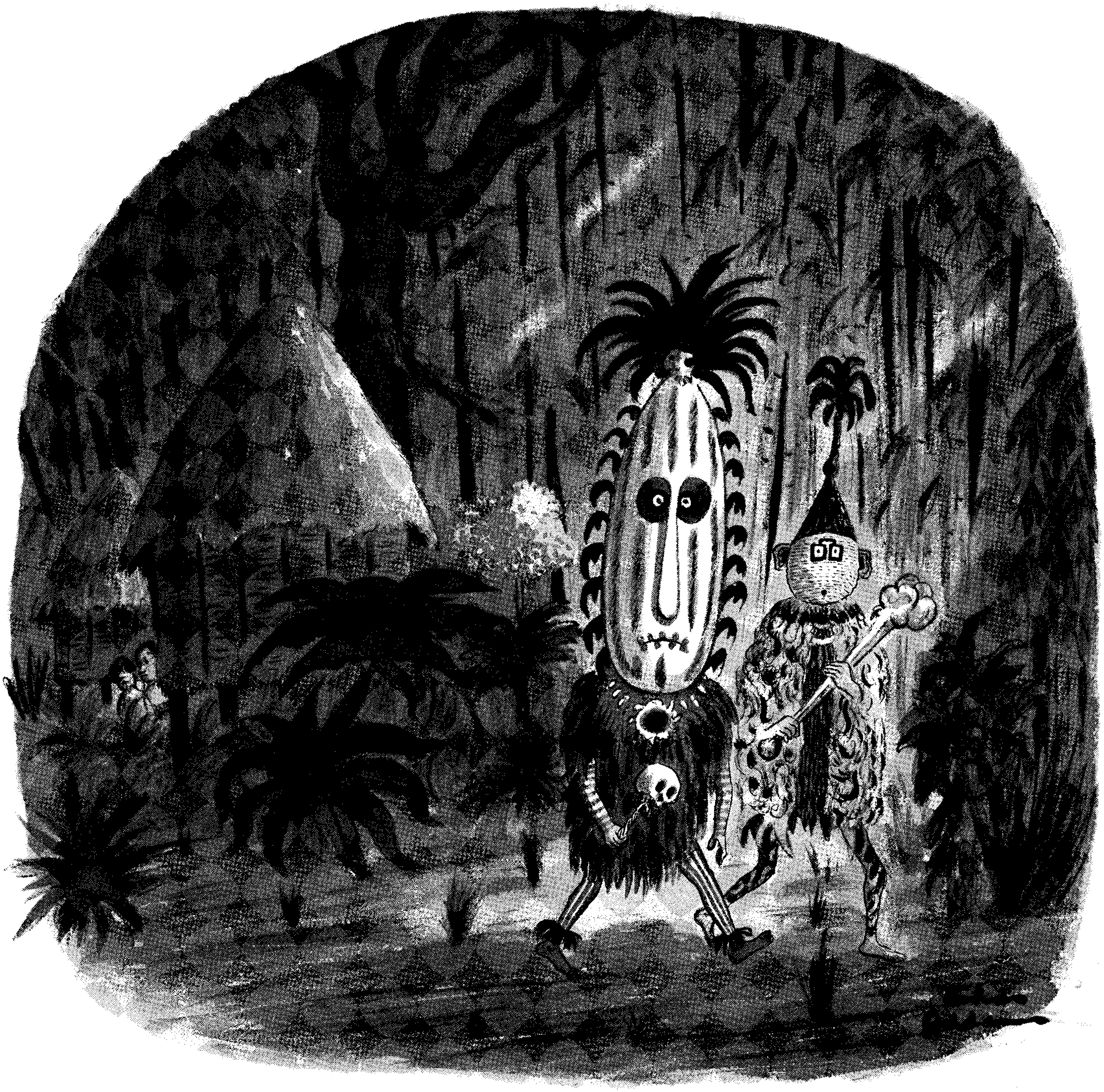


"I danced the best I could, but what the guy really has is an iron deficiency."

• •

interminable. I think: Then she will leave the park looking backward over her shoulder.

He says: "And the guards, what were they doing?"

I say: "Abusing the mothers."

"You wrote a letter?"

"Another letter."

"Would you say, originally, that you had a vocation? Heard a call?"

"I heard many things. Screams. Suites for unaccompanied cello. I did not hear a call."

"Nevertheless—"

"Nevertheless I went to the clerical-equipment store and purchased a summer cassock and a winter cassock. The summer cassock has short sleeves. I purchased a black hat."

"And the lady's husband?"

"He is a psychologist. He works in the limits of sensation. He is attempting to define precisely the two limiting sensations in the sensory continuum, the upper limit and the lower limit. He is often at the lab. He is measuring vanishing points."

"An irony."

"I suppose."

There is no day on which this conversation is not held and no detail of this conversation which is not replicated on any particular day on which the conversation is held.

The catechist produces from beneath his cloak a banner. He unfurls the banner and holds the unfurled banner above his head with both hands. The banner says, "YOU ARE INTERRUPTED IN THE MIDST OF MORE CONGENIAL WORK? BUT THIS IS GOD'S WORK." The catechist refurls the banner. He replaces the banner under his cloak. He says: "But you'll go there again?"

I say: "Yes. At eleven."

He says: "But the rain . . ."

I say: "With her hands in the back pockets of her trousers."

He says: "*Deo gratias.*"

—DONALD BARTHELME

THE HAWK AND THE MULES

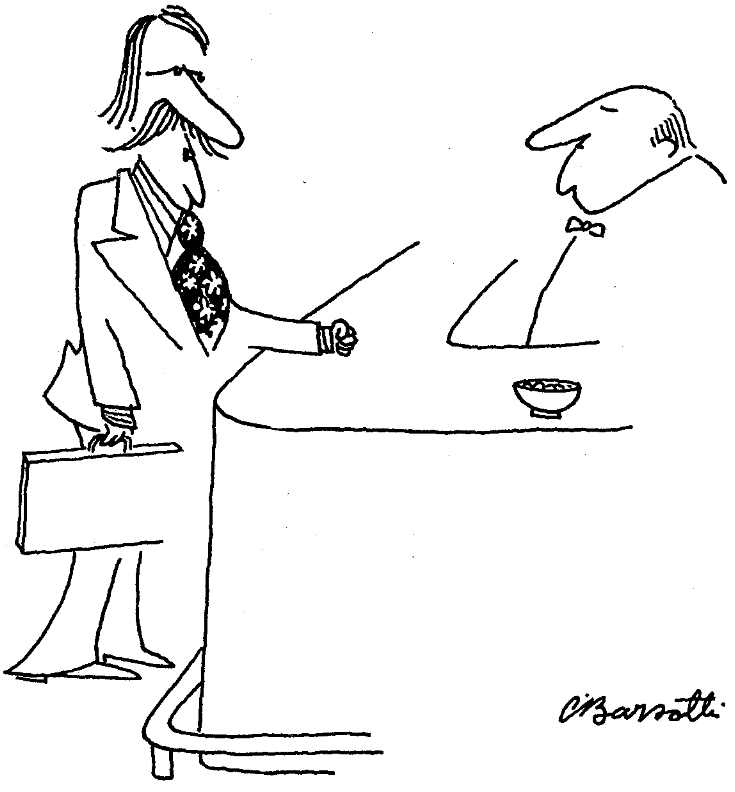
I HAVE looked toward the island, toward the region of my memory where it is, and have seen out of the corner of my eye the word *Hawk* written above it, or the words *Sea Hawk,* and I have caught the smell of rats. I am not sure what these mean. A judgment of some kind, no doubt, but by and upon whom I cannot yet say. These signals were not present before, or at least I did not notice them. It is true that I have not perhaps turned my mind much to the island these last years, especially by day. It goes without saying that I was not conscious of such signs when I lived there.

I was alone. I had a house in a little terraced valley running up the mountain to the east of the village. The moon rose late there, only appearing over the craggy peak long after the village below had been turned pale by its light. Only one house near me was lived in, by a fisherman's family. I lived on fish, which they brought up from the boats early in the morning, and on eggs, which I bought from them too, in the beginning. "Their eggs taste of fish," I was told. And it was true, and I did not serve them to guests. "They mix the hens' eggs and the ducks' eggs together," I was told also. That was true too. I went on buying them just the same, as though it were a game involving a certain risk. "Why not get your eggs at the shop?" I was asked. (I had not been complaining.) Many of those in the village who did not keep chickens got their eggs at one of the two small dark shops, each two steps down from the dirt street, each lined with tubs of sardines and hung with salt cod and dried sausages and little ivory cheeses, all converging on the sacks ranged in front of the wooden counter as in front of an altar; rice, the sack farthest to the right containing the most gravel, that to the left of it costing more and containing a little less, that to the left of it containing still less, until the one all the way to the left, which had scarcely been touched, contained almost none. At the right of the counter was a small grilled cage housing fish pies and spinach pies, many days old, which some of the village women made and brought in, warm, a few at a time, in their hands. At the other end of the counter was another cage containing eggs lying on dried grass. Old women brought them in, carrying them in their aprons. The wines from both shops tasted of churches, heavy and musky. It was a taste I grew to like in the wine, but I went on buying my eggs from the neighbors.

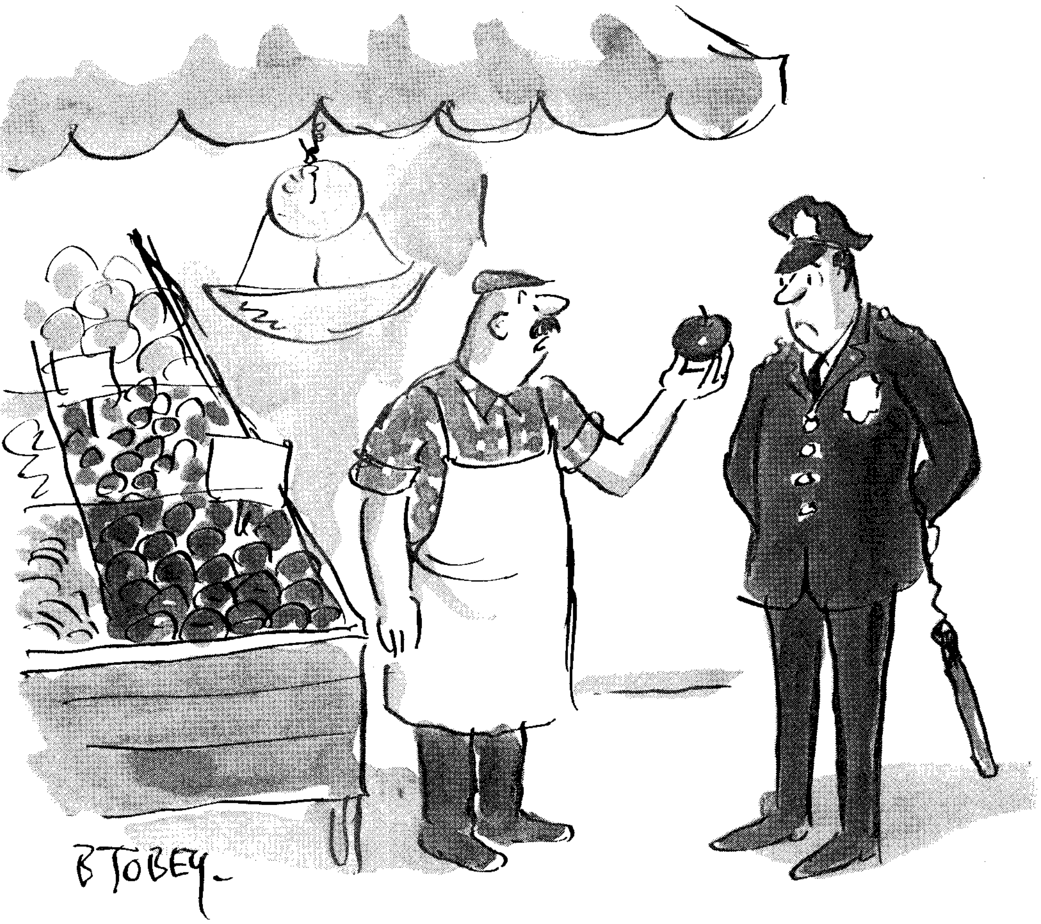
Their hands and clothes were often smeared with scales and blood. There were always feathers drifting around their door and mine, and down the path to the village, where the eyeless heads of fish still tried to swallow dust, but the hens would not allow it, nor the dogs, nor the cats. The path slipped into the village between the huddled backs of houses, passing board lean-tos in which, at the sound of footsteps, the voices of pigs stirred like large hollow stones in their huge sides waiting to be fed and cut open.

I bought my eggs finally from a tall mute who lived alone with his mother, in a house by itself, on a spur below the village, over the sea. I had stumbled upon the place one day when I was walking in the hills, and they had invited me in and plied me with bread and fresh goat cheese, and wine that was like a rock to the teeth. He would force up whispers which his mother interpreted to me, and we talked as well as we could, and when I got up to go he disappeared for a few minutes and came back with some eggs and held them out to me. When I showed reluctance to accept them as a gift he made his noise to his mother, who said to me, "He will drop them." With difficulty I managed to learn that they sold eggs, sometimes, to people, and also cheese, and I offered to come and get some of each every week, but the mute was anxious to bring them himself. "They'd sell their eggs to anybody they could," I was told, and also, "Their eggs aren't fresh." And from time to time there was a bad one. And I was told that his dog had run sheep and been shot for it, and that he was not right in the head, and that nobody knew where she got her hens, and, of course, that she was a witch. He brought the things every Thursday he had them and remembered, and would not take as much money as the shop, and would not stay, and no one he passed caught his eye or looked at him when he went by, though they might turn and look after him. Clearly I had taken up with people whom none of them wished to be associated with, and for a long time I tried to discover why, lying in wait for the subject and dragging it suddenly off the path into the bushes. I suppose I thought I would surprise some poorly disguised tale from which all their unforgivings flowed, but I came at last really to believe that there was none—that their behavior toward those two was a matter of pure custom, arrived at gradually, imperceptibly, inevitably, because it was possible and fulfilled a general urge.

ON one of the paths below the house where I lived was the olive mill, in a building that was still a palace, though the green shutters of the upper stories were seldom opened. In the courtyard paved with unpolished slabs of local marble a large fountain carved with heads and vines stood empty, and beyond it, in the autumn, the smoke of olive wood slid through a wide doorway and stained the stones above it, and under the



"Make it a double, John. It was hell in the trenches today."



"Oh, come on, Pete. We're old friends. __Take__ the apple."

• •

smoke came the smell of crushed olives and mule dung and sweat, and the sound of long sticks whacking the spines of two gaunt mules buckled into a framework made for four, turning all day in a track around a stone basin in which sacks of olives, like small black eggs, were poured into the path of two revolving stone wheels. In another room a trickle of oil, warm from its meeting with boiling water, picked up the color of the darkness and made it lustrous, flowing into a stone basin like a sarcophagus, to be dipped out on pieces of bread and praised as though it were the balm of every earthly pain.

At the same time of year the flocks of migrant birds passed, stopping at the island. In the one place in the village that served meals they offered little birds to eat. Men went up on the mountain with fish nets and sticks and came back with sacks. Decoys in cages, some of them blinded, hung outside houses in the afternoon sun, and children limed sticks and set them as though they were showing each other a secret. There were one or two large cages in windows, filled with all kinds of birds flinging themselves against the wires, some of them obviously dying. I stayed away from the village and from the sound of voices as much as I could, but one day when I had been to the sea I came back past the olive mill. It was the end of the autumn afternoon but the dry whacks of the sticks and the creaking of the harness and of the beam presses could still be heard up on the path. And there ahead of me a boy was sitting with his back to the wall, in the dirt, throwing stones at something, which turned out, as I came closer, to be a bird, a goldfinch, tied by its leg, with nine or ten inches of string, to a rock, so that it could try to fly from the stones as they were thrown. I ran up to the boy. I did not touch him. Whatever I said frightened him. I picked up the rock and the bird and broke the string, and when I told the boy to go away he ran.

It was hard to get the string off the bird's foot because the skin of the leg was tangled in it. He must have started to blind the bird and got only halfway. Anyway, it was dying. I took it along in my hands and it died on the way.

While I went along saying, "That was heroic, wasn't it? Rushing at him because he's only a boy, and poor, and ignorant. Why not do something about the mules, if you're so zealous and so pure." And I answered, "It'll teach him a lesson." And I said, "You know it won't." And I went on, "Why don't you stop them liming and caging them down in the village? Why do you just do it to one boy, by himself up on the hill?" "Well it just might teach him a lesson." "It just might make him worse." "Well what could I have done? Walked by and done nothing?" "Do you really think that was the best thing to do, just because it's the only thing you can think of? The heart fails and the mind makes excuses. You just did it so you wouldn't be ashamed of yourself." "That's not true, either." "Prove it." "That wouldn't be a good reason for doing anything, either." And later I was told that I had been imprudent, and might now expect coolness or even hostility from many of my neighbors.

But it was none of these things that took me away from the island at last, many months later. No, and I went on home that evening and threw the dead bird out for the foxes and cats of the mountain, and found that the mute, whom I had given up for that week, had come and left eggs and cheese inside the door and not waited for his money, and I ate my cheese watching the sun go down among the olive trees, knowing that below me the black stream was still flowing in the mill turned by those mules that must have been dead now for years.

—W. S. Merwin

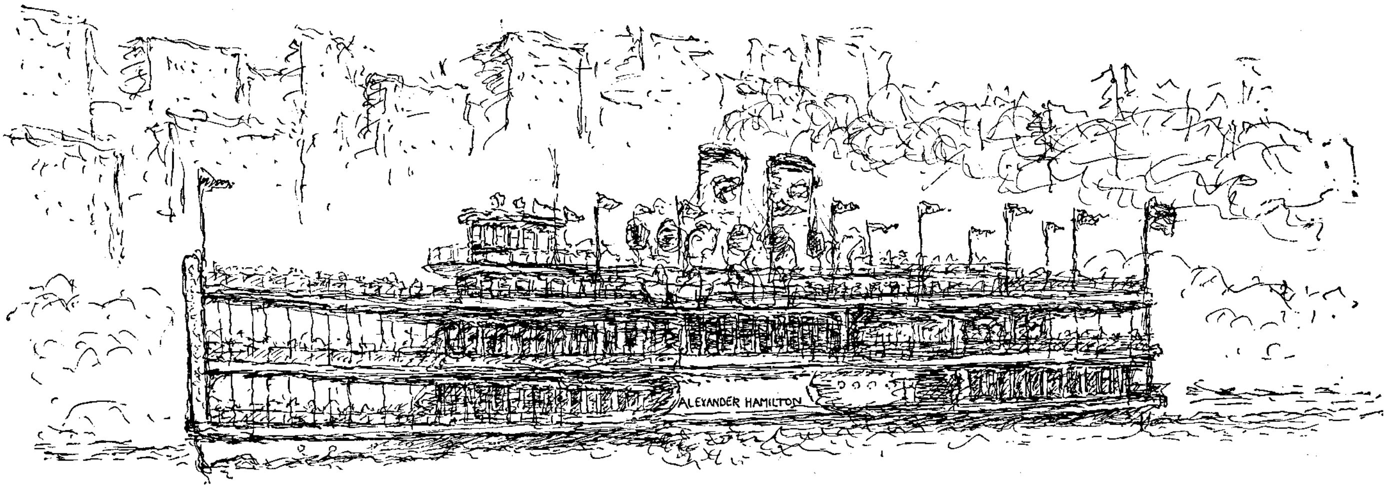
•

Question: I must replace the rickety chairs in my waiting room. My wife wants me to buy expensive upholstered chairs for esthetic reasons, while my aide prefers no-nonsense, chrome-steel chairs. What would your consultants advise? . . . *Answer:* You needn't buy all of one type. Assuming that you treat a variety of patients, two main kinds of seating are recommended. Workmen in dirty clothes will gravitate to simple chairs, covered in easy-to-clean fabrics, or to benches. On the other hand, well-dressed men and women will prefer colorful, lightly upholstered chairs.—*Medical Economics.*

Prigs and grease monkeys will stand.

POSTCARDS FROM THE HUDSON

FAREWELL TO THE ALEXANDER HAMILTON



Hudson River Day Line Str. Alexander Hamilton

Parlor 10, 10:10 A.M.

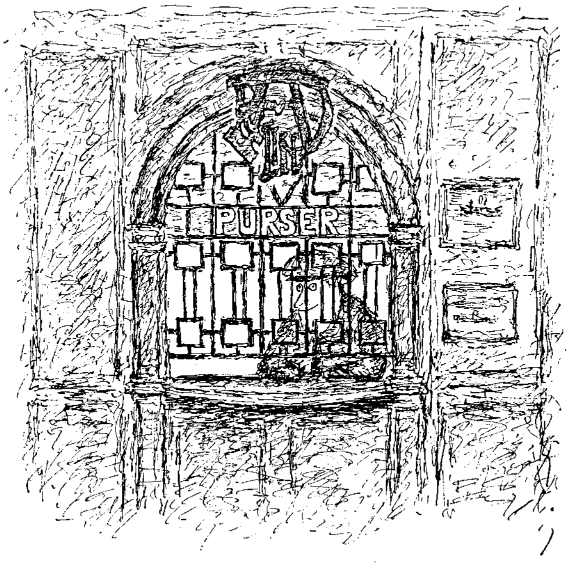
HELLO from the Hudson! It's one of those high-summer days we still get around here, even in 1971—completely clear, hot in the sun, cool in the shade, & a fresh breeze on the Hudson—& Ed & I have decided to spend the whole of it in the middle of that breeze, on board a Hudson River Day Line steamboat: something we can still do around here, even in 1971. So here we are in Parlor 10, on the port side, the shady side, of the Alexander Hamilton (our exact position is slightly abaft of & 1 deck up fm the words "ALEXANDER HAMILTON"—words that cover a paddle wheel), feeling mighty fine. A little solemn, too. The Hamilton these days, you see, is more than just a steamboat: it is the only sidewheeler on any of the coastal waters of North America. Today is more than just a perfect day for steamboating: it is one of the last days for steamboating. The Hamilton's season runs fm Decoration Day to Labor Day, & under present plans she will be permanently w/drawn fm service after Labor Day, 1971. Present plans also call for her replacement next yr by a diesel boat that is now being built in Florida.

A parlor is the name they give a stateroom on a day boat. The Hamilton has 12 parlors, & we have taken 1 because we are serious travellers. For the same reason, we have brought along an enormous lunch, 3 bottles of Rhine wine, several books on steamboats, binoculars, & a steamer rug that used to belong to Ed's mother. The parlors are snug & comfortable & have seen better days. Ours contains: varnished wood panelling, egg-&-dart molding, louvered wooden shutters, 4 poolside chairs (aluminum frame, green-&-white webbing), a square Formica-topped table (very heavy) for the lunch, a radiator (painted silver), a private bathroom w/ basin & flush toilet, & a French door leading to 12 ft of private deck space protected by a canvas awning. A generous supply of sunbeams reflected off the water are bouncing around on the ceiling. The wake fm 1 of the paddle wheels is taking shape directly in fnt of us & the water is hissing quietly. We are not conscious of any sensation of motion, & although Edgewater, N.J., is already proceeding fm right to left before our eyes at a pretty steady clip, there are only the gentlest of vibrations under our feet. The Hamilton treads upon this mighty river w/ dignity & restraint & Authority.

Right now, we're out on our 12 ft making plans for the day & studying our neighbors. Ed thinks we shld make it our business to see everything, meet everybody, read a gt deal, & eat & drink a lot. All our neighbors are already eating & drinking; they seem to have had the foresight to bring w/ them enormous breakfasts in addition to enormous lunches. Our neighbors are: For'ard (right), an elderly gentleman & party. The eld gentleman has a firm square jaw & is wearing a green plaid shirt & a red-&-gn wool tie, & his party includes a black maid who at the moment is dishing out the eats. Aft (left), in Parlor 12, are six elderly black ladies in long summer dresses & pretty summer hats. They are well into their 2nd helpings. Beyond them, on the public part of the deck, are a big group of elderly Russians, who are laughing loudly &, of course, eating. I am beginning to think abt breakfast, but Ed says he wants to go down to the purser's office 1st to see abt the possibilities of seeing everything.

We hope your day is off to an equally good start.

GOOD news! The purser has not only told us we can see anything we have a mind to but offered to show us around the place himself. Since pursers are always busy men, this is a generous offer. We've been talking to him,



Dan Donovan, Purser

& like him a lot already. His name is Dan Donovan, he is 28 yrs old, & he is listed on the ship's roster in his office as Dan'l Donovan. He is a v observant fellow & takes life easy, & he is fond of people & steamboats, which means he is just abt ideally suited to his job. He likes to think of transportation as a form of communication. He was standing on deck 1 day watching the shore slip past when it suddenly seemed to him that the Hamilton was a theatre & the engine a projector of motion pictures. He says that it is easy to fall into this way of thinking, & v interesting, & that he has never seen the same show twice. His office is cozy; it is decorated w/ maps & prints & w/ a photograph of the late E. J. Bailey, who was the Hamilton's 1st purser. This summer, Dan has been taking a lot of photographs himself, so that history will have a proper record of the H's final season. On his day off, he drives along the river taking snaps of the steamboat fm coigns of vantage—like just beside the Little Red Lighthouse or fm the top of a classroom building at West Pt—and 2 weeks ago when he was on duty John Ono Lennon and Yoko Ono Lennon spent the day in Parlor 3, so he had them pose for him.

Taken fm the roster:

Officers of the Alexander Hamilton

Captain	Edward M. Grady
Pilot	Reginald Pinto
Quartermaster	John Neves
Chief Engineer	Elvoid Post
Purser	Dan'l Donovan
Asst. Pursers	John Lowe DeWitt Sydow Jerome Nolan
First Mate	Wm. Butler
Second Mate	John Haran
Hallman	Bert Crowell

The Hamilton carries a crew of 65, which is composed of deckhands, 2 asst engineers, 1 jr engineer, oilers, wipers, watertenders, firemen, waiters, & countermen.

Dan excused himself while we were copying out the roster to go rent out chairs & tables like the 1s in our parlor to the deck passengers. Rentals occupy a lot of his time, since the only chairs provided free by the management are folding wooden 1s.

THE Alexander Hamilton departs fm Pier 81 at the ft of W. 41st St. every morning at 10. Here is our schedule for the day: way landings at Bear Mt at 12:30 & at West Pt at 1; a 3-hr "Poughkeepsie cruise" (which means reaching Po'keepsie but not stopping there—turning around instead); way landings at West Pt and Bear Mt again (at 4 & 4:30) on the way home; arr Pier 81 about 7.

Here are some important preliminary facts abt the Hamilton, taken mostly fm 1 of our books, "Hudson River Day Line: The story of a great American steamboat company," by Donald C. Ringwald, a good book w/ many photographs, & a Comstock lode of information:

Alexander Hamilton 223775 Sidewheel.

Built: 1924, Sparrows Point, Md., Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corp., Ltd.

Hull: Steel; 338.6′ x 77′ (molded 42′) x 13.6′ (overall, 349′5″ x 77′, 8′4″ draft, loaded, aft). 2,367 gross, 1,252 net tons.

Engine: Inclined triple expansion, Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corp., Ltd.

Cylinders 36½″, 56″, 85″ x 6′. 4 boilers. 3,900 hp.

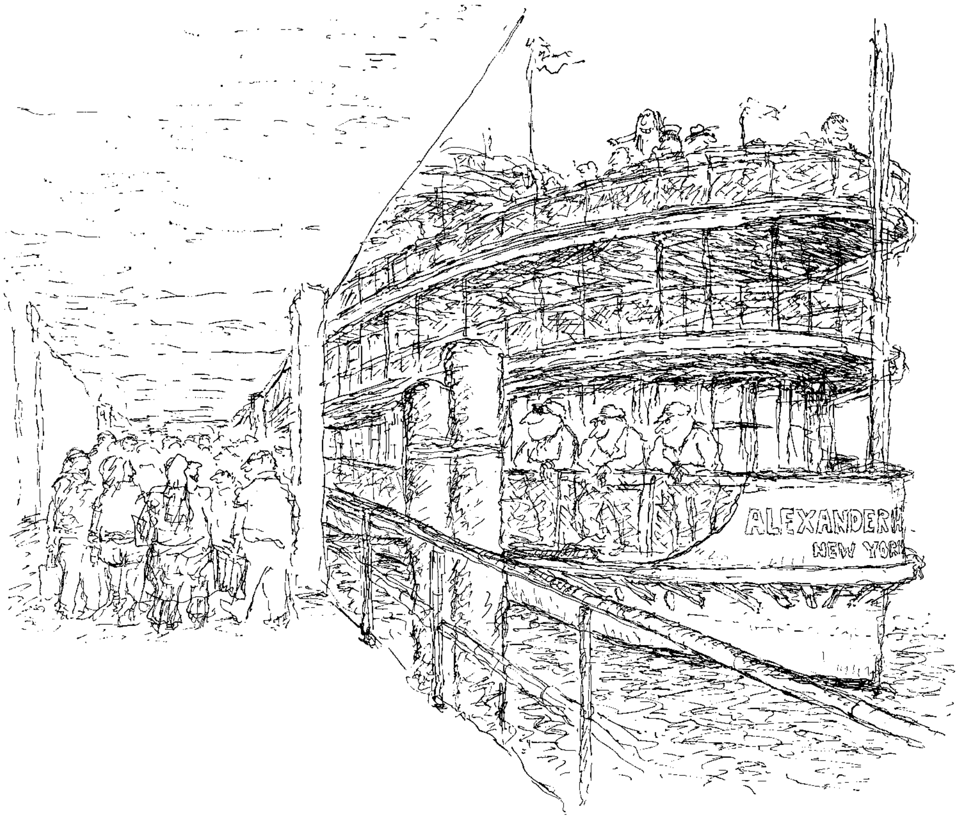
History: Built for Day Line, cost about $852,000. Operated from 1924 on. Acquired 1949, Hudson River Day Line, Inc.; 1962, Circle Line-Sightseeing Yachts, Inc. Still in Hudson River service 1964.

Capacity: 3,250 passengers. Built to carry over 4,000.

The Hamilton has four decks above its hold open to passengers. The exterior of its superstructure is painted white, except for the two stacks and the funnels on the top deck, which are yellow. The two sidewheels are feathering paddle wheels, the most advanced type of paddle wheel. On a feathering paddle wheel the angle of each paddle changes with the wheel's rotation so that the paddle slices into the water cleanly, instead of slapping into it in a way that makes the ride bumpy.

A Note on Riverboat Construction, prompted by the foregoing: Hudson River steamboats were designed to carry as many passengers as possible, & to make a gt number of way landings as quickly as possible. The first sight of the Hamilton shows how the decks of the boat extend considerably beyond the hull & as far as the paddle wheels, which are completely enclosed; this makes more room for passengers. Both the bow & the stern of the Hamilton are quite long & sharp, & the widest part is amidships by the p/wheels—a fact connected w/ the making of speedy way landings (more on this when we make one). The hull of the H is also extraordinarily shallow, as the figures indicate, so that the boat cld negotiate what were in 1924 shoal waters in the upper river, which wasn't dredged until several years thereafter.

The first sight (it came at abt a ¼ to 10) was impt to us, because it allowed us to create a place for steamboats on our Realities of Transportation List, in which means of transportation are ranked according to the onset of pleasure. As soon as we saw the H, we knew we were going to have a good time. This immediately put steamboats near the head of the list, 2nd only to



First Sight of the Hamilton from New York ocean liners. Here is how our revised list now looks:

Realities of Transportation List

Conveyance	*Onset of Pleasure*
Ocean Liner	When you buy your ticket
Steamboat	When you catch sight of the boat
Train	When you get on board
Bus, Car	When it gets moving
Airplane	When it lands
Subway	When you get out

(Animals are not included; reactions to them are complicated by their reactions to people & also vary according to individual prejudices on both sides.)

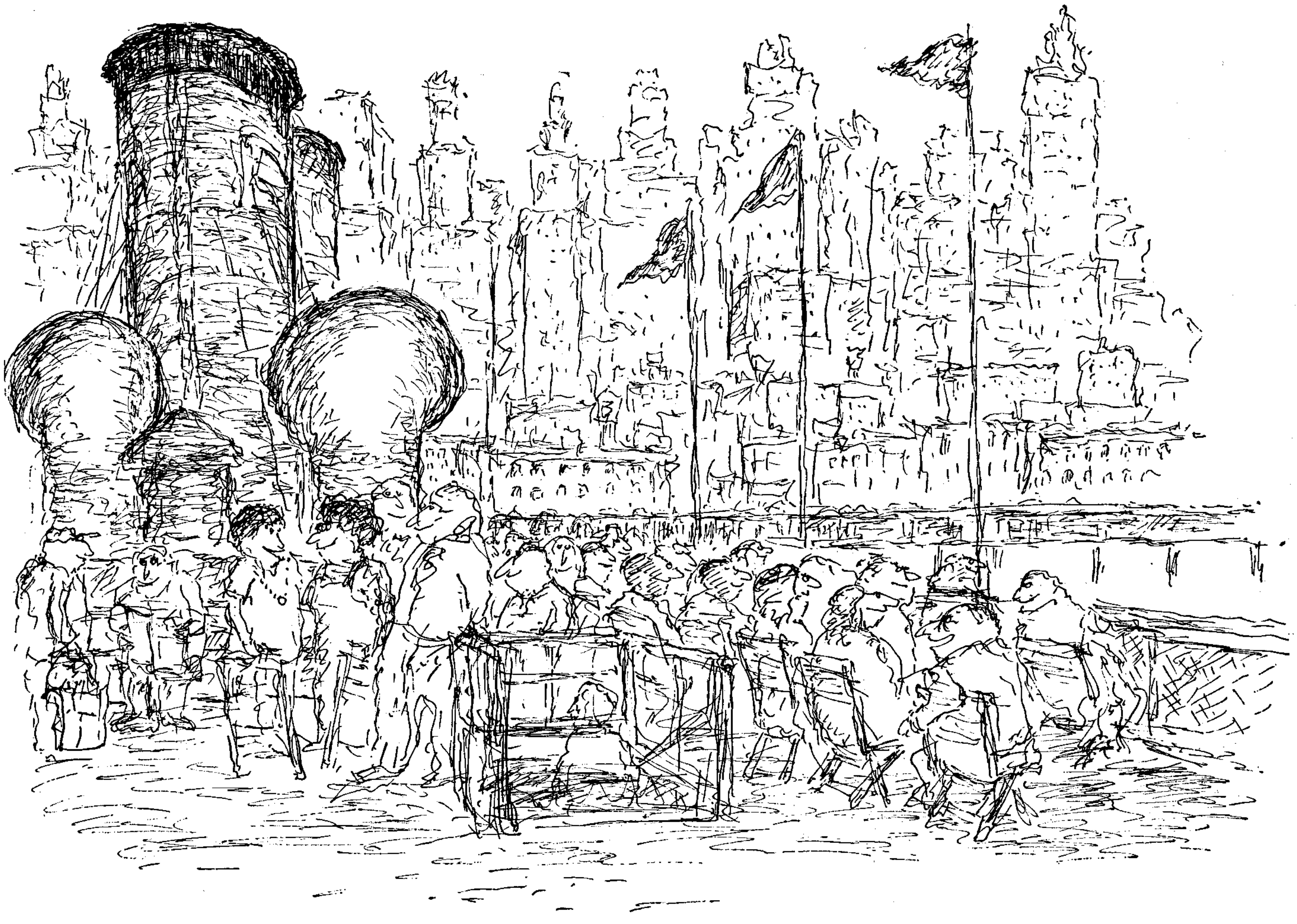
P. S. No. 223775 is the official No. of the boat—something the government gives every boat at its birth as a way of keeping track of it. The names of boats often change if the boat changes hands; the No. stays the same; Mr. R. calls it a boat's Social Security No.

WE spent most of our 1st 20 mins on board the Hamilton on the top looking at midtown Manhattan. (We had 20 mins to do this because we didn't get under way until 5 past 10, so as to absorb stragglers.) It was the 1st opportunity we have had in a long time to look at our city objectively, owing to a fact we have discovered w/ delight; namely, that as soon as you step on board the Hamilton you have left the city. This makes the gangplank of the H a clearly defined city limit, as well as making the top deck an ideal place for a closeup view fm outside. It offers, in addition, a closeup view fm an angle fm which the city was not built to be discerned. It was v disappointing, because New York did not at all resemble a genuine event. It was sort of like watching a politician give a major speech fm beside him, for a change, instead of fm up fnt.

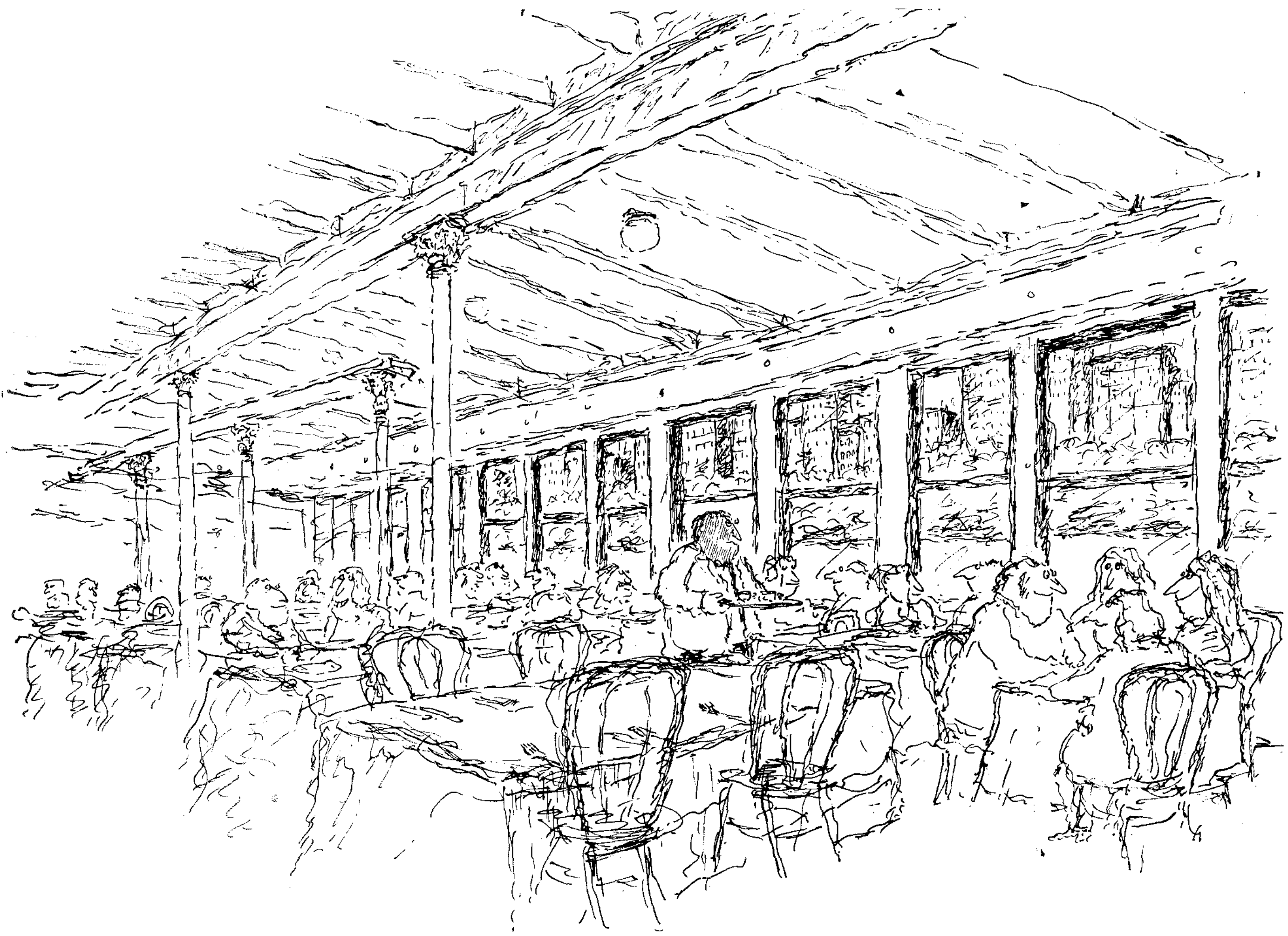
Most of the time, the top deck is occupied almost exclusively by kids, who sun themselves on folding wooden chairs, to the accompaniment of transistor radios, all tuned to WABC. There are 2,230 passengers on board today, including 3 charter groups (2 union outings & our Russian neighbors), according to Dan—including kids, old-timers, large families, some tourists, & a few freaks, according to our own observation. Dan says it's a nice crowd. A lot of the people are poor & either black or Puerto Rican, bound for Bear Mt. It's the cheapest way nowadays to spend a day in the country.

The families tend to gather on the 3rd deck (the one below the top deck), & the old-timers on the saloon—or 2nd—deck (our deck). There isn't much to do at West Pt exc tour the Academy, but Dan says that a pretty good-sized group will get off there, & that only abt a ⅓ will stay on board for the Po'keepsie cruise. There are some people who will get on at Bear Mt or at West Pt to go fm 1 place to the other, or to go on the cruise. They tickle Dan, because they mean that the Day Line still carries travellers as well as trippers, altho, he says, the H was really built to carry trippers, because they replaced travellers as the Day Line's principal source of income shortly after W.W. I.

This is probably the place for A Preliminary Note on the Hudson River Day Line. The original Day Line went out of business in 1948, & the Hamilton has since been operated by others (as has already been indicated), altho the name Day Line has been retained in 1 form or another. The Day Line was founded in 1863 by Alfred Van Santvoord, & when it went out of business 85 yrs later its pres was Alfred Van Santvoord Olcott, so you can see it was v much of a family firm, Olcott's father having married Van Santvoord's daughter. I read up on this



First Sight of New York from the Hamilton



Mr. Mitchell Serving Breakfast in the Dining Room

late last night in Mr. Ringwald's book, after Tex Antoine said on the 11-o'clock news that the weather would be perfect today & Ed & I called each other up on the phone & decided we wld definitely be here. The great days of the Day Line were the 1st decades of this century, & when the Hamilton was launched in 1924 it was only the newest of a fleet of 7 steamers in daily use. Mr. Ringwald says:

> During the heyday of steamboating, every landing along the approximately 150 miles of tidal water of the Hudson from its mouth to Troy, was served by a steam-propelled vessel of some kind. Of the many Hudson River steamboat lines, the one which became the best known in this country and abroad was the Hudson River Day Line. Its "white flyers" were famous for their speed and their appointments, and represented the acme of elegance in water travel. No one had seen America until he had seen the Hudson River, and no one had seen the Hudson River properly unless he had done so from the deck of a Day Line steamer.

The Hamilton, by the way, never had all the appointments of earlier Day Liners. Trippers were not thought to require them, & the H was designed to be "austere"—Dan's word—& was modestly outfitted w/ wicker chairs, potted palms, & only 1 or 2 murals. The present austerities (the folding wooden chairs) are much more recent, & probably represent the fact that the poorer trippers of today are not thought to require much of anything.

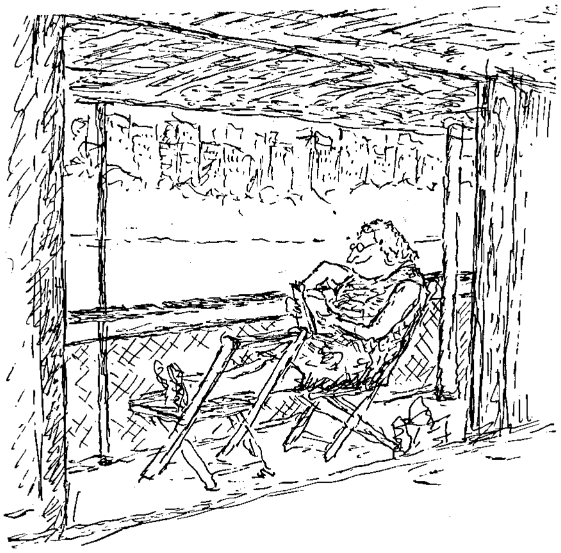
Ed reminds me that we urgently require breakfast. More soon.

Dining Room, 10:25

OUR waiter, 1 of 2, has introduced himself as Mr. Mitchell. The dining room, most beautiful & most peaceful room on the Hamilton, is on the main deck, aft, where 2 walls of fine big windows are bending together to meet at the riverboat's narrow stern. It's a room that shows forth the spirit of the old Hudson River Day Line, although these days it's really only the aft ½, Mr. Mitchell's ½, that does so. The front ½ is filled by an enormous short-order grill, installed, w/o any air ducts to ventilate it, in 1949, by the Hudson River Day Line, Inc.—the group that took title to the boat after the old Day Line succumbed, in '48. This grill has been maintained by the current ownership & it's pretty hot & pretty smelly. The original kitchen, below decks, has enormous coal-burning ranges, according to Dan, & is now known as Duffy's Dungeon, because a 1st-rate cook named Duff works down there to feed the crew. Dan says Duffy's cooking is what keeps the Capt in good form.

The dining room is very busy. Mr. Mitchell wears white-on-white shirts and has the face of an emperor. He recommended ham & eggs but interrupted taking our order to rescue a lost boy who was wandering around up by the grill. Mr. Mitchell put his arm around the kid and led him off to Dan's office. When he came back, he saw us grinning and scolded us. "Don't grin like that," he said. "You were lost once, too." A minute later, he interrupted himself again to tell an older kid walking by w/ a transistor radio turned up loud to "turn that thing off." Mr. Mitchell does not permit radios in his ½ of the dining room.

Later—passing Spuyten Duyvil. Dining room less busy. We've almost finished our eggs, which are OK, and Mr. Mitchell just now stopped by for a chat. He said that we hadn't eaten enough, that this was his 15th year on board, & that we couldn't pay him to set foot on Bear Mt, because of the possibility of snakes. When he



READING ON THE 2ND DECK

gave us our change, he told us, "You have a good day, now."

Parlor 10 Again, After Breakfast

DAN just knocked on the door & said that in 45 mins or so, if we weren't too busy, he wld take us up to the pilothouse and introduce us to the Capt. Ed told him he doubted we wld be too busy. I told Ed that if we were going to prepare ourselves properly for this impt experience we ought to get the research under way right away. So we're back in our chairs, outside. The Palisades are in front of us now, and to our right the old gentleman in Parlor 8 is enjoying some early elevenses. Here is what "Old Steamboat Days on the Hudson River: Tales & Reminiscences of the Stirring Times That Followed the Introduction of Steam Navigation," by David Lear Buckman, pub 1907, has to say about capts (Mr. Buckman's father was a capt):

> The captain of a river steamer in the old days and today is by far the most important man on the boat. He must be a trusty, experienced man and should be at all times agreeable to the passengers.... Most of the early river captains reached a hearty old age.

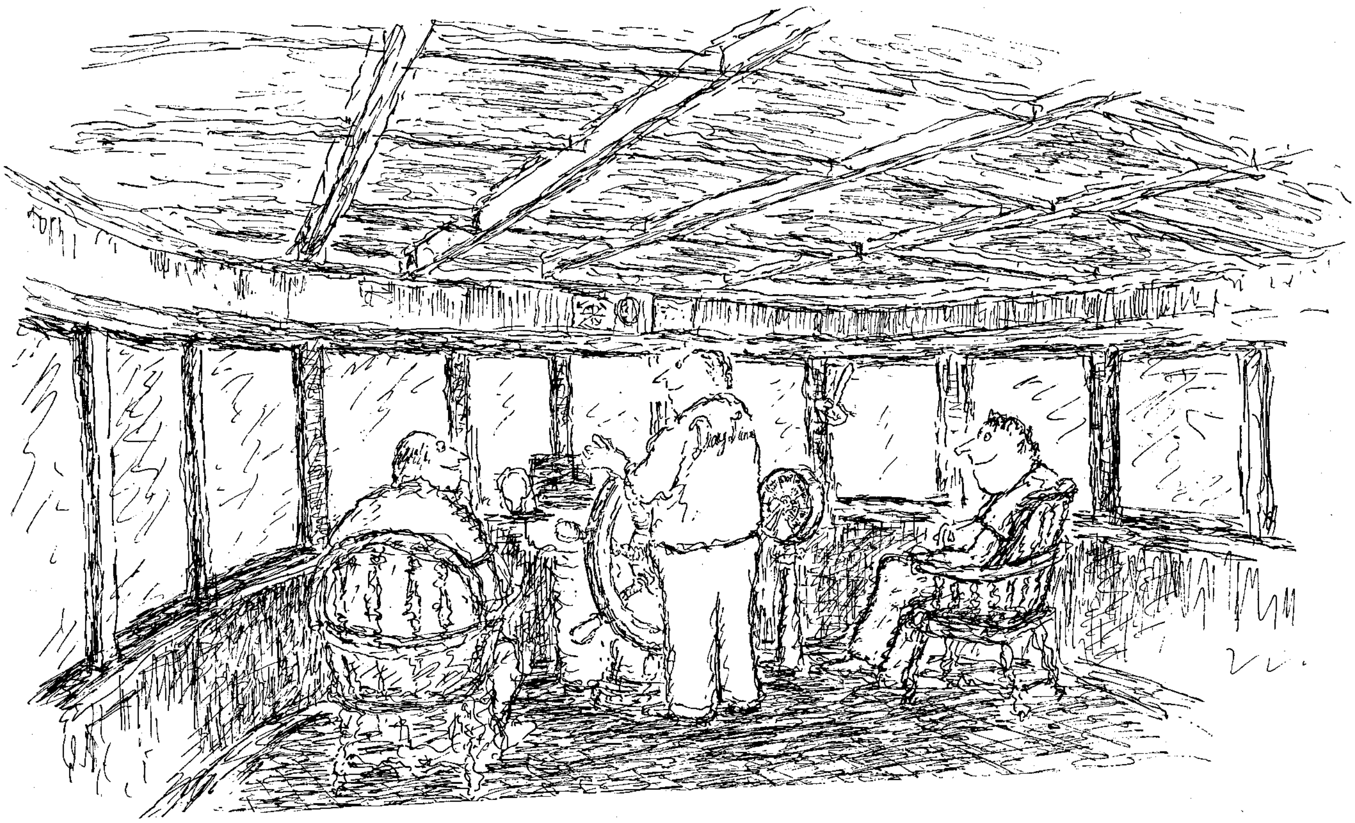
By "old days" Mr. Buckman means the 1830s, '40s, & '50s.

& here, fm a book of Ed's called "Steamboat Days," by Fred Erving Dayton, are some extracts abt a famous old riverboat capt, Absalom Anderson, of Kingston, & his boat the Mary Powell (1860-1919, & then broken up for scrap salvage), the most beloved Hudson River steamboat:

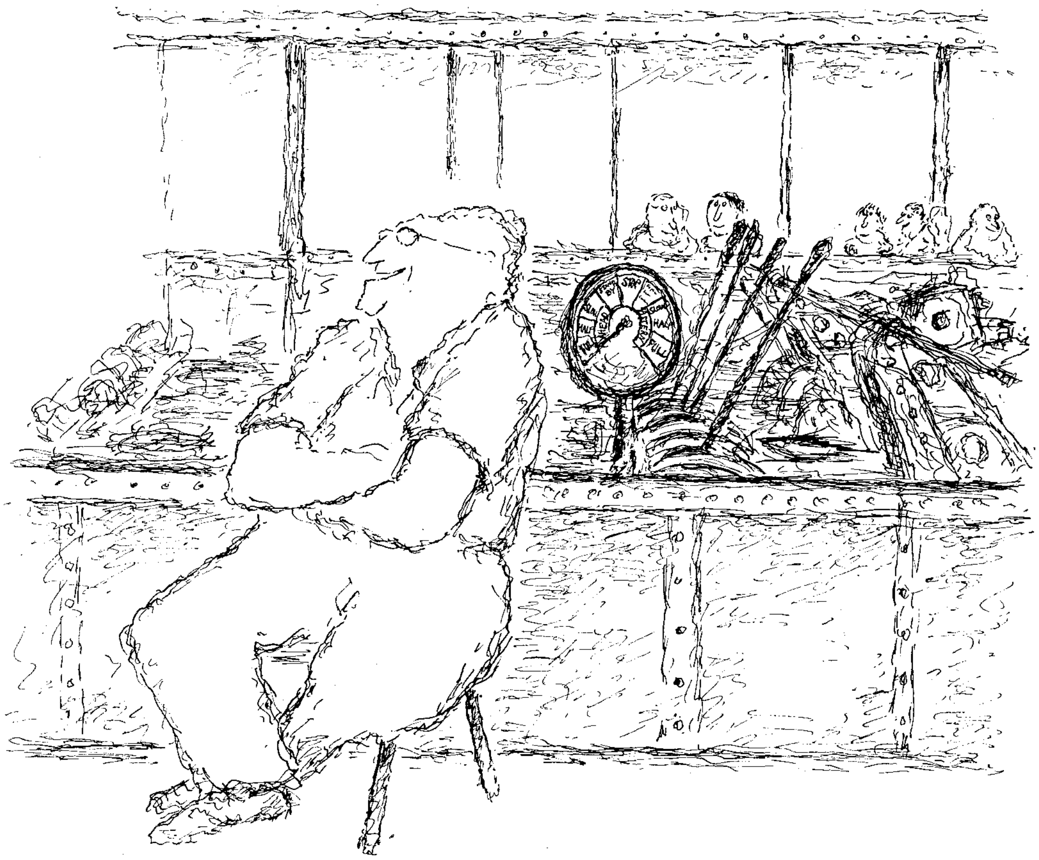
> With *Mary Powell* safely berthed in Rondout Creek for the winter, Captain Anderson once embarked on a vacation, a steamboat trip up the Nile. The Scotch commander noted him standing on the upper deck and inquired if he was an American steamboat man. Captain Anderson assenting, the steamer's master said: "I only know of one American steamboat—the *Mary Powell.*" "That's my ship," said Captain Anderson with pride for *Mary Powell's* international reputation.
>
> A race between *Mary Powell* and the Herreshoff high-speed steam yacht *Stiletto* was staged June 10, 1885....
>
> The New York *Morning Journal* reported the start, opposite Hay's Soap Works:
>
> "Jing-aling-aling, sounded *Stiletto's* bell, and with almost a bound she leaped forward. But *Mary Powell* was going very fast and crept up and up on *Stiletto.* It was a moment of intense excitement. Like the *Prairie Belle* 'on the Missip,' the *Powell* had never been passed. Brave old Captain Anderson, whose pet she was for years, was not on board or his heart would have warmed to see this last word of science dropping back from his lovely queen. Cheers break out from the passengers on the *Powell* and handkerchiefs are waved."

We also learned that Daniel Drew, who made a great deal of money out of steamboats and railroads in the "old days," became known in his latter years as Uncle Daniel Drew & lived to see 2 steamers and 1 theological seminary in N. J. bear his name (minus the Uncle).

THE pilothouse is a small temple at the for'ard end of the top deck, a room calculated to induce serenity &



THE CAPTAIN, THE QUARTERMASTER, AND THE PILOT (L-R) IN THE PILOTHOUSE



Chief Elvoid E. Post Looks Back on It All

tranquillity under all circumstances. It's cool up here on the hottest days, quiet on the hottest, breezy on the most suffocating. Dan says it's his favorite place on the boat. It is pleasantly shaped like a city street-corner mailbox on its side, & it certainly is everything we hoped it would be. It is also a piece of fine American workmanship, outfitted w/ no fewer than 4 separate systems of communicating w/ the engine room (telegraph, telephone, speaking tube, jingle-&-gong) & 2 of steering the boat. The rounded part is all windows, & affords the best views of the Hudson currently obtainable. The river itself is as breathtaking as ever & almost completely devoid of traffic. The occupants of the pilothouse don't talk much, no doubt because there are so few tugs, barges, sloops, yawls, motorboats, ferryboats, canoes, freighters, or tankers for them to avoid, pass, remark upon, or salute. They are professional men & seem to be able to breathe OK.

Dan presented us to the Capt, who said "First time in a pilothouse, eh?" and then introduced us to the pilot, Capt Pinto, and to the ¼master, Jack Neves. The Hamilton had just entered Tappan Zee, the wide stretch of the river near Nyack, & we stood around experiencing considerable awe & trying to be inconspicuous until after the H passed under the Tappan Zee Bridge, which looks quite handsome from underneath. Ed, who has been rereading "Life on the Mississippi," did whisper to me at one point that he was a little disappointed by the absence of any voluble lying, said by Twain to be so characteristic of riverboat pilots. It must be recorded that neither Capt Grady nor Capt Pinto offered either one of us so much as a fib.

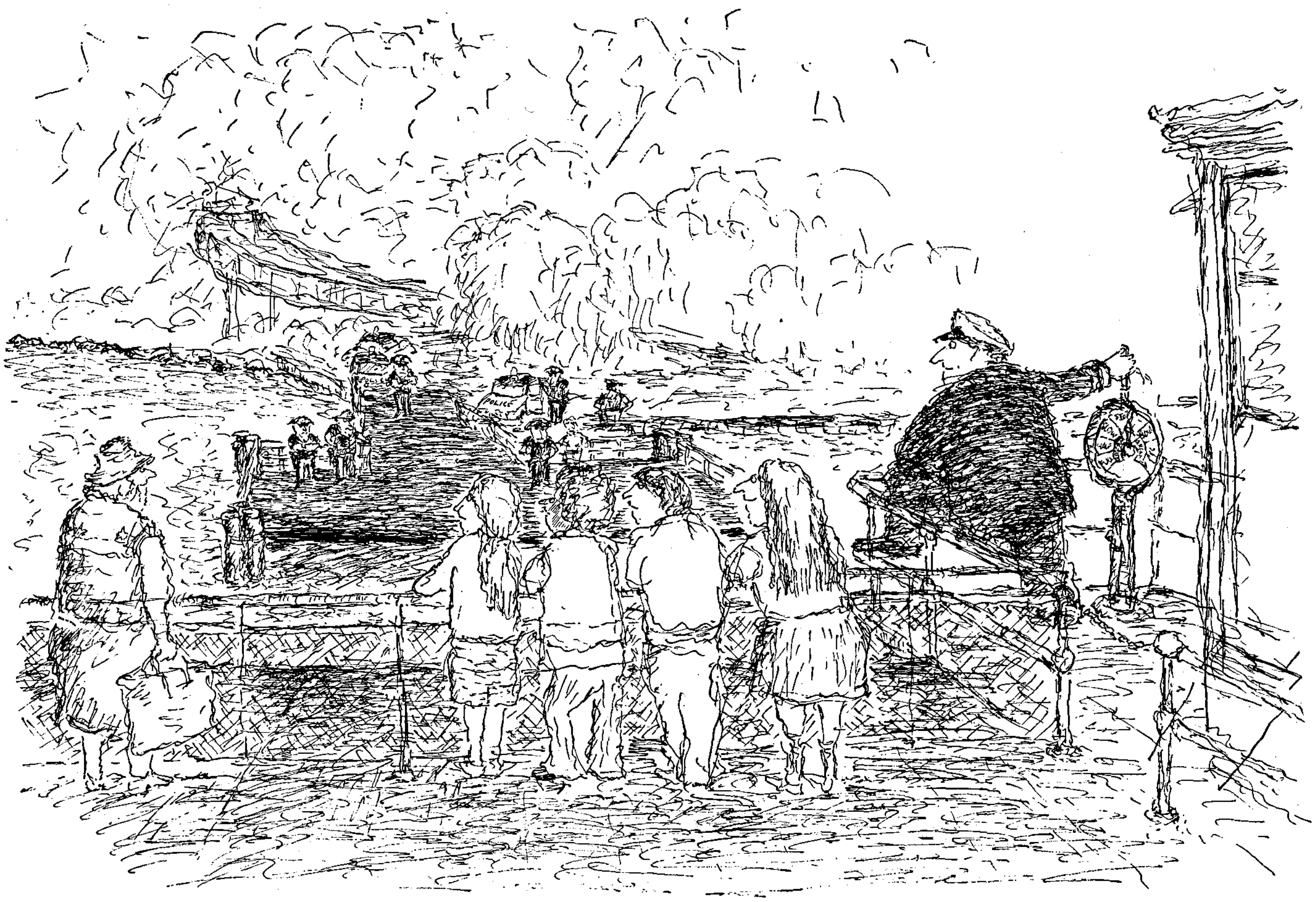
A Note on Capt Pinto: Capt Pinto hates N.Y. He lives in Martha's Vineyard in the winter & on board the Hamilton in the summer, never sleeping ashore. Capt Pinto makes a quick foray into the city every night. He walks N fm Pier 81 to 42nd St., E on 42nd to 8th Ave., & then S on 8th to the Port Authority bus terminal, where he has a malted & buys the paper. This trip invariably strengthens his views abt N.Y. Dan says he once tried to explain to Capt Pinto that if he wld just keep going E on 42nd the city wld eventually start to improve, but Capt Pinto explained to him that it wasn't worth the effort, since he cld *see* that the block E of 8th was even worse than anything he had been through already.

Main Deck, 11:45

DAN's presented us to the most imposing man on board—E. E. Post, chief engineer of the Hamilton for 25 yrs & an engineering-crew member for 15 yrs before that. The engine room occupies a good ⅓ of the main deck, & it is spotless & handsome & noisy in a purposeful way. The Chief often holds court in late morning & mid-afternoon on a folding chair just for'ard of his engine room. He has 1 junior & 1 2nd engineer under him, & his 1st asst, name of Andrew Martínez, signed up w/ the Day Line in '18 & was a fireman on the Wash Irving. Dan whispered, "Looks like the Chief's been putting something extra on the last few weeks. I've never seen such a continuous run of on-time performances," & left us. The Chief winked at us. "The boat's getting old," he said. "Like me. I like to sit down. Sit down w/ me for a few minutes, & I'll tell you the story of our speed record."

Here is the story: "The record time is 23 knots. We did it on the run between Bear Mt & N.Y.C. on September 23, 1942, & I got hell for it. Most days, we do 18 to 20 knots. That day, I was going to see my wife in the hospital; she was having a baby. We left Bear Mt at 5:45 P.M., on schedule, & at 7:15 the boat was in New York & tied up, & I was in my wife's room in the Englewood Hospital. The owner, Mr. A. V. S. Olcott, lived in Riverdale, & every evening he used to look out his window to watch the boat go by. He looked downriver that day, he said, & he could see nothing but steam. The next morning, he called up & gave me holy hell. Mr. Olcott generally called me Chief, but every once in a while, & very seldom at that, when he was mad or had a grudge, he called me Posty. When he called up that next morning, he said, 'Posty, don't you ever have any more children.' "

We asked the Chief what wisdom he had to pass on to us. He said, "This boat's made a lot of history, & I've seen everything. One time, we were running a charter from Morrisania, in the Bronx, to Bear Mt. On the way back, a fellow jumped overboard, & we had



Capt. Grady Supervising a Landing at Bear Mt.

to stop. A motorboat picked him up & brought him back on board. Turned out he was a city cop. He had bet another fellow $10 he could stop the boat. Well, he won his bet."

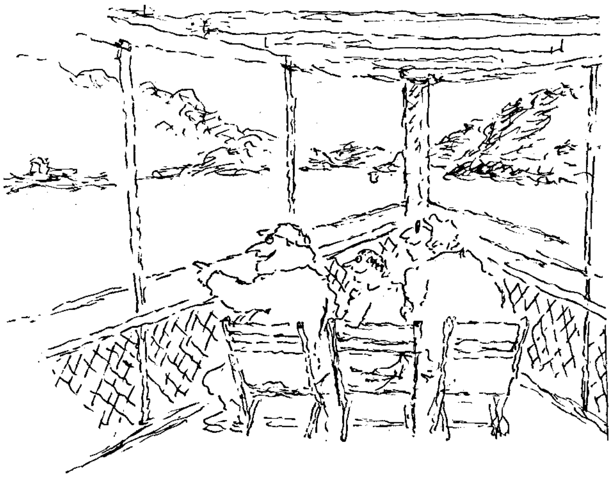
Top Deck, 12:35 P.M.

WE'VE just made our 1st way landing & disembarked at least 1,200 people. The state park at Bear Mt has hiking trails, ballfields, a big swimming pool, restaurants, & a small zoo, & fm the Hamilton it looks quaint & inviting, w/ weeping willows down by the dock & a large bronze deer head ½ way up the hill in a small clearing, the clearing occupied by an artist & his easel. The artist is wearing a smock & beret & has a palette in his hand. The one exception to the quaintness & invitation is the ½ doz state troopers drawn up on the dock glowering at our passengers, just so they don't get any ideas.

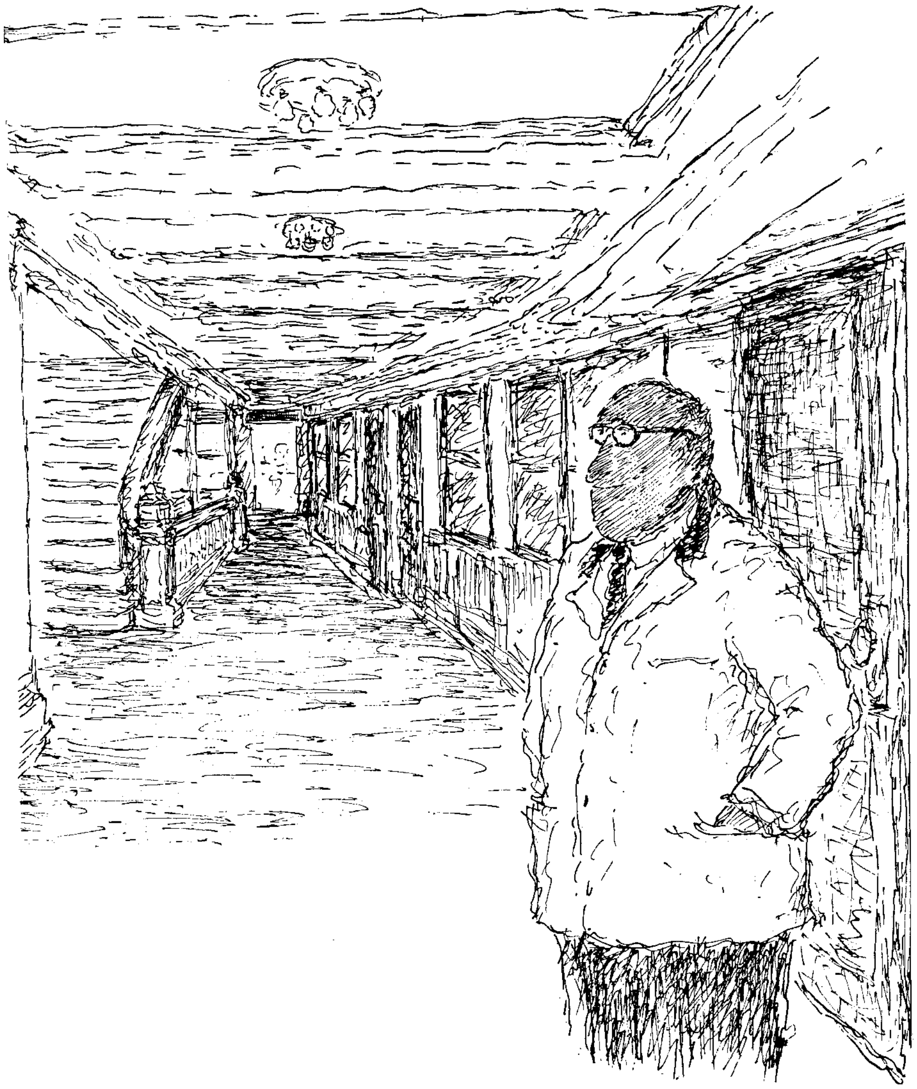
Ed & I came up onto the top deck to see how a way landing is made. It is a procedure of considerable interest. The dock is built out into the water, & the Hamilton ties up to the end of it to save time. The Capt comes out onto the bridge as she gets close, to see what he's doing, but when she gets v close he can't see a thing. I've said that the Hamilton is widest amidships, where the paddle wheels are. Well, the gangway used here is aft of the port paddle wheel (Bear Mt's on the W bank of the Hudson), & the Capt can't see around the paddle wheel fm the bridge. The pilot is for this reason stationed in the gangway, & he guides the final approach, signalling the pilothouse w/ a bell pull (1 bell, slow ahead; 1 bell again, stop; 2 bells, slow astern; 1 bell, stop), & the ¼master relays his signals to the engine room. 1 of the purposes of the peculiar shape of riverboats was to facilitate speedy way landings, & in the old days riverboat capts wld steam in twd the pier, make a hard right, & then run so that just the gangway touched the pier. Capt Grady is more gingerly, now that the Hamilton is an old lady. He takes his time.

Parlor 10, 1:20

WE have begun the Po'keepsie cruise. We left West Pt a few mins ago, right on schedule. West Pt is all Military Gothic, down to a Military Gothic RR station, hard by the pier. There were 4 yellow school buses there, waiting to show the several 100 people we let off all the sights, & we are sure they are v impressive. It's got quiet on the Hamilton, there are so few of us left. The river is winding through a gorge at the moment, & the scene in front of our eyes is 1 of complete repose: woods, upland meadows, & some ½-hidden white frame houses of the style



Observing the Upper River from the Prow, 2nd Deck known as Hudson River Bracketed. Behind us we can hear, quite distinctly, the honk of a diesel pulling a Penn Central freight train, & somewhere just ahead of us a dog is barking w/o alarm. It is high time for us to be thinking abt lunch.



Bert Crowell, Hallman

A HALLMAN looks after the passengers in the parlors—which is something I forgot to say some time ago. Bert Crowell, the hallman on the Hamilton, has been w/ the Day Line on & off for yrs. There's a photo of him in Mr. Ringwald's book taken in 1939, when he was a porter on the Hendrick Hudson. He looks no older today. He has a handshake like God's & he is abt as nice as Dan. He brought us an ice bucket for our wine, so we offered him some, & we got to chatting. He said, "I expect you'd like to know everything there is to know abt my line of work. Let's see, what can I tell you? The Hamilton has 11 parlors, but I'm sure you've already counted them. Uh-huh, I thought so. Years ago, they were fitted out w/ cane chairs & all, & they were as nice as they cld be. These days—well, let's say the toilet sometimes backs up in No. 4. The folks in No. 7 today come 3 or 4 times a yr. 2 cops & a mother—the mother's abt 90 yrs old. They come abt every 2 weeks. She walks right up those steps. Don't want any help, either. She's a wonderful old lady. Folks in No. 9 got off in West Pt. They were real travellers. We sure like to see them. I gladly carry their bags."

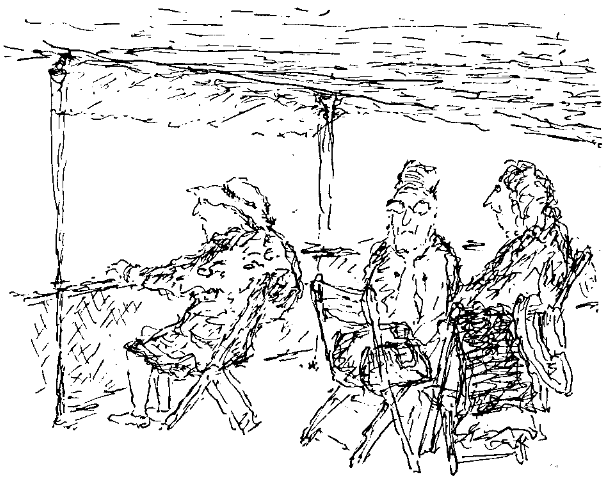
We asked him if he knew the identity of any of our neighbors. He said, "Why, don't you know? Felt sure you wld have found that out. The old gentleman next door to you is Mr. Mason Olcott, Mr. Alfred Van Santvoord Olcott's younger brother. Today's the 1st time he's been on board since 1949. You ought to talk to him. Well, I got to get back to work, & you probably want to eat your lunch. Today's 1 of the better days we've had this yr, altho we had a day last week that wasn't so bad. The Hunter College High School chartered the boat for the day. You wld have thought it was a beach. All girls. Oh, *boy!*"

More after lunch. We've invited Dan to join us.

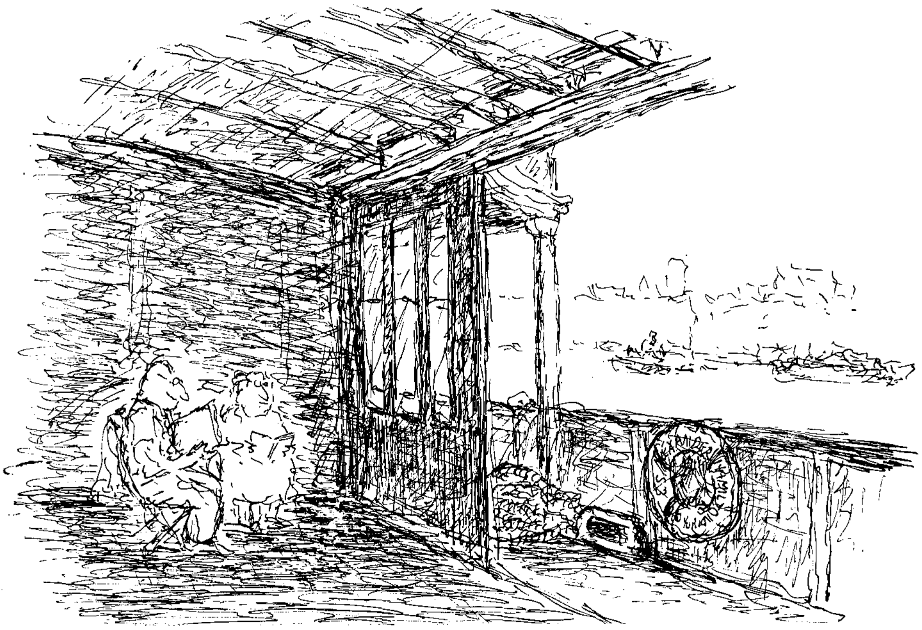
Parlor 10, 2:15

IT'S later than we thought it wld be. Lunch was 1st-rate (it was Ed's doing: turkey, ham, 3 kinds of cheese, cucumber sandwiches, & all the devilled eggs you cld eat—more than enough for 3 people). The wine (my contribution) went down easily, & we had a good talk w/ Dan—& then went right to sleep. We woke up only because our Russian neighbors have begun dancing to a band they have brought along w/ them, & the band consists of a violin, an accordion, a saxophone, & a trombone. We have never napped on a steamboat before. It is refreshing.

We talked to Dan abt the future of the Hamilton. He said that v few steamboats ever died a natural death & that there were all kinds of fantastic rumors afloat among the crew. The 3 most persistent rumors had her being used as a freight boat in the W Indies, becoming a floating restaurant in Yonkers, & ending up in the scrapyard. He wasn't very pleased by any 1 of them; he wld like to see her become part of the South St. Seaport, where, we were not very surprised to hear, she might be used as, among other things, a theatre. He asked us if we realized that steamboating began in this country on the Hudson in 1807, the yr Robt Fulton launched the North River Steam Boat, & that there had been steamboats on the river every yr in unbroken succession fm that yr until this 1—a total of 164 yrs, when you add it up. We said



Three Russian Ladies



Reading on the Main Deck

we hadn't. All this requires further thought.

WE have gone back to our reading, until we can think of something to do to save the Hamilton. Our neighbor, Mr. Olcott, is napping, despite the Russians, & our other neighbors, the ladies, are nowhere to be seen. We have extracted 3 lists fm our books.

A Long List of Good Steamboat Names (Alphabetical)

A. H. Hanscom, Adelphi, Albany, Alexander Hamilton, Anna, Antelope, Bailey Gatzert, Buccaneer, Cepheus, Cetus, Charmary, Chrysopolis, City of Albany, City of Beaumont, City of Fall River, City of Kingston, City of Troy, Cohoes, Comanche, Commerce, Commodore Preble, Cottage City, Cricket, Cygnus, Daniel Drew, Delta King, Delta Queen, Drew, Eagle, Eureka, Express, Far West, Ferdinando Gorges, Fishkill-on-Hudson, Fort Orange, Frank Pargoud, Gotham, Greater Buffalo, Greater Detroit, Green Island, Hercules, Highlander, Homer Ramsdell, Hoosier No. 3, Ida, Joan, Mary Powell, Metamora, Metropolis, Moses Taylor, Natchez, Nelly White, Neversink, New York, New Yorker, North River Steam Boat, Paragon, Pegasus, Peggy Sheridan, Perseus, Priscilla, Put-in-Bay, Rangeley, Rensselaer, Robert A. Snyder, Robert E. Lee, Santa Claus, Sirius, State of Ohio, Swallow, Swiftsure, Tappan Zee, Telephone, Vesuvius, Walk-in-the-Water, Ware River, Washington Irving, Western Engineer, Western Metropolis, Western World, What Cheer.

A List of Just Some of the Places You Cld Once Reach fm N.Y. by Steamboat

Up the Hudson—Yonkers, Bear Mt, West Pt, Newburgh, Po'keepsie, Kingston, Saugerties, Catskill, Hudson, Albany, Troy.

In Other Directions—Rye Beach, Coney Island, Hartford, Boston, Providence, New Bedford, Norfolk, Va., Sandy Hook, Keansburg, N.J., Montauk, Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. Old-timers remember seeing as many as 6 steamboats sailing through Hell Gate in a line, like a mother duck & her little 1s.

A List of Amenities Once to Be Found on Steamboats

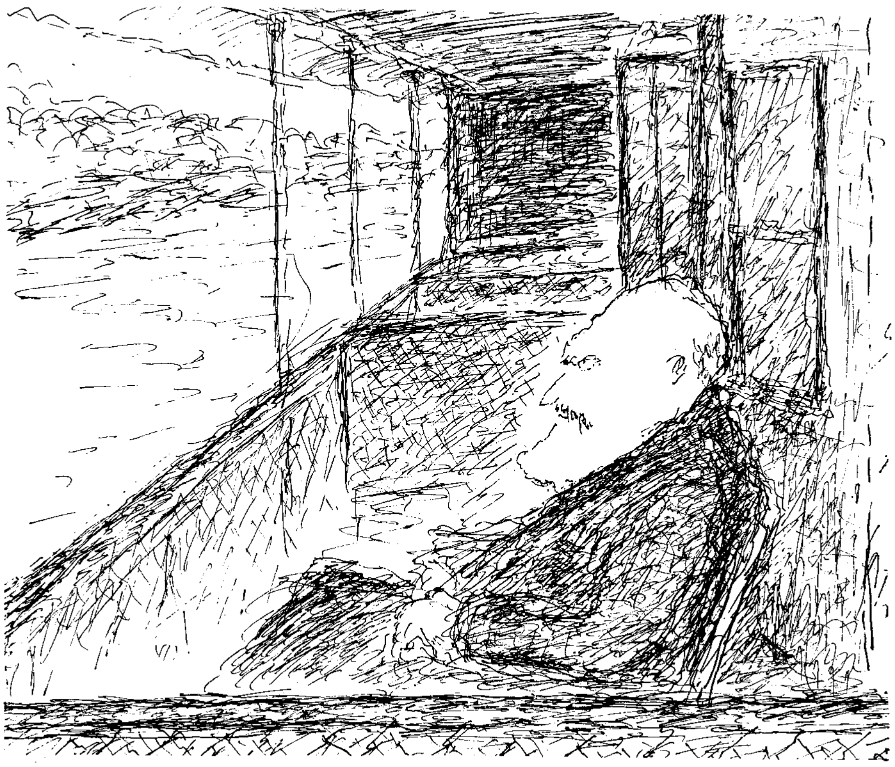
Palm Courts, string orchestras, Moorish Writing Rooms, barbershops w/ bath, searchlight displays at night, Gothic Rooms w/ real pipe organs, grand staircases of carved St. Domingo mahogany inlaid w/ white holly & double inlaid stars on the newel posts, steam calliopes, convention halls finished in green-stained cypress & crowned by domes of Tiffany glass, photographic darkrooms, oil paintings by Albert Bierstadt, signs that said "Do Not Play Cards with Strangers."

P.S. We're on our way back now. We reached Po'keepsie & turned around while we were compiling these lists.

JUST as we were starting to get tired of reading, our neighbor Mr. Olcott delighted us by introducing himself & offering—w/ some diffidence—to tell us abt the old days on the river. He is a v handsome man w/ light-gray-blue eyes & has just returned from his 55th reunion at Princeton—after graduation, he spent 20 yrs in India as a missionary of the Reformed Church in America. He said he wished we cld meet his son Bill, a wine authority, who has got in the habit of giving all-day parties on board the Hamilton on Labor Day. Last yr, for elevenses he served his guests 3 magnums of champagne, shrimp on watercress butter, & cod roe w/ dill.

Then Mr. Olcott said, "Abraham Van Santvoord, my mother's grandfather, was born in Schenectady and started his business career in Utica. He worked with his uncle shipping passengers & goods on the Mohawk River, & later on he became Mayor of Jersey City. In 1835, he founded the Fast & Sure Line, which hauled passengers between Albany & New York on the Hudson. They had steamboats that hauled barges behind them, & you could ride on either the steamer or the barge. It cost $1 to ride on the steamer & $2 to ride on the barge. The steamer, you see, just might blow up at any moment.

"My father, Eben E. Olcott, became genl mgr of the Day Line in 1895, & pres in 1901. He had been a mining engineer, and he had attended



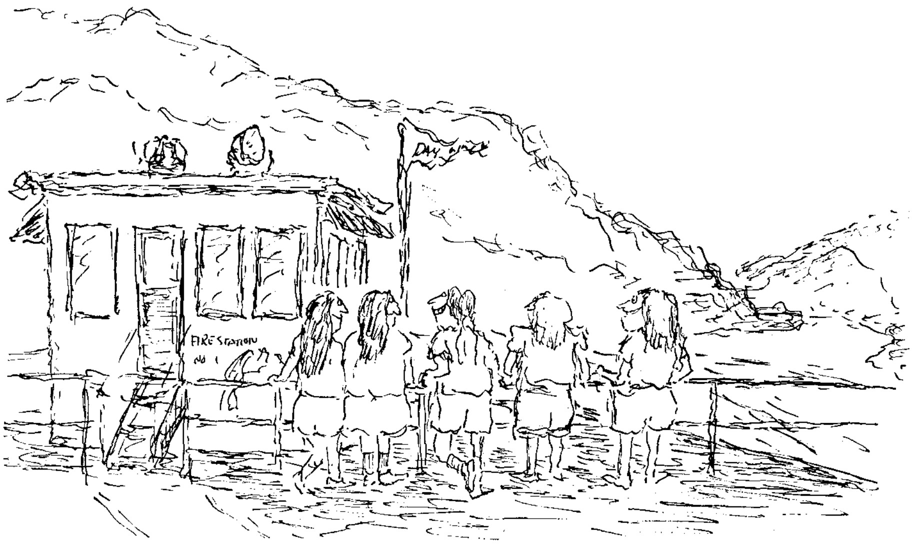
Mr. Mason Olcott Watches the River

C.C.N.Y. and had taken a graduate degree in mining at the age of 20 in 1874. My brother Alfred Van Santvoord Olcott became pres of the Day Line in 1929. He remained pres until 1948, & he said in that yr that he was taking his first summer vacation in twenty yrs. Alfred built up a park at Indian Pt. He called it that. It had been called Verplanck's Pt. The Verplancks objected at the time. They said there were 200 yrs of history associated with the Verplancks. Alfred told them there were 5,000 yrs of history associated with the Indians. That amused me.

"I used to go up to West Pt almost every Saturday, often on the Washington Irving. The Washington Irving had a licensed capacity of 6,000 persons, & there were always big crowds on the weekends. On Tuesday, June 1, 1926, the day after the Decoration Day weekend, the Washington Irving was backing out of the Desbrosses St. pier for the run up to Albany when she was rammed by an oil barge being towed by the tugboat Thomas E. Moran, & sank within ten minutes. She was the pride of the Day Line, & her capt, Capt David H. Deming, was the Commodore of the Line. I'll thank God to my dying day that it happened on the Tuesday after Decoration Day, & not on Saturday, Sunday, or Monday. Bert was on board the Irving that day—did he tell you?—& so was 1 of the asst engineers.

"An ancestor of mine, John Mason—he was five generations up from me—was the first minister of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, on Cedar St., in New York. He was minister during the British occupation of New York, & his sympathies were all with the patriots. He preached a sermon one Sunday which indicated this fact pretty plainly, & he was warned that his life was in danger unless he retracted his remarks. The next Sunday, he stood up in his pulpit & produced two revolvers from under his gown, which he laid down in front of him, one on either side of the Bible. Then he preached the same sermon over again.

"His son John Mitchell Mason was made provost of Columbia College in 1811, with the administrative duties of pres. He couldn't be pres, because he wasn't an Episcopalian. While he was provost, the legislature gave the college a piece of property said to be worth $75,000. People asked him, 'Where is it?' He said it was up in the country about 5 or 6 miles. 'Why,' they said, 'that couldn't be worth *$7,500*.' That piece of property is now bringing in a ground rent of over $3,000,000 a year & is now known as Rockefeller Center."

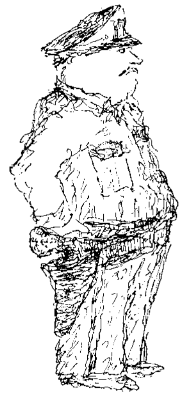


THE PILOTHOUSE AND THE HILLS OF THE UPPER HUDSON

Top Deck, 3:15

I'VE come up to the top deck w/ the intention of stretching my legs and getting some sun & maybe thinking abt the ends of things. It's hot on the top deck, but all that made me think abt was how hot it must be in the city, so I took off my shirt & sat down on 1 of the folding wooden chairs & watched 2 seagulls and a tug towing 12 barges belonging to the New York Trap Rock Corp. & talked to a nice kid named Jeff fm Jersey City abt crabbing, which is something he does off Jersey City & knows all abt. It is really too pleasant to think anything at all, or to write another word.

JUST ran into Dan, who's been taking a turn at the wheel—something he generally does during the Po'keepsie cruise, when the chair-&-table business is pretty light. He was hurrying down to his office to enjoy a bit of the light—he says the quality of the reflected sunlight between West Pt & Bear Mt is transfiguring—but stopped long enough to introduce me to Inspector López, the most impt personage on the top deck, exc for the personages in the pilothouse. Inspector López is commandant of the López Radio Patrol, which oversees security on the Hamilton. Security means primarily no rowdyism by kids—which is pretty generally absent. There is a brig down in the hold, but it hasn't been occupied in 4 yrs. Every morning, Inspector López broadcasts a stern warning over the p-a system, finishing it off w/ "The Day Line expects you to behave yourself; the capt expects you to behave yourself; & *I* expect you to behave yourself." I remember being puzzled by this announcement, because Inspector López always makes it anonymously. There are several other members of the patrol on board; the Inspector addresses each one as "Officer."



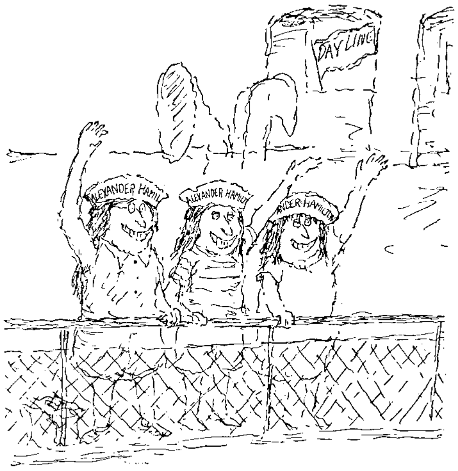
INSPECTOR LÓPEZ

Inspector López was a policeman in ante-bellum Havana. He told me what he liked best about his present job was watching the Amish community in Haverstraw on the W bank of the river going to church on Sunday mornings in their horse-&-buggies.

We're almost back at West Pt, so we'll be filling up again in a few mins.

Still on the Top Deck, 4:35

A BOY in a motorboat has kept pace w/ us all the way fm West Pt to Bear Mt. He is a terrible show-



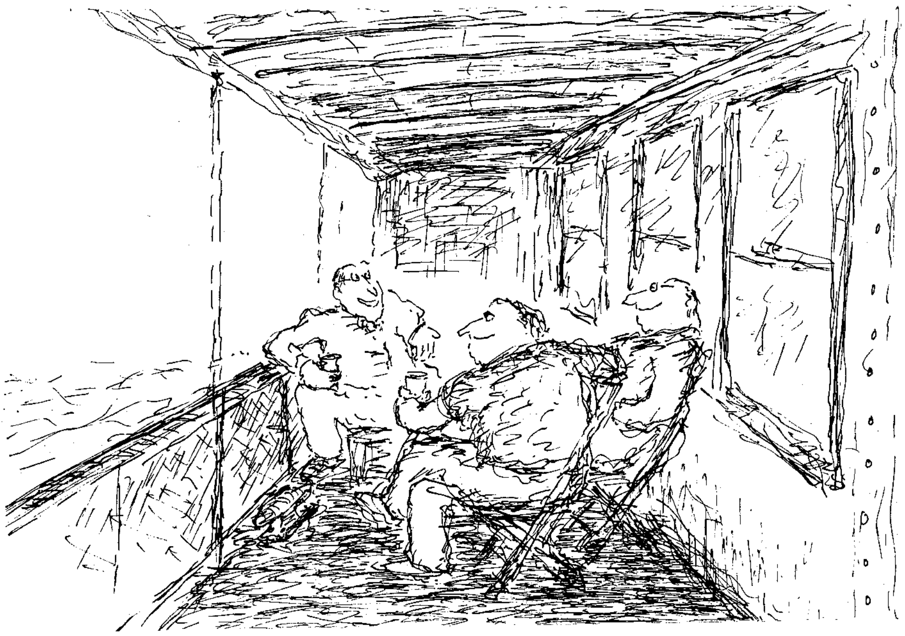
WAVING AT A SPEEDBOAT FROM THE TOP DECK

off, & guns his engine a lot, & he is particularly good at fancy turns. He has completely circled the Hamilton several times. The girls on the top deck who rejoined the boat at West Pt were rather bored until he came along, because there isn't all that much for the kids to do up there or that much space to do it in. They are wearing hats that come fm a souvenir shop on the main deck, which also sells Alexander Hamilton compasses, ashtrays, & key rings, & which is manned by college students, some of them fm the British Isles.

Waving at speedboats is abt as rowdy as kids get on the H.

All this sun has made me v thirsty & I'm thinking abt hunting up Ed & suggesting a drink.

Parlor 10, 5:20



Drinking Beer on the 2nd Deck

FOUND Ed back in the parlor. He's been talking to Bert, & asked him about the Washington Irving. He says Bert said, "No, I didn't mention it before, but, yes, I was there the day she sank. The Washington Irving was the most beautiful boat I've ever seen, & I remember 1 funny thing abt that morning & 1 thing not so funny. I had a pair of shoes at that time that were so tight that I cld never get them on w/o a shoehorn, except 1 time—that morning. We lost 1 member of the crew that day, only 1—a kid, a messhall boy. He went to sleep after serving the deckhands—went to sleep in the top bunk of the crew's quarters. That's where they found him."

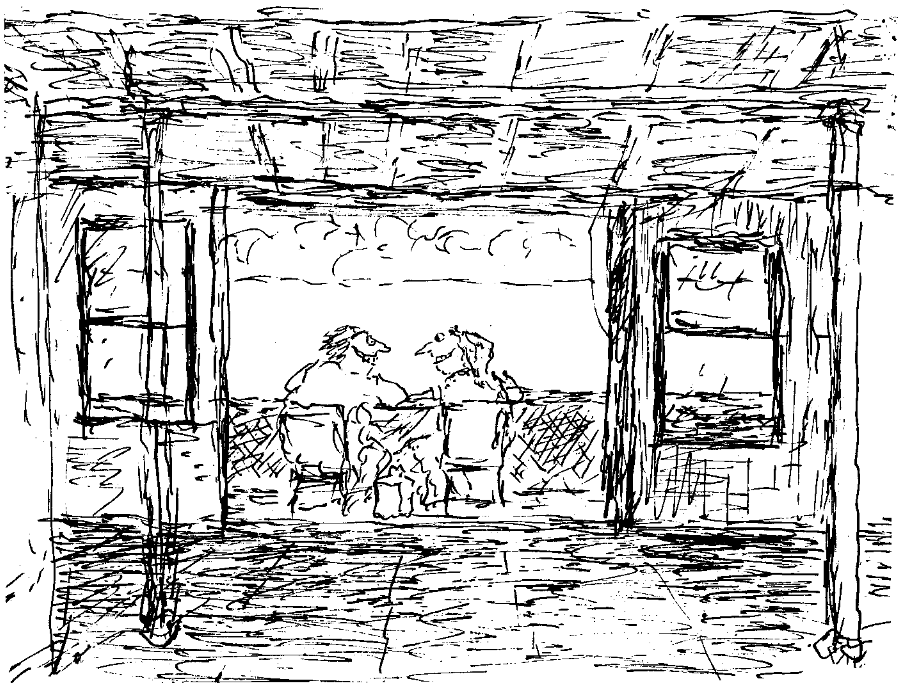
Before he talked to Bert, Ed says, he was feeling hot & went looking for a place to cool off. He ran into Dan on his way up to the pilothouse & Dan took him inside the casing around 1 of the paddle wheels. Ed says it was 1 of the most extraordinary experiences of his life, standing right beside that great, thrashing paddle wheel, cold, noisy, & compelling—like being inside a giant spinning mandala.

Ed says he is ready for at least 1 drink.

MOST of us, even in 1971, put in most of our time just being bozos.

If we are ambitious, we aspire to be bimbos (big-time bozos).

It is difficult to think along the bozo-bimbo line on board a steamboat, because it is impossible not to experience peace & well-being on board a steamboat, & both of these are non-linear qualities. Ed & I have been doing some serious drinking in Parlor 10—the barkeep, on the main deck, makes v good Tom Collinses—& we are now devising schemes to save the Alexander Hamilton, something we have decided is of great importance. I realize that saving the H is only 1 part of a broad plan of national restructuring that we haven't got around to yet, but Ed says that none of our schemes are v practical anyway.



Talking It Over

Incomplete List of Schemes for Saving the Hamilton & Jogging America's Memory

1. Make a lot of money & buy it (the boat). (The asking price is $175,000.)
2. Make a lot of fuss, so someone else will buy it to shut us up.
3. Shanghai the Secretary of Transportation, the Hon. John A. Volpe, & lock him in the brig & feed him on lunch-counter food until he remembers his extra dimension & everybody else's.
4. Appeal to the well-known shrewd intuition of the gt American people, tell them that their much-loved sense of boredom, futility, helplessness, inertia, frustration, & bad temper disguised as fear has made them (those that are) boring, futile, inert, frustrated, unlovely, & a *2nd-class power.*

Mind you, when we mentioned all this to our friends in the crew, they were not v interested. Dan, who was tired, said that right at the moment he was looking forward to the end of the season. Chief Post said, "We've been expecting it. Let it come. It just means my boating days will be over." He did say he hoped to mark the occasion of the final run by setting a new speed record. Bert said that he had always liked the

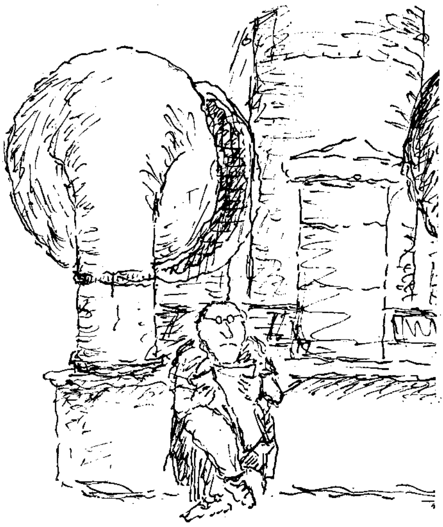
Wash Irving better than the Hamilton.

Ed has gone down to the main deck for more Tom Collinses.

Parlor 10, 6:15

WE'VE gone back to our reading. Here are some excerpts fm "Commuting Steamboats of New York Harbor," a chapter fm Mr. Dayton's book:

> Harlem, with rocky hills, rolling meadows and shaded winding lanes, became a smart place of homes of the well-to-do. Ladies drove fashionable rigs to East River wharves to meet afternoon boats bringing the head of the house from the city, and neighbors visited while waiting. Harlem steamboats went from the foot of Wall Street, called at 23rd Street and landed at Sylvan Place, a short grove lane between 121st and 122nd Streets.
>
> The Morrisania Line and the Harlem & Morrisania Line fought for business with runners on the docks pushing and crowding passengers. By every cunning practice competition grew bitter until the elevated railroad was built through the Bowery to Harlem in 1879.
>
> The Harlem & New York Navigation Company operated *Sylvan Shore*, *Sylvan Grove*, *Sylvan Stream*, *Sylvan Glen* and *Sylvan Dell*, and against them were *Harlem*, *Morrisania*, and *Shady Side*, all fast boats. *Sylvan Dell*, Captain John Tallman, was built to break records and made a speed trial on the Hudson....
>
> *Tiger Lily*, *Water Lily*, *Trumpeter*, *Jenny Lind*, *Osseo*, and *Catlin* ran on the Harlem River, shoal draught steamboats carrying commuters, fishermen to Cromwell's Creek, and crowds to revival meetings held in Buena Vista Grove, Mott Avenue and 138th Street.
>
> New Jersey commuters living along the Palisades were brought to Spring Street, New York, by *Edwin* and *Thomas E. Hulse*, requiring a full hour for the trip.... Regular stops included Weehawken, Guttenberg, Bulls Ferry, Edgewater, Tilly Toodlum (afterwards Pleasant Valley), and Fort Lee. Charming cottages with flower and vegetable gardens and orchards ran down to the river....



READING ON THE TOP DECK

Ed has compiled a list, with the help of Mr. Ringwald's book, of all the Hudson River Day Line steamboats & what happened to them:

Daniel Drew—burned, 1886
Armenia—burned, 1886
Chauncey Vibbard—abandoned & broken up, 1900
Albany—hull converted to barge on Potomac, 1949, now part of a bulkhead in Chesapeake, Va.
New York—burned, 1908
Hendrick Hudson—sold for scrap, 1951
Robert Fulton—converted to land-locked community center in Bahamas, 1956; broken up, 1968
Washington Irving—rammed & sunk, 1926
De Witt Clinton—scrapped, 1953
Chauncey M. Depew—as of this moment, capsized in North East, Md., may be raised & used as a restaurant
Peter Stuyvesant—laid up, 1962, now a bar in Boston
Mary Powell—sold to scrappers, 1919, later broken up
Alexander Hamilton—?

Parlor 10, 6:40

WE'LL be back in town in 20 mins, maybe sooner—the Chief doesn't seem to be waiting for Labor Day. In front of us, the sun's going down behind the Palisades, & we're saying our goodbyes & our thank-yous. There are an awful lot of them to be said. It's hard for us to believe that the Hamilton is still around to be said goodbye to, & it's hard for us to believe that we have to.

Here's one last sentence fm our reading, fm the Ringwald book:

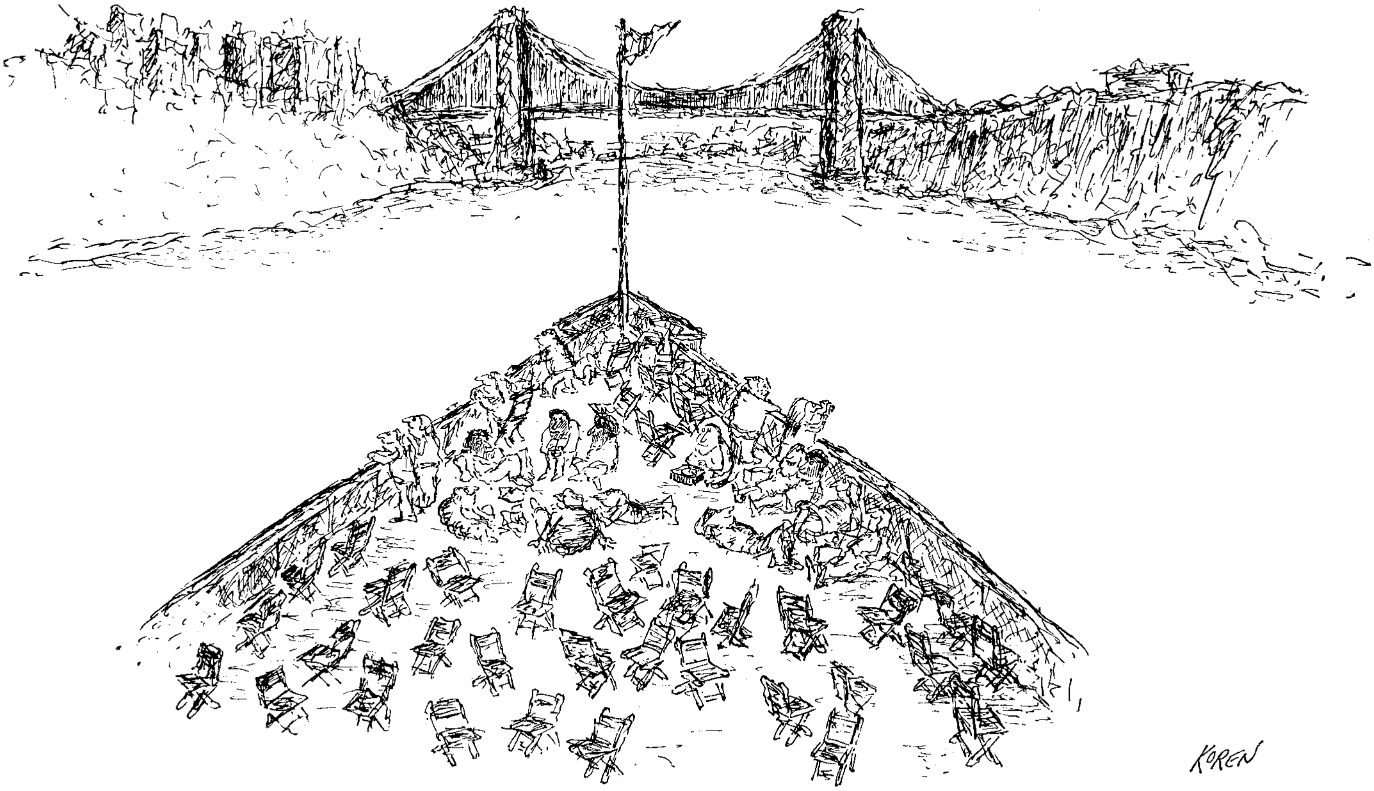
> The steamboat is the most comfortable means of transportation ever devised by man.

One of the ladies next door in Parlor 12 just said, "You know, I'm not ready to go home just yet."

It certainly has been a good day. We hope all is well w/you.

Yours,
TONY HISS

P. S. The drawings are by ED KOREN.

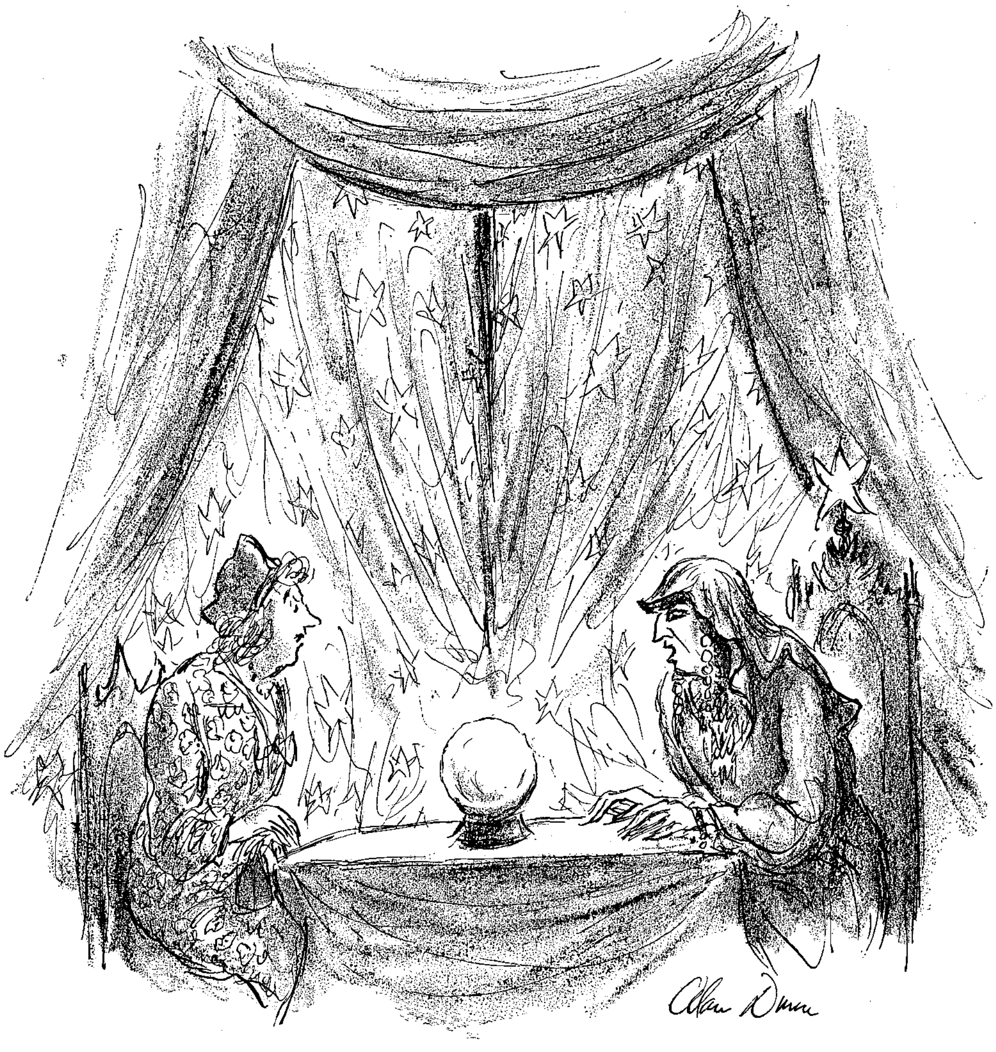


ALMOST HOME

THE THEATRE

SWEETER THAN THE HONEY TO THE HONEYBEE, WHICH WOULD BE JUST GREAT IF WE HAPPENED TO BE BEES

IN this magazine a few years ago, we published an anecdote about a proper young pupil in a local private school who, having been assigned the task of writing a short story, began, "Once upon a time, there was a family and it was very poor. The father was poor, the mother was poor, the children were poor, the butler was poor, the cook was poor, the chauffeur was poor . . ." I was put in mind of this anecdote by the musical version of Truman Capote's novella "The Grass Harp," which opened and closed at the Martin Beck last week. It was a musical in which—all the expectably good characters aside (the barefoot boy, the black "Indian" servant, the middle-aged maiden brewer of a dropsy cure)—the scheming villain turned out to be good, the wicked sister turned out to be good, and the overbearing sheriff turned out to be good. Indeed, everyone in the play was sooner or later discovered to have a heart of gold and a brain of corn mush, to the detriment of the plot and a consequent almost total lack of interest on the part of the audience. Lady Violet Bonham Carter once said that outer space is no place for a person of breeding, and in something like the same arbitrary fashion I say that the theatre is no place for goodness, especially when it is so sticky-sweet that actors find themselves steadily sinking in it, as in a quicksand of melted lollipops.



"Woe! The gods have now decreed that there will be a short pause for a commercial."

The book and lyrics of "The Grass Harp" were by Kenward Elmslie, and the music was by Claibe Richardson, and the worst I can say of their handiwork is that, amiable and unadventurous, it aroused in us no emotion stronger than consent: we listened just this side of somnolence to songs that bore such characteristically soppy titles as "I'll Always Be in Love," "Pick Yourself a Flower," "Reach Out," and "Dropsy Cure Weather." We were always deep in Never-Never Land (or, rather, allowing for Mr. Capote's geographical predilections, in Nevah-Nevah Lan'), and the cast, directed by Ellis Rabb and including Barbara Cook, Carol Brice, Karen Morrow, Ruth Ford, Max Showalter, Russ Thacker, and John Baragrey, was obviously no more at home there than we were. By far the most admirable thing in the musical was a tree house, designed by James Tilton, to which several of the characters in "The Grass Harp" repaired in protest over the threatened commercialization of drippy Dolly Talbo's dreary dropsy cure. The house hung suspended among innumerable serpentine branches in the airy depths of what appeared to be an extravagantly diseased banyan tree, and it was in every way a much pleasanter abode than the gloomy Victorian mansion they had turned their backs on. Marcus Aurelius said that even in a palace life can be lived well; in a tree house, as we learn in childhood, it can be lived superbly, and no wonder. For it was when we came down from the trees that our troubles began.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Hooray!

"LOVE ME, LOVE MY CHILDREN," at the Mercer-O'Casey, is a refreshing new musical whose most pleasing element, for once, is its music, which is prodigal in both melody and form. It is a Canadian import—or, at least, it ran in Canada for months—but many members of the troupe are Americans. The composer, who is Canadian, is Robert Swerdlow, and he also wrote the lyrics and book. (The lyrics and book are the weakest elements in the show, but they are easily ignored.) The story, which is told almost entirely in songs—jazz, rock, ballads, blues, old-fashioned rhythm numbers, mock minuets and waltzes, and show tunes—and in attractive dances by Elizabeth Swerdlow (Mrs.), is

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about a girl who leaves her parents and goes off to Fat City to join a group of other recently liberated boys and girls, and then, finally, comes back home to find everything changed. The runaway-youth theme, heaven knows, is a familiar one by now, but this time—perhaps for the first time since "Peter Pan"—it works. Here is none of the wistful, wishy-washy amateur appeal that we have grown so wearily used to in so many other Off Broadway enterprises of this sort, because the second strongest element in the show (neck-and-neck, really) is the exhilarated and exhilarating performance it is given, under Paul Aaron's direction, by skillful, technically well-equipped, and gifted players. The cast listing is alphabetical, but that drab roster conceals a sprinkling of potential headliners. Among the singers, the large and dynamic Salome Bey, who gets and deserves many of the best songs, is surely one of them, and so are handsome Chapman Roberts and Ed Evanko; among the dancers, I especially admired Patsy Rahn and Matthew Diamond. The others in the cast, still in that careful alphabetical order, are Don Atkinson, Mark Baker, Jacqueline Britt, Sharron Miller, Michon Peacock, Myrna Strom, Rose Mary Taylor, and Suzanne Walker. Michael Alterman is responsible for the ingenious arrangements, and Jo Mielziner designed the original and stylish setting.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

Out of a possible twenty items, the mean score for the 129 three- and four-year-olds tested was 17.43, with a standard deviation of 2.51. A plotting of the total scores achieved by the children would have a skewness of −1.21 and a kurtosis of 4.64. Thus, the plotting would be negatively skewed and leptokurtic, indicating a strong ceiling effect. That is, the test was easy for many of the children.—*From "Isolation of Factors That Influence the Ability of Young Children to Associate a Solid with a Representation of That Solid," in The Arithmetic Teacher.*

Some of whom were climbing the walls.

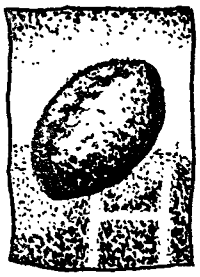
•

> But—and this I find delicious—there is one custom she has not abandoned, and never will. She told me that she would be ashamed and her husband embarrassed, if he were to draw her pale polish, her low voice. Her manner is a perfect combination chair back for her in a restaurant. How very charming that is.
>
> —*Baltimore Evening Sun.*

It's more than charming; it's damned convenient.

FOOTBALL

Brief Candle



THE life span of the undergraduate football team is so small—not even three months from chrysalis to The Game—that the time-outs for the cajoling of the absentee landlord (the television customer) and for conferences at the sidelines between quarterback and head analyst are depressing halts in what must be the swift blossoming of wings if the at first ungainly machine can ever be expected to fly. All the present components were at hand, awaiting only assembly, when Columbia began its 1971 career with that untoward incident known as Lafayette 3, Columbia 0. From then on, it was a rapid transit *per ardua*—particularly the nip-and-tuck defeats by Harvard and Cornell—*ad astra.* Astra was (or were) achieved, naturally, when, after allowing Dartmouth (fifteen straight) to come from behind, Columbia came from behind itself in the final minute up at Baker Field last Saturday and put an end at last to Dartmouth, 31–29—a privilege the horoscopists had, and with reason, reserved for Marinaro and his fellow-Cornellians this Saturday. Marinaro goes up against Dartmouth for the last time this week.

In motion, Marinaro makes one think of Leroy Kelly, of the Browns—slower but steadier and surer than most of his compatriots. He had another famous afternoon, 21–7, against Brown (the original, collegiate Brown) last week: two touchdowns and a whole mess of yardage. He did better than Kelly did on Sunday last against the rather mild Steelers, who, to be just, looked more capable than they had in years until Bradshaw hurt himself on that bewildering in-and-out gallop to the Browns' four-yard line. Hanratty, once the pride of Notre Dame, filled in for Bradshaw thereafter, or tried to, but it took time.

The swift blossoming of wings at both Harvard and Princeton this fall was brought about by dire distress—the need to discover, instantly, a workable quarterback to succeed not especially efficacious first-stringers. The two new men—Stoeckel of Harvard and Flynn of Princeton—met in Boston last Saturday, and Princeton, matching the power and weight of

JOHN COCHRAN

If you want him to fall into your arms
without knowing
he is falling into your hands...
shouldn't your perfume be
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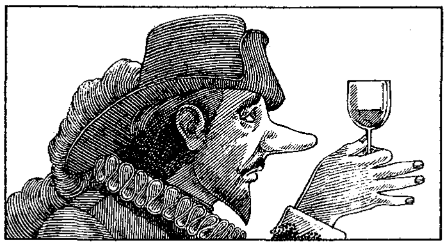
IF YOU HAVE A HARD TIME TELLING ONE WINE FROM ANOTHER, READ THIS.

First of all, don't feel alone.

Probably 99% of the population can't tell a Pinot Noir from a Zinfandel. Or a great Cabernet Sauvignon from a so-so one.

But where do you go to find out? You read what the wine experts have to say and they all disagree. You read all the wine advertising and everbody's trying to sell his own product.



Cyrano could have used a larger glass. Or a smaller nose.

Nobody has really taken the time to sit down and explain even the most basic things about wine. Until now.

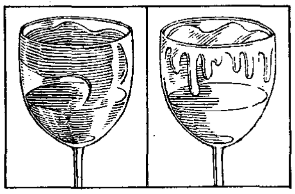
We at Inglenook Vineyards are doing it because it's in our best interest to have you know a great wine when you taste one. After all, that's what we have to sell.

HEIGHTENING YOUR SENSES.

First get yourself a wine glass that exposes the wine to plenty of air. The more air you can expose wine to, the better you can taste it.

And be sure you can get your nose in the glass. That's important because in wine tasting, the nose does 75% of the work. A glass with a 3-inch brim is best for most wines. But if you have a larger than average nose, you'll need a larger than average glass.

NEVER TASTE WINE OVER A CHECKERED TABLECLOTH.

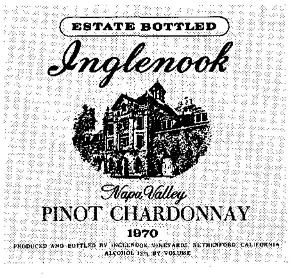


Heavy wine forms "sheets." **Light wine forms "legs."**

Fill the glass about a third full and set it down on a white tablecloth. That's so you can see the wine's true color.

Now really look at the wine. Check its color. That's the first clue to a wine's taste. Usually, the darker the color, the fuller the wine. This applies to whites too, which can go from a pale straw to golden. With rosé, look for a crystal clear light pink, with no muddiness.

Now swirl the wine in the glass. A full bodied wine will come down the glass in "sheets". A lighter wine will break into "legs". A good rosé should come down in thin "legs", which indicates delicate body.



Take a good sniff.

This is hard to explain but your nose should confirm everything you've seen with your eyes. A rosé that looks brilliantly clear and is of delicate body should smell that way too.

WHISTLING AT THE TABLE.

Now take a sip of wine, hold it in your mouth, and whistle. Whistle in, not out. Try to get a nice gurgle going.

This technique also allows you to taste the wine for a longer period of time. For it extends that single instant when wine, air, tongue, gums and nose come together for the first time. Thus, it enables you to have more time to make an initial judgment. Keep in mind everything you've experienced with your eyes and nose, should be confirmed with your mouth by this technique.

BUILD A WINE CELLAR IN YOUR BRAIN.

When you actually start your wine tasting education, be sure to follow the chart below. The order is important because you'll be going from light to full bodied in the white wine spectrum. The red wines are listed in a similar fashion. You should work your way through them after you've mastered the whites.

INGLENOOK'S SUGGESTED WINE PROGRESSION CHART

White	Red
White Pinot	Gamay Rosé
Pinot Chardonnay	Gamay Beaujolais
Grey Riesling	Pinot Noir
Sylvaner Riesling	Zinfandel
Johannisberg Riesling	Gamay
Chenin Blanc	Charbono
Dry Semillon	Cabernet Sauvignon

A WORD OF WARNING.

If you're going to put this much time and effort into learning something about wine tasting, then go for the most expensive wine you can afford. High priced wine is high priced for a reason. Namely, better grapes, and more care goes into the making of the wine.

That said, Inglenook Estate Bottled Wine is the most expensive wine made in America. It all comes from the Napa Valley, which wine authorities agree is one of the finest wine producing regions in America, if not the whole world. And it all bears a vintage date, which is a rarity in American wines today.

Estate bottling means we make it from varietal grapes grown in vineyards under our constant supervision.

So if you can swing it financially, get your wine education from Inglenook.

Any good education costs money.

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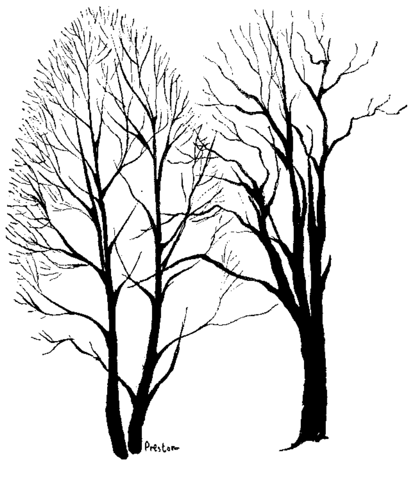
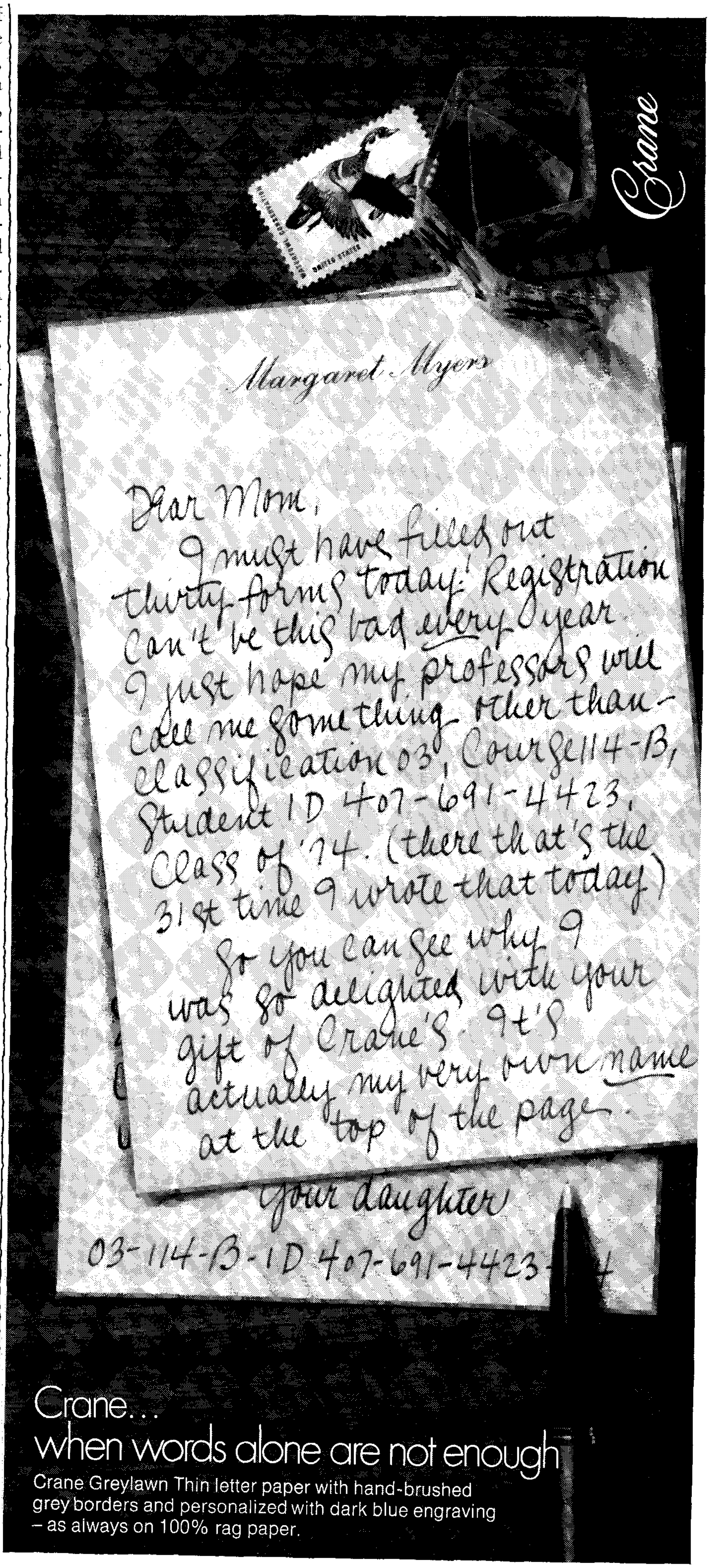
Bjorklund and Blake, both fleet of foot, against the artful dodging of the Harvard offense, came in first, 21–10, though not without difficulty. In a lifetime so brief, one must take chances, and Princeton, celebrated for its disinclination to play it unsafe, untracked itself for once. Fourth quarter, Harvard leading (10–7), fourth down and one yard to go, and, instead of calling for a punt, Flynn pitched the ball wide to Bjorklund. Pitching to Bjorklund had not worked out very well that day, and Harvard, judging by the fashion in which it had set itself up, appeared to have a plunge amidships in mind. But Bjorklund, a fast man for the bulk he carries, was off and running around right end for the forty-one yards necessary for the winning points before anyone could get set for him. It was the sort of devil-may-care maneuver that Dartmouth tried the same afternoon against Columbia. Stetson, sent in to replace Pollock for Dartmouth (well, *every*one except Columbia, which has stuck to its gallant Jackson, has had quarterback difficulty this season), masterminded a touchdown that put Dartmouth behind by only eight points—28–20. Play it safe and kick the point after touchdown? No, throw the ball for two points, so that another touchdown (if it came, and it did) would tie Columbia, and the ensuing kick would beat Columbia, 29–28. All well and good, but Kaliades, who may have been even more valuable this year for Columbia than Jackson, had one more field goal in him, and that was it. Time—or so say the coaches—solved the mystery of the single wing, though a few of its schemings are still part of today's offense, and time may solve the pyrotechnical, multiple-move Harvard offense of this season. It can be noted that when a Harvard end drifts rapidly cross-lots just before the ball is put in play, the defense by now knows that he is simply a decoy, and not a man moves an inch





Margaret Myers

Dear Mom,
I must have filled out thirty forms today! Registration can't be this bad every year. I just hope my professors will call me something other than classification 03, Course 114-B, Student ID 407-691-4423, Class of '74. (there that's the 31st time I wrote that today)
So you can see why I was so delighted with your gift of Crane's. It's actually my very own name at the top of the page.
Your daughter
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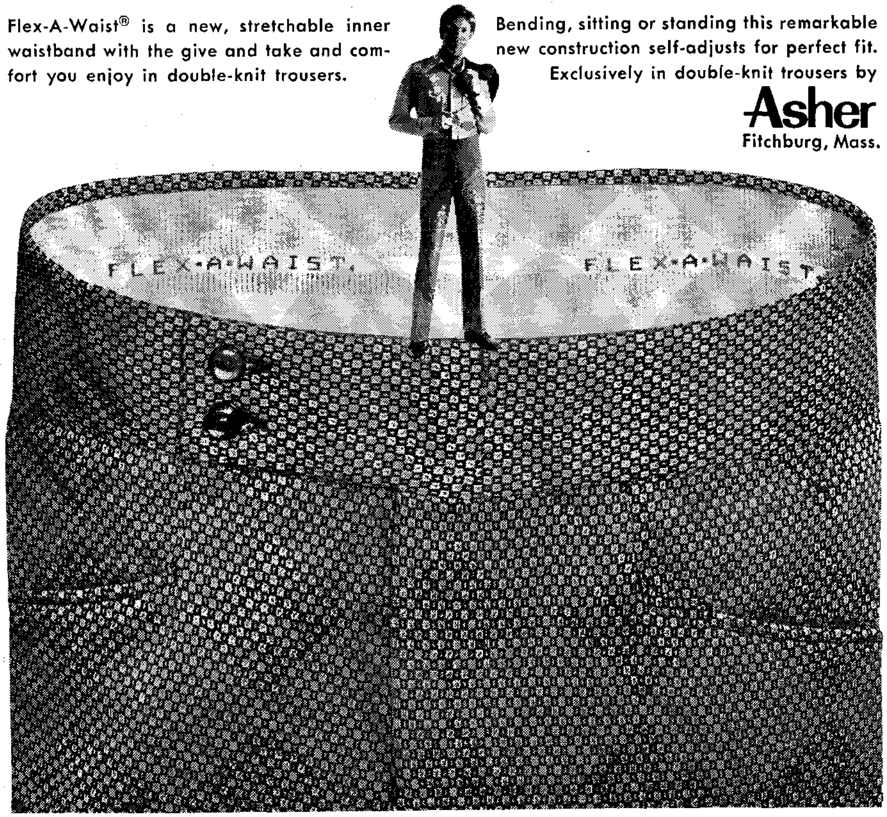


to head him off. Before Harvard meets Yale, we can all be sure that Restic, the Harvard vocational guide, will have done something about this diminishing deception.

Army, after a troubled trip around the country, came back to West Point and an easy afternoon, 30–17, against Rutgers, which has not ever been at its best this year. Army has no speed boys (neither has Navy or Air Force, for the speed boys who are thinking of a career in cleats are not tying themselves up for military duty any longer), but Army has its skills. Item: Ritacco's eighth quick kick of the year, good for fifty-seven yards and any amount of Rutgers confusion. Item: Barclay's three field goals. Item: the handsome runback, forty-two yards, of a Rutgers punt—the poetry of motion as Gaines broke three tacklers and then carried not only the ball but two Rutgers men across the goal. Army, returning from a match with Miami on man-made turf, came up with eight cases of an odd infection of skin bruises; Ritacco's was virulent enough to put him in hospital for a couple of days. Well, we all know where the grass is greener, don't we?

Before it's too late, let it be said that the Steelers, Bradshaw or no Bradshaw, and despite Kelly, put away the Browns, 26–9, and the Jets beat the Kansas City Chiefs, 13–10, and the Giants, with Tarkenton throwing and Johnson running as of old, beat the Chargers, 35–17. How is that for a sprouting of wings? —J. W. L.

•

Michael F. Armstrong, the commission's counsel, disclosed Friday that its staff had recently begun analyzing subpoenaed records of hotels and that the dames of "a number of high-ranking officers" had turned up.—*The Times.*

Is nothing sacred?

•

Of course, there are other goodies included at the Club. Like an 8′ x 10′ whirlpool, warm and soothing, just great for tension-ridden relaxation after a workout.—*Chicago Tribune.*

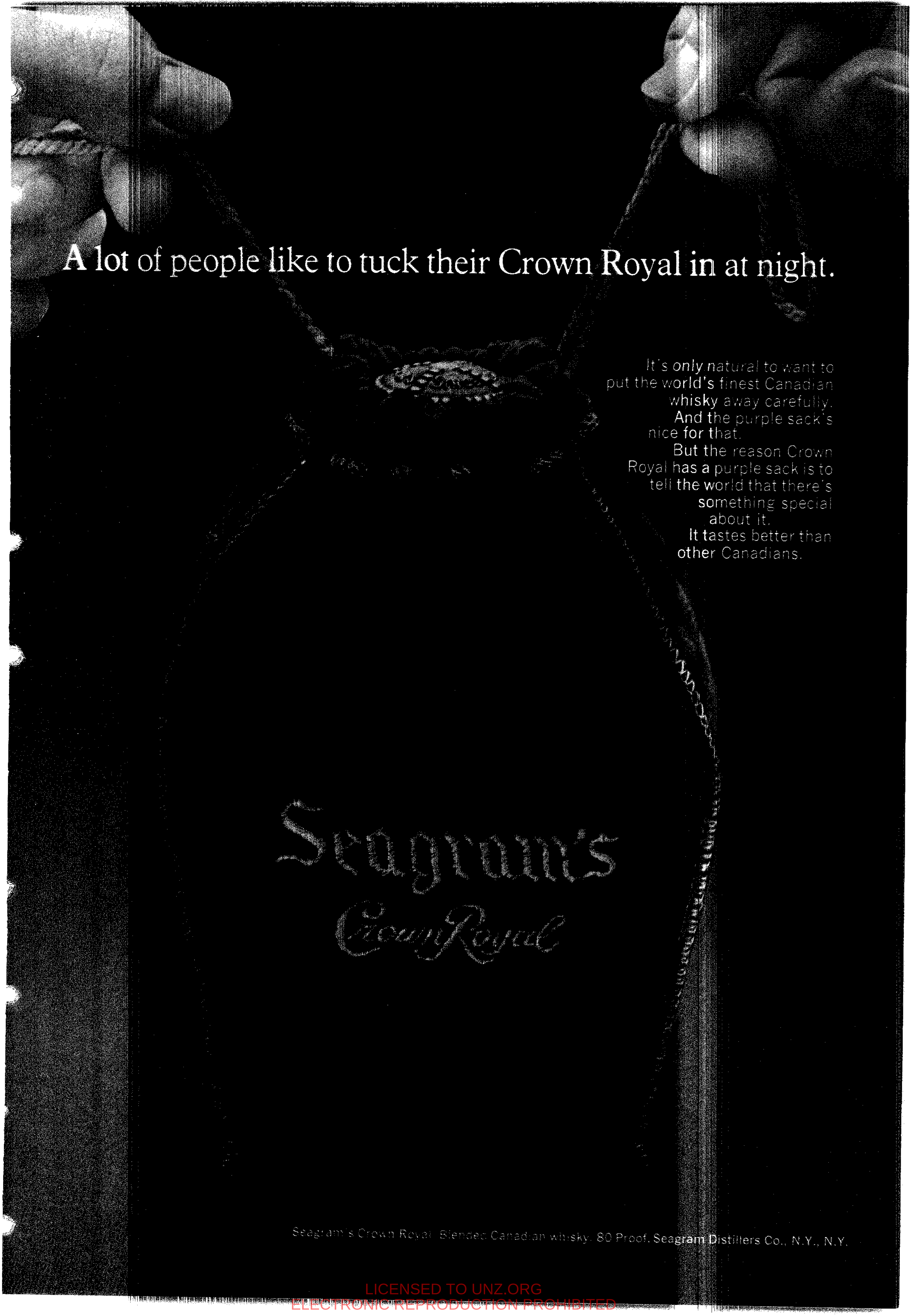
Sounds like our vacation last summer.

•

CHICKEN LADY WANTED

Must dress up like hen, cluck greeting to Petaluma newcomers. No experience needed, but prefer woman who will put civic interest ahead of personal life.
—*Adv. in the San Francisco Chronicle.*

She'd almost have to.



A lot of people like to tuck their Crown Royal in at night.

It's only natural to want to put the world's finest Canadian whisky away carefully. And the purple sack's nice for that.

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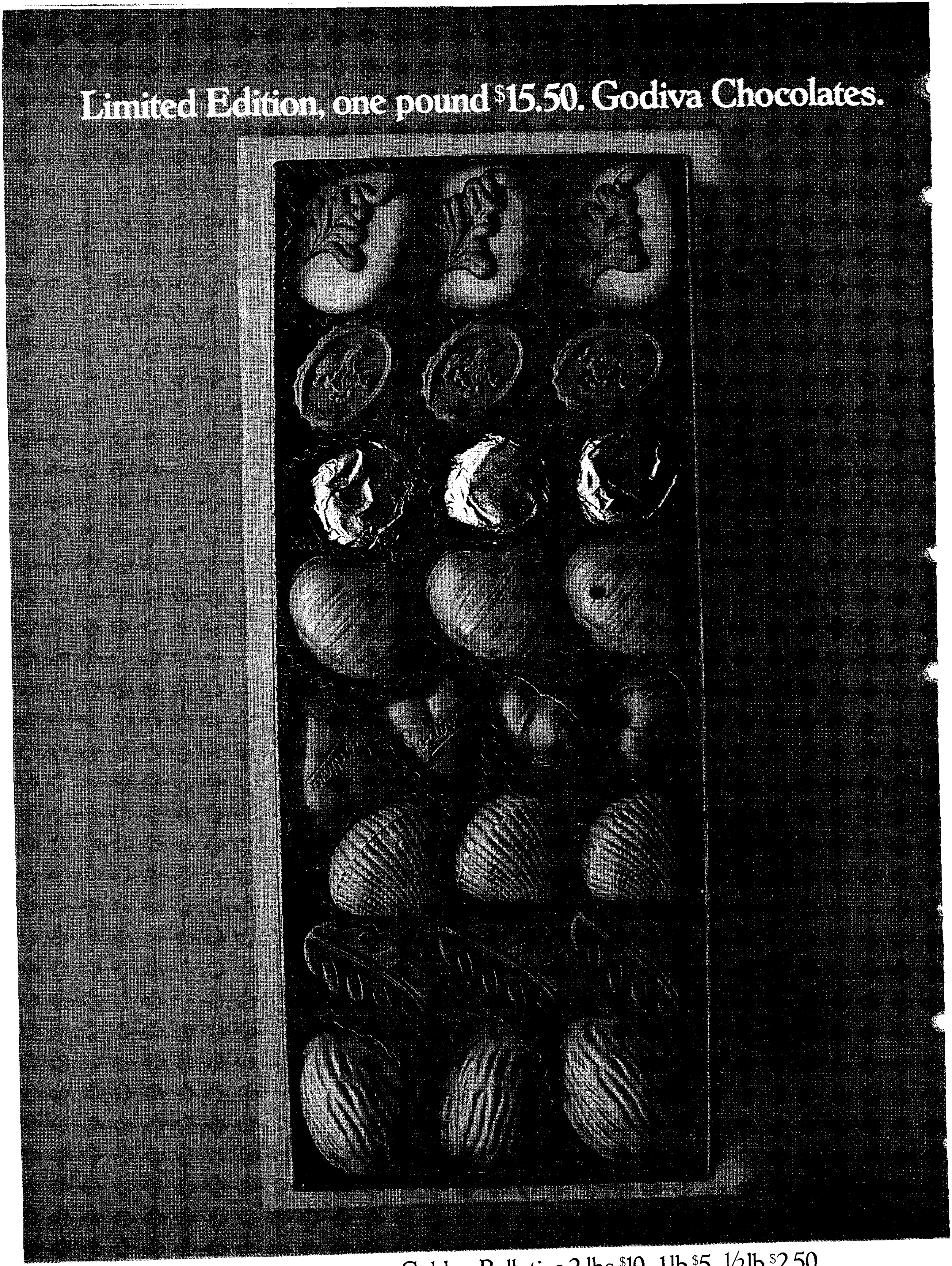
Limited Edition, one pound $15.50. Godiva Chocolates.

Other assortments: Golden Ballotins 2 lbs. $10, 1 lb. $5, ½ lb. $2.50.

They'll know.

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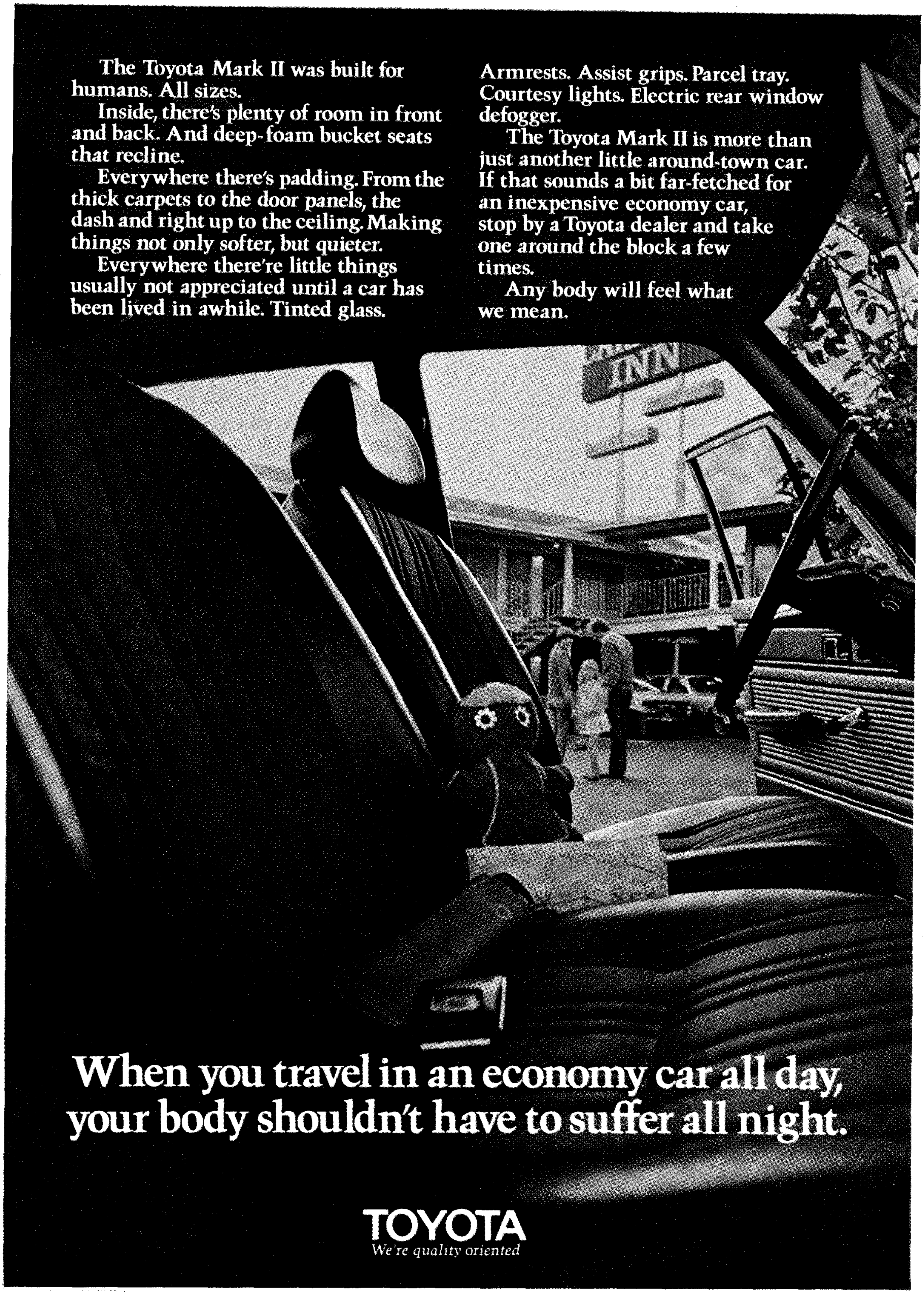
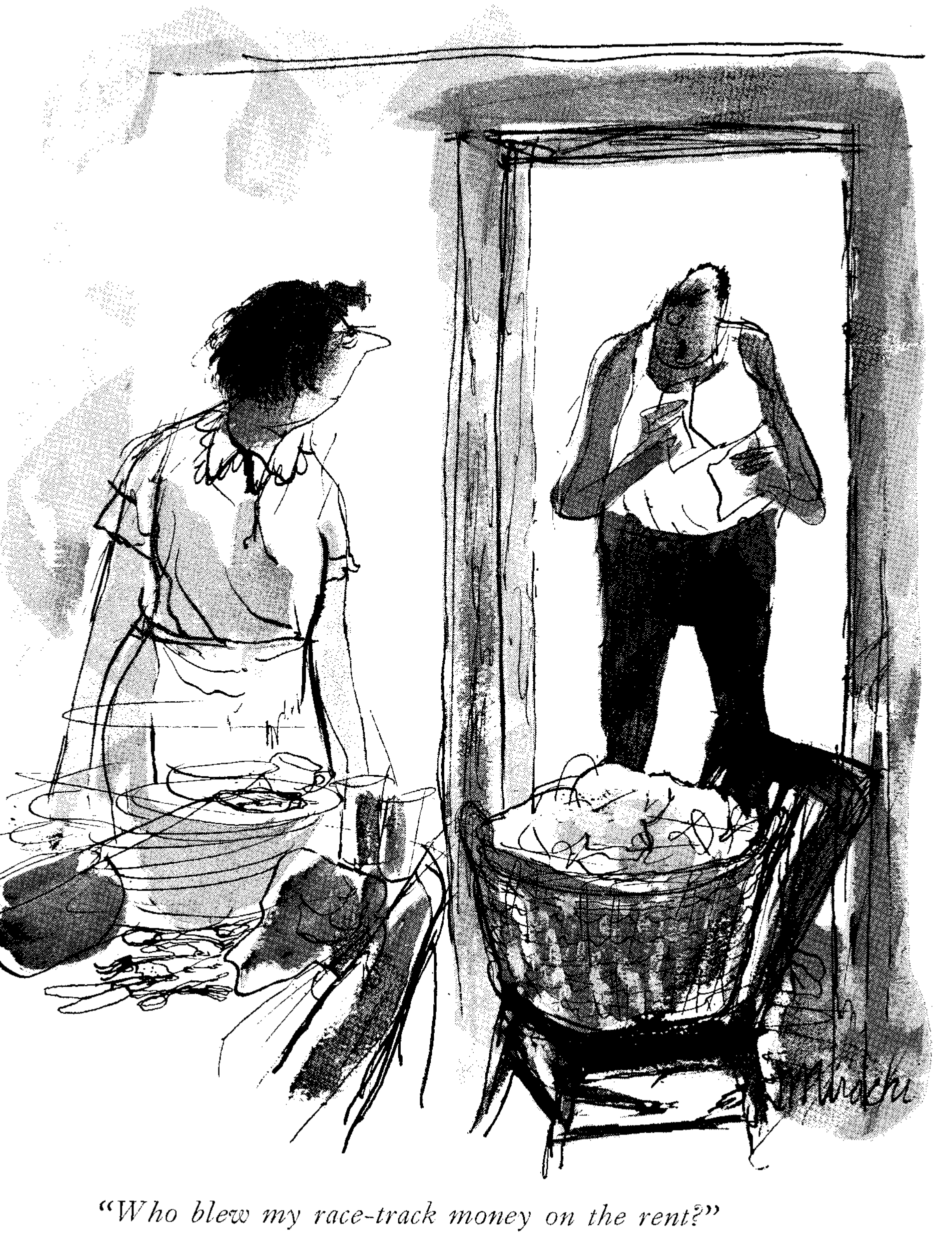


LETTER FROM VIETNAM

NOVEMBER 1

NOW that President Nguyen Van Thieu's "reëlection" in a one-man race and his lavish inauguration ceremony are both over with, it is obvious that the whole ludicrous performance has left his government in a more precarious political position than ever, both internally and in relation to the Communists. It is equally obvious that United States policymakers are largely devoid of ideas about how to cope with the situation, beyond suggesting once again that Thieu should broaden the base of his government and live up to his repeated promises to make other reforms. The remoteness of the chance that these hopes will be realized opens another dreary, repetitious chapter in the casebook of American-Vietnamese relations, emphasizing again on our side an almost total misunderstanding of Vietnamese mores, methods, and political attitudes, and on theirs a parallel misunderstanding, along with a growing resentment of our clumsy involvement in the life of their nation. But what is more important than such mutual misreading of character and purpose, or than a shared awareness that the end of the present relationship is approaching anyway, is that neither the cant about how Thieu's overwhelming "victory" represents a vote of confidence ("The vote is more good for the country than for me," he said sententiously afterward) nor any amount of American rationalization can hide the fact that South Vietnam is once again very close to some sort of political explosion. If it occurs—and it could take any of various forms—the consequences for an orderly American withdrawal and for whatever plans President Nixon may have for leaving a small residual force backed by continued military and economic aid would be immediate and catastrophic. Naturally, both the Vietnamese and the Americans who favor the Nixon policy fervently hope that nothing drastic will take place, but others who favor our withdrawing completely as soon as possible are almost balefully looking forward to some sort of holocaust—after which they envisage "a new Vietnamese revolution," whose nature they are vague about. Still others—probably the majority—are just depressed and chagrined, but they remain hopeful that time will cure at least some of the wounds of the last few months, and that eventually a peaceful accommodation can be worked out, not only with the Communists but, above all, among the shattered elements of the South Vietnamese population.

One thing seems certain: the situation is not likely to remain static. Even if no political bomb is detonated ("detonate" has become a fashionable word in Saigon), there is bound to be plenty of conflict ahead. A new dry season is beginning, and, despite the fact that recent severe floods and typhoons in North Vietnam have delayed the flow of supplies southward, the Communists are determined to test the ability of the South Vietnamese to fight on their own, with or without continued American air support. The ground combat may not be conducted on a major scale, except perhaps for a few short engagements, but, to use a currently popular Communist phrase, it will be "violent and complex." More important, as the latest Allied Intelligence reports on the Communists' current "protracted war" strategy make clear, they will test their ability to mount, and the Saigon government's ability to withstand, a stepped-up political offensive aimed at undermining the government's strength primarily in the urban areas but also in parts of the ostensibly pacified countryside, including those where the government's presence is still slight or shaky and those where it is supposed to be most securely entrenched. On the basis of what these tests show about Thieu's ability or inability to retain power, the North Vietnamese will undoubtedly make a decision, either late in 1972 or, more likely, early in 1973, whether to negotiate seriously or to continue fighting indefinitely. That decision is bound to be affected by the results of President Nixon's coming trips to Peking and Moscow. But with new agreements just signed between Moscow and Hanoi and between Peking and Hanoi for more economic and



"Who blew my race-track money on the rent?"

BOB LEE'S SAFARI BAGS
ARE NO BLUFF!

Our WEEKEND
SAFARI BAG

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military aid (and also, it is said, between the two big Communist powers and the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam), the Vietnamese Communists' leverage remains strong. Contrary to what many experts believe, this may be what the Chinese and the Russians both desire for the moment, and though Vietnam presumably will be on the agenda for both powers' talks with Nixon, as an important subject for bargaining it may for the moment have become irrelevant.

This does not mean that some sort of big-power intervention to settle the Vietnam question will not ultimately prove possible, or even necessary. But as a result of the election farce in South Vietnam, and of the lack of progress at the Paris peace talks since the P.R.G. set forth its seven-point proposal last July 1st, Hanoi has apparently persuaded both Moscow and Peking that its protracted-war approach is still valid, and that it can deal politically with Saigon on its own. At some point, President Thieu will probably redefine his peace offer of July 31, 1970 (mentioned again in his inaugural speech), in which he said he would talk to the Communists, privately or otherwise, about a cease-fire and any other matters they wished to discuss, including machinery for new elections. Not long ago, Thieu told a small group of foreign correspondents that he, too, foresaw at least another year of fighting, after which there might be peace. If he had been reëlected in a two-man or three-man race—as he surely would have been, given his control of the government apparatus—it is possible that the Communists would have agreed to deal with him once President Nixon had announced a definite date for the withdrawal of all American forces. This is to say that, despite their official stand to the contrary, they might have been willing to separate the two main points in the P.R.G. proposals; namely, the call for total American withdrawal, to be followed by the release of all prisoners of both sides, and the call for the removal of Thieu in favor of a new administration that would set up a provisional government pending a new election.

I have been told by diplomats who visit Hanoi regularly that under certain conditions, including the posting of a firm American withdrawal date, the North Vietnamese and the P.R.G. would still be willing to talk to Thieu, but it is apparent that at the moment they are banking on his overthrow. In a typical broadcast in mid-October, for

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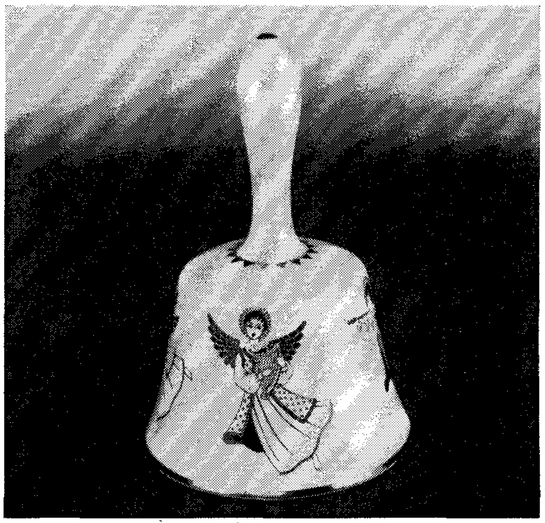

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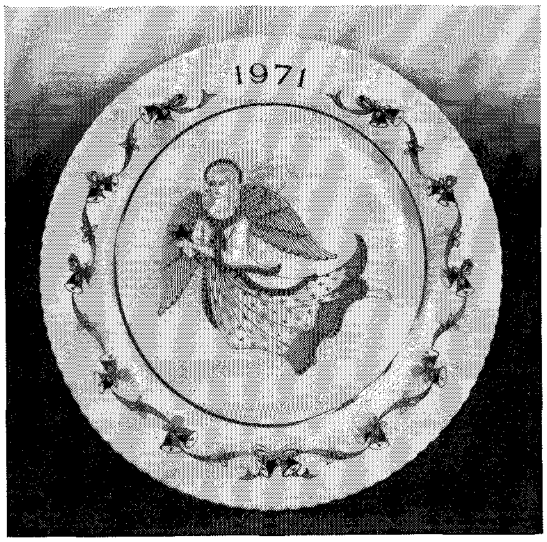

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example, the Liberation Radio of the P.R.G., after listing a series of Thieu's "towering crimes," declared, "Because puppet Thieu openly and arrogantly regards his attacks against our compatriots as his life-or-death battle, we must unleash a life-or-death attack against him in order to overthrow him and chase his American masters out." In the months to come, the Communists will obviously intensify their efforts to infiltrate the government at all levels and take advantage of the anti-Thieu feeling among students, workers, veterans, women's groups, and other elements to stir up as much trouble as possible.

POLITICALLY, then, Thieu is riding a tiger, and since he seems to be tending increasingly to identify himself with the late President Ngo Dinh Diem, who was overthrown and assassinated eight years ago this month, he can hardly have forgotten Diem's fate (which, in fact, he helped bring about). By manipulating the election laws in such a way that his two chief rivals, Vice-President Nguyen Cao Ky and former Chief of State General Duong Van Minh, decided to quit the race, Thieu made a mockery of the assertion of his chief ally, President Nixon, that the seventeen and a half million people of South Vietnam must have "the freedom to choose" the form of government they want and the man they wish to have at its head. Very few observers here, Vietnamese or foreign, believe that 87.7 per cent of the more than seven million registered voters turned out or that they gave Thieu 94.3 per cent of the vote—the official figures. The best estimates are that in the countryside fifty or sixty per cent of those eligible voted, and in Saigon and other major cities something like thirty or forty per cent. In many instances, torn—and thus invalid—ballots were counted for Thieu, and in others local officials, in obedience to orders, got the ballot boxes filled early in the day with the votes of soldiers and government workers, and then simply extrapolated the results to obtain the desired final figures. There is some evidence that a number of officials, including province chiefs appointed by Thieu, gave out obviously inflated figures to embarrass him, because they felt that the whole exercise was ridiculous and unnecessary. An earlier silly act in this electoral circus was the validation by the Supreme Court eleven days ago of his solitary candidacy; there had been a faint hope that the court, which had ruled against Thieu's actions on some

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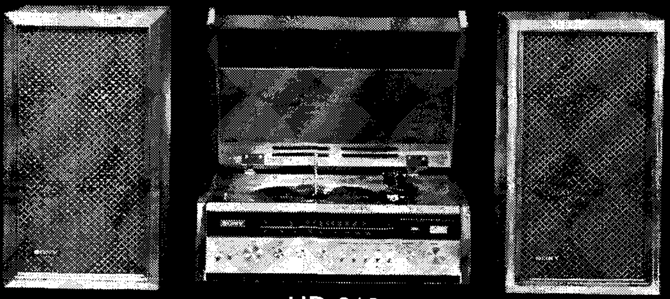
HP-610

earlier occasions, might once more stand up and serve as the conscience of the Second Republic, but the majority of judges, being controlled by Thieu, did not dare go against him on this crucial issue. "We have accepted the man sent us by the American gods," a former high-ranking Vietnamese official cynically observed to me, illustrating the obsessive insistence of many Vietnamese that we are pulling all the strings and also their failure to observe that the puppets seldom perform as directed.

The questions now are how much of an effort will Thieu make to emerge from his isolation, and how successful will he be in keeping any of his promises? He has said he would form his own political party, though he earlier ignored or sabotaged efforts to create a progovernment front of several parties, on the ground that the parties were unable to agree among themselves. Any party he forms now, no matter what it is called or who runs it, will be largely composed of government employees; in fact, it will inevitably remain more of an *apparat* than a party, and thus will be essentially nonpolitical. Thieu is also expected to bring into his Cabinet several new faces, including members of the old nationalist Dai Viet Party, to which he has been close, and of the so-called "pet opposition," the Cap Tien, or Progressive Nationalist Movement, which in the August elections for the House of Representatives won some twenty seats out of a total of a hundred and fifty-nine. But, as one astute Vietnamese who has worked futilely within the government in an effort to "reform" Thieu says, "Nothing he does will be any good unless he gets rid of the domestic servants around him—the five or six people in the palace he has always listened to." Those who know Thieu agree that, despite amnesties for some political prisoners—though not the most prominent of Thieu's jailed opponents—and despite new pledges of social and economic reform, the face of the Second Republic will not change noticeably. Another knowledgeable Vietnamese says, "Thieu may show more self-confidence, but he will still be afraid, and he will consequently continue to trust very few people."

Of the men whom Thieu particularly trusts, the most important at present may be Colonel Nguyen Khac Binh, the new national police chief, who is also head of the country's Central Intelligence Organization—the equivalent of the American C.I.A. Binh, who is about to be made a general, is a tough, able man who can be depended

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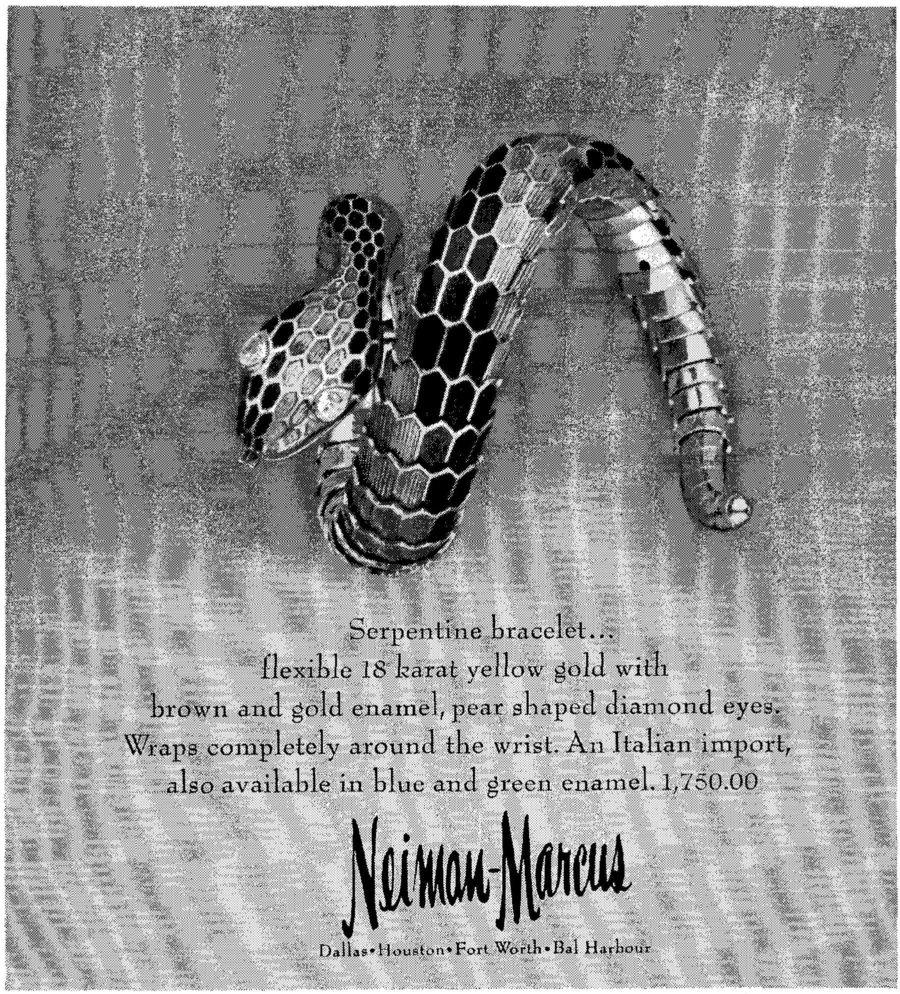
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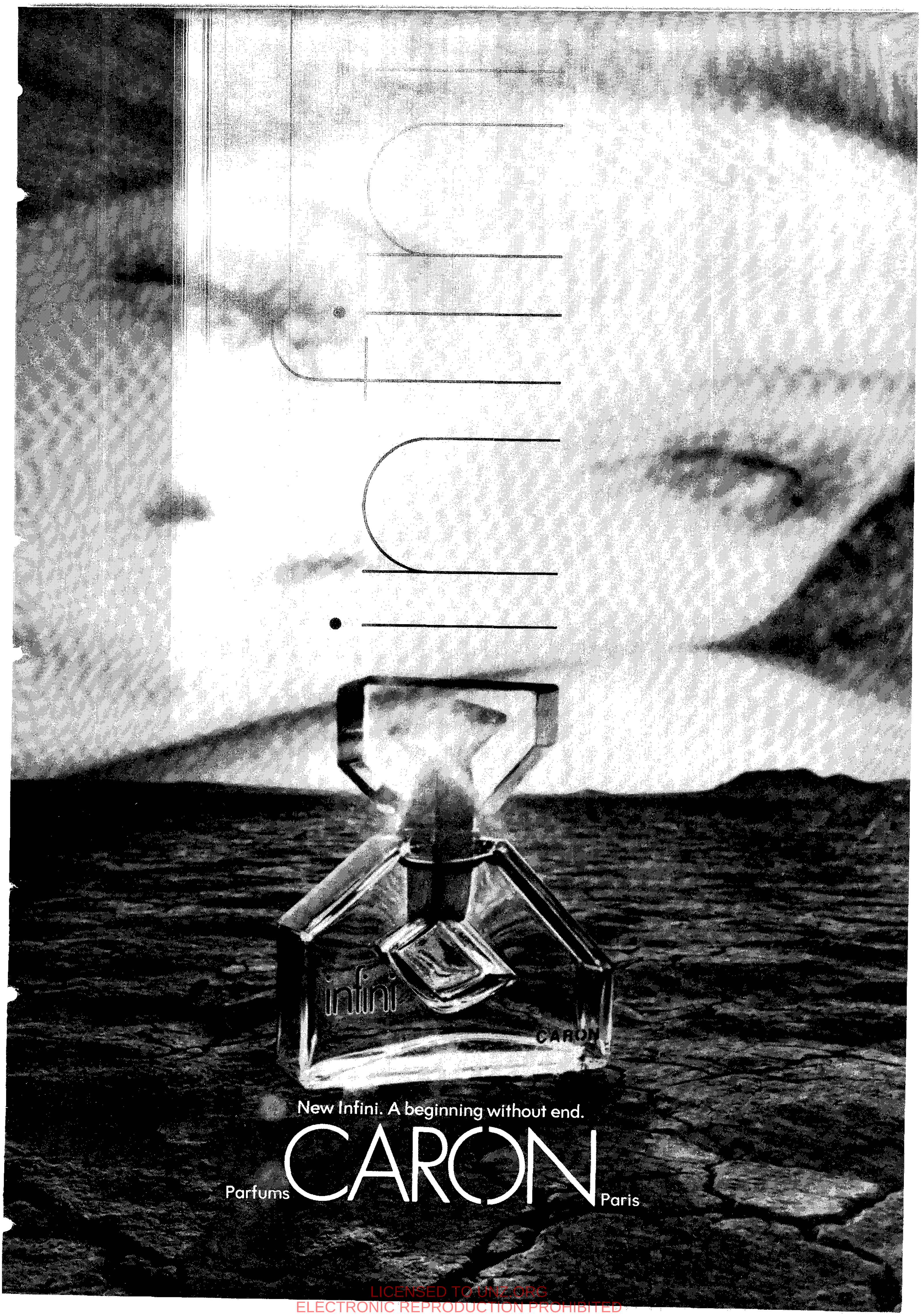
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upon to carry out Thieu's orders to crack down hard on any opposition elements likely to cause trouble in the months ahead. There are very few Vietnamese I know who do not expect such crackdowns to come, just as they came in the last days of the Diem regime. Whether or not this will detonate the bomb under Thieu is the next question. The Communists will surely do all they can to help light the fuse, but conditions are far different from those in 1963, when the Buddhists organized a well-coördinated revolt against Diem and the Americans decided to cut loose from him. Now the opposition groups are more fragmented, though there are more of them, and there is more latent discontent, more war fatigue, and more anti-Americanism. In these respects, the heart of Thieu's Second Republic, in Saigon, is weaker than that of Diem's First Republic was, and nationally the regime's flanks are more exposed, because there are more armed Communists in the countryside.

THE present opposition runs a wide gamut indeed. A few days before the election, after Ky and Minh had both quit the race, Ky (now replaced as Vice-President by former Premier Tran Van Huong) asked General Minh if he wanted to assume the leadership of the opposition forces. Minh replied that in view of the solid American support of Thieu it was futile to try to attempt anything in the way of opposition. Ky then went ahead on his own and became the organizer and unofficial head of the Citizens Coördinating Committee to Oppose Dictatorship, a group of forty-three political and religious leaders which, on October 1st, two days before the election, organized a street demonstration. This was immediately checked by the police, who set up barricades to contain it within a few square blocks. Ky nevertheless appeared at the demonstration; he rode through the barricades with an armed escort (which included a machine-gun-carrying jeep) and called on the voters to boycott the election. That week there was also a series of antigovernment demonstrations, in Saigon and elsewhere, by veterans and students, many of them Ky supporters, and the government countered with demonstrations of its own, which were widely regarded as provocations. There were indications that Ky was contemplating some bolder move, either before the election or between it and Thieu's inauguration. If so, he had second thoughts. He told me on one occasion, "I am not a politician, but I will do

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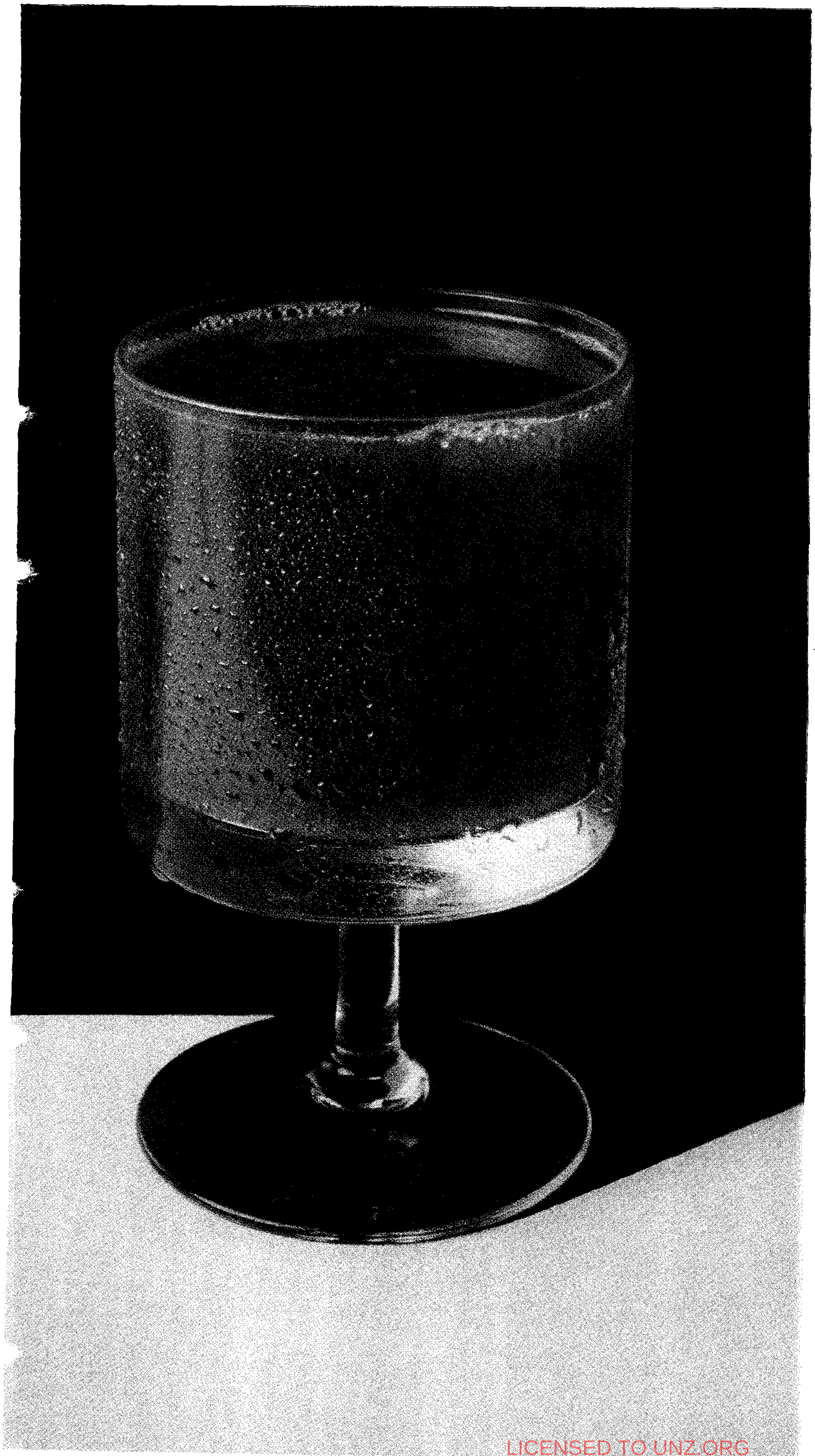

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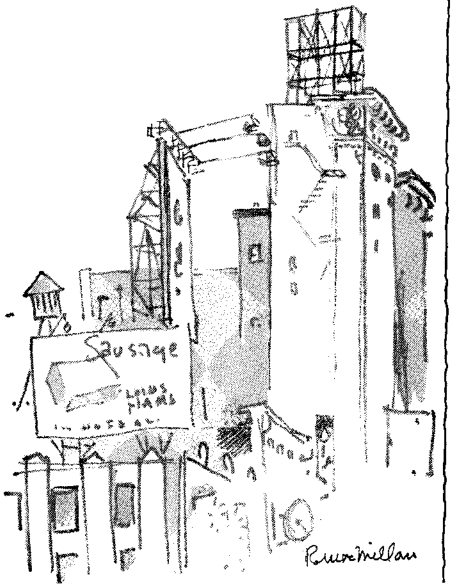
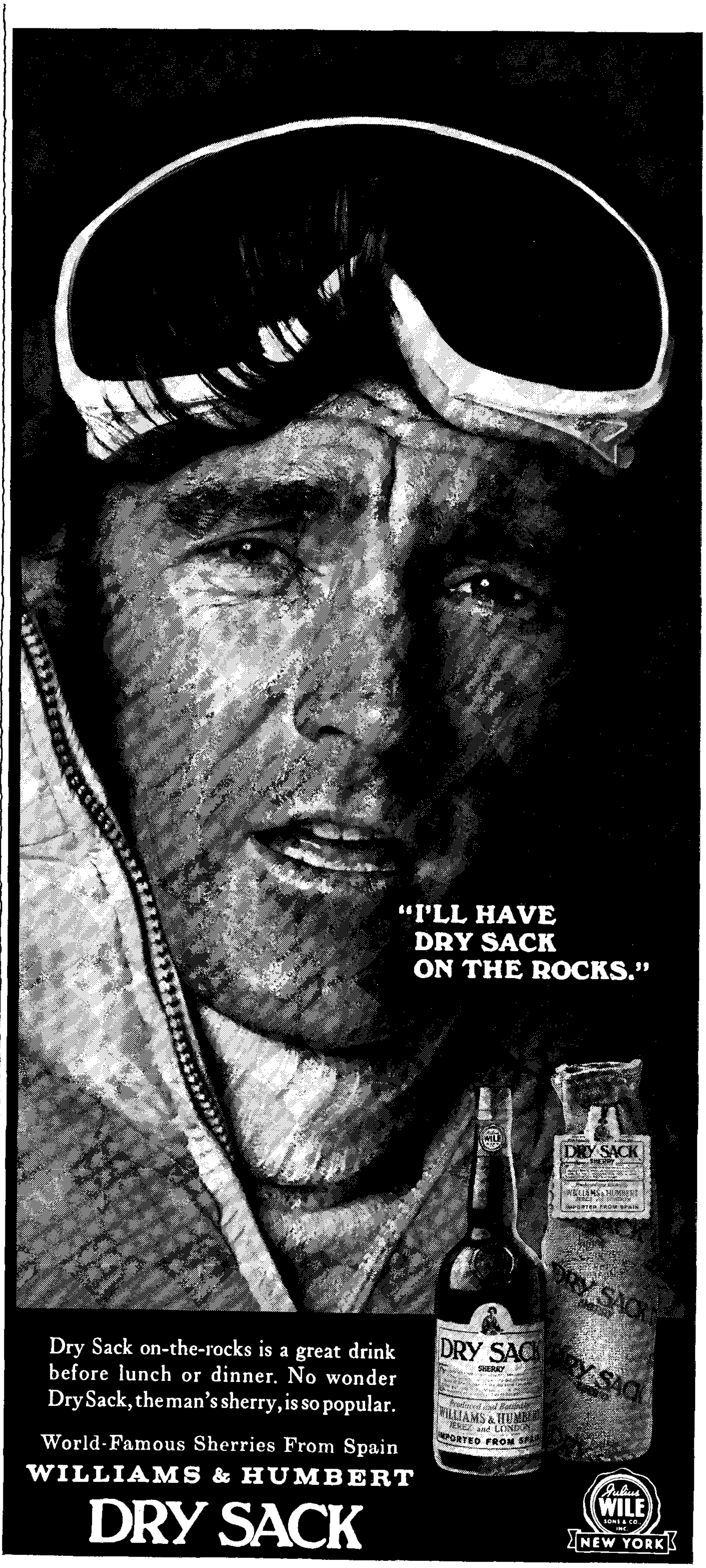
what I think is right, no matter what Thieu or the United States does. I don't care whether I succeed or fail, but the moment I believe I can do something for my country I will do it." On another occasion he admitted that under present conditions a coup was "not enough"—that "there must be a real revolution."

As an ex-Prime Minister, an ex-Vice-President, and a two-star general in the Air Force, Ky could retire with a substantial pension, but he has indicated that he intends to remain on active Air Force duty and stay in the country. It is not known whether Thieu will try to force him out. Nor is it known just how much support Ky will be able to retain. Obviously, certain oppositionists, including some of the members of the Citizens Coördinating Committee, simply want to use him for their own purposes. Ky is well aware of this. He is also well aware—and so is Thieu—that in a country where authoritarianism comes as naturally as it seems to in Vietnam, the military wields the power, and political parties, whether few or many, are bound to be weak. There are signs that Ky's committee is already falling apart, but even if he keeps it going the real strength of his opposition will probably be based mainly on his contacts among the military, with some popular support among students and veterans. In contrast to the situation in 1963, when the generals were carefully organized against Diem, today's generals are divided, being jealous of each other, neutral, or simply intent on reaping rewards for themselves while playing it safe politically. Most will stay with Thieu as long as he retains power.

There does exist among the military, however, a group of colonels and majors who could form the nucleus of a real opposition. Just how many would





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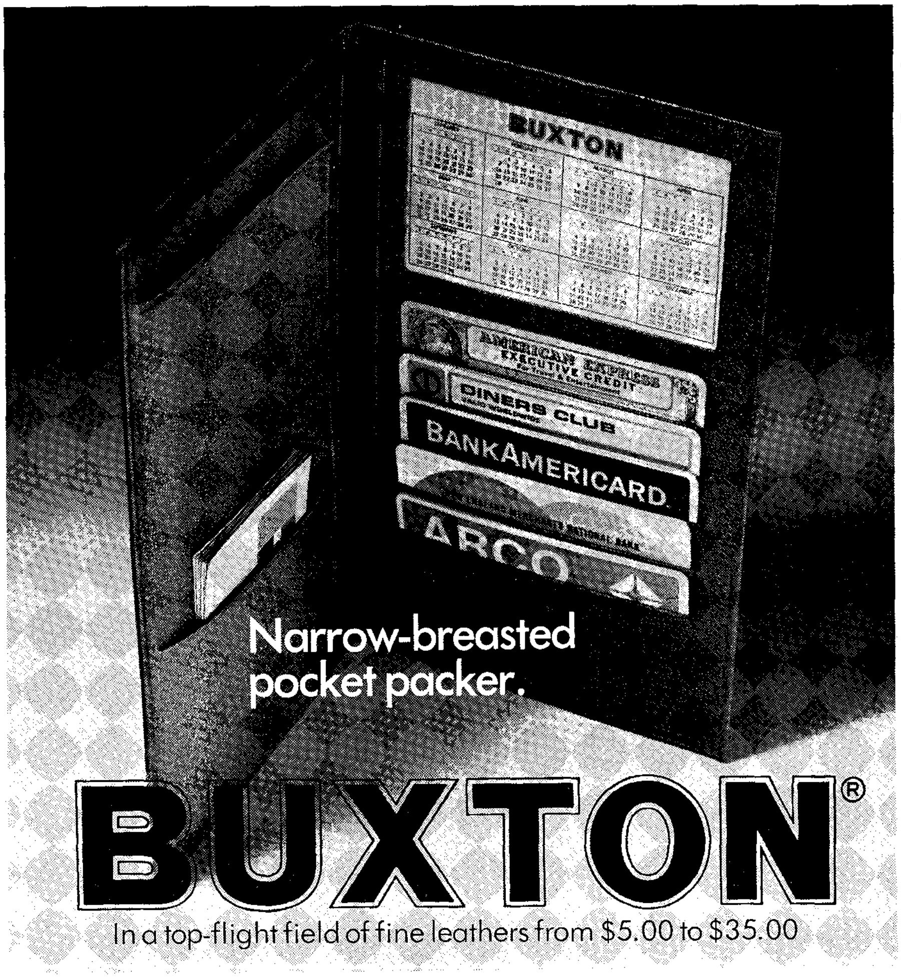
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support Ky in a showdown, or would move on their own against Thieu one way or another, is hard to tell, but some of them are undoubtedly prepared to seize the right moment. Partly for this reason, Thieu's palace security guard is more tightly organized than ever. The long feud between the President and Ky has taken on a melodramatic, Wild West character, with Ky barricaded in a well-armed stockade at Tan Son Nhut Airport—his mustache and fancy clothes giving him the romantic air of an itinerant gambler—while Thieu plays the far less appealing role of the shifty frontier conniver. Though many people here believe that Ky is finished, others feel that a final confrontation between the two will come yet at some Vietnamese high noon.

In decided contrast to Ky is General Minh. The two men, having joined forces against Thieu, will probably stay in touch with each other but will essentially go their separate ways, it is thought, for they differ greatly in personality and in outlook. Where Ky moves quickly, Big Minh weighs his options carefully—too carefully, some of his friends believe. Indeed, he has been compared to a tortoise that every now and then sticks his head out of his shell to look about. He has withdrawn his head at the moment, but he has an objective still in mind—to wait to be summoned at the right moment to save his country from falling apart. The call came once, in 1963, but that time, as nominal head of the junta that overthrew Diem, he failed to assume real leadership, and the call may never come again. He has made frequent public statements over the past year, yet all that is clear about his program is that he seeks to conciliate the bickering political and religious forces and to obtain a peace that will not hand the country over to the Communists. Partly for this reason, his chief supporters—the militant An Quang Pagoda Buddhists, who led the 1963 rebellion, and a small group of young southern politicians—have lost some of their faith in him as an opposition leader. Minh, however, has begun to mend his fences, and he cannot be written off, if only because he is the potential compromise leader of an interim government if Thieu should stumble and fall.

Like so many other South Vietnamese at the moment, the Buddhists are also waiting, but they have their own special reasons for doing so. Having taken the lead in opposing incumbent governments in 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, and 1967, and having never gained the power or the rewards they felt they deserved, they are now letting others, such as the students and veterans, conduct the demonstrations. One prominent monk told me, "An Quang is like a bird that has escaped the arrow, so now we must make conditions and be careful." Furthermore, the Buddhists have to a large extent "gone legal," in that ten of their number are members of the sixty-man Senate and twenty or thirty are members of the House of Representatives. Senator Tran Quang Thuan, an An Quang Buddhist, who a few years ago was in hiding as a draft dodger after playing an antigovernment role but today is the new head of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, estimates that, counting sympathizers, the Buddhists have seventy adherents in the National Assembly and can muster about a hundred and fifty of the five hundred-odd members of Provincial and Municipal Councils throughout the country. The Buddhists are at last determined to create a political party of their own, but they say it will take them two years to do so. Their main strength is in central Vietnam, as it has been in the past, but at the moment a serious split has developed between the An Quang element there, led by Thich Tri Quang, the hero of the 1963 revolt, and the southern group, headed by Thich Thien Hoa. Thieu is expected to capitalize on the split by offering the An Quang Pagoda the official government charter it has long been denied. Before October 3rd, the Buddhists, like others here, were hoping that the Americans could use their leverage to force Thieu to hold a fair election. Now Senator Thuan says, "Nixon wants to save himself and get out. We don't want to destroy Thieu, but we do want to control our own fate and our own future."

The Buddhists' determination to retain their influence was shown by their taking a leading part in the formation, just before the election, of the People's Committee Struggling for Peace and Democracy. This group, with a membership of forty-five, also includes Catholics, who have not previously opposed Thieu, a Catholic convert, in any substantial numbers; members of the Hoa Hao and Cao Dai sects; nine members of the National Assembly; and quite a few professional people. The committee, in an initial statement, labelled Thieu "a militarist dictator who is dependent on foreigners; has driven South Vietnam even more deeply into political disunity, social decline, economic stalemate, and despair of peace; and, especially, has completely

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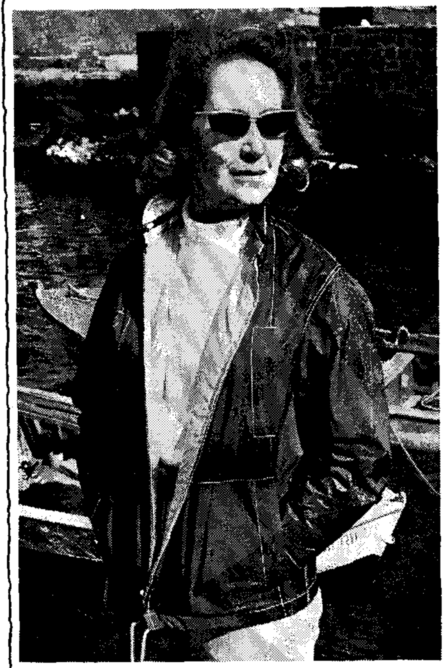

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lost [*our nation's*] *sovereignty,* because of the United States government's increasingly brazen intervention," and pledged itself to "establish a democratic administration able to bring about peace in the country." Significantly, the P.R.G.'s Liberation Radio, on October 7th, broadcast the committee's declaration in full, without comment. Its future, like that of the Citizens Coordinating Committee to Oppose Dictatorship, is uncertain, but it is trying to keep itself together, enlarge its membership, and hold more meetings. On October 1st, the day the Citizens Coordinating Committee held its demonstration, a scheduled press conference of the Peace and Democracy group at the An Quang Pagoda was broken up by police using tear gas before it got started. By then, even though the Vietnamese Senate (with a bare quorum of thirty-one members present) had voted 28–3, on September 22nd, in favor of postponing the election, it was apparent that Thieu was going to brazen it out.

WHILE the traditional forces are currently reëvaluating their roles and realigning themselves, something new is evolving that may more realistically presage the future. It is a fresh brand of urban radicalism, departing from the classic Vietnamese mold of either nationalism or Communism. With no illusions and no heroes left, no hopes about what people like Big Minh can now do, and no lingering regrets for what the Americans might have done, this new, still inchoate element thus far exists primarily underground, but it is stirring. On the surface, it has found expression among the radical student groups, including some that have been infiltrated by the Communists and some that have remained independent, and among the increasingly vocal veterans—the armless and the legless—seen more and more in Saigon. The potential for violence in what is brewing has been demonstrated in the fire bombing or grenading of American jeeps and trucks in Saigon; in Hué and Danang, in the northern part of the country; in Qui Nhon, in the center; and in cities like Can Tho, in the Delta. Other demonstrations, perhaps even more portentous for the Americans, have involved demands for payment from American drivers or their units after United States vehicles have caused accidents to Vietnamese. In one such incident recently, involving a funeral cortege rammed by an American truck, the victims demanded not only nine thousand dollars but, oddly, a hundred

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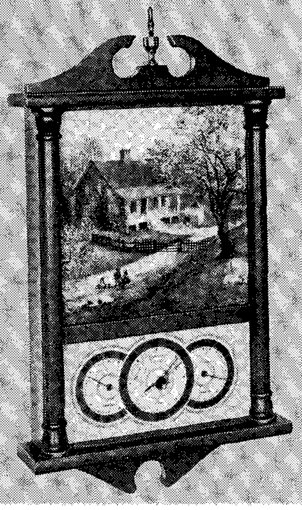

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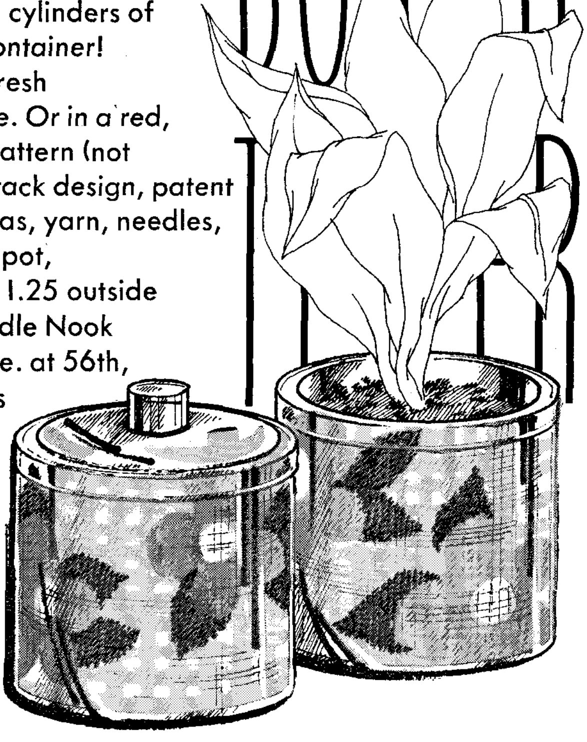

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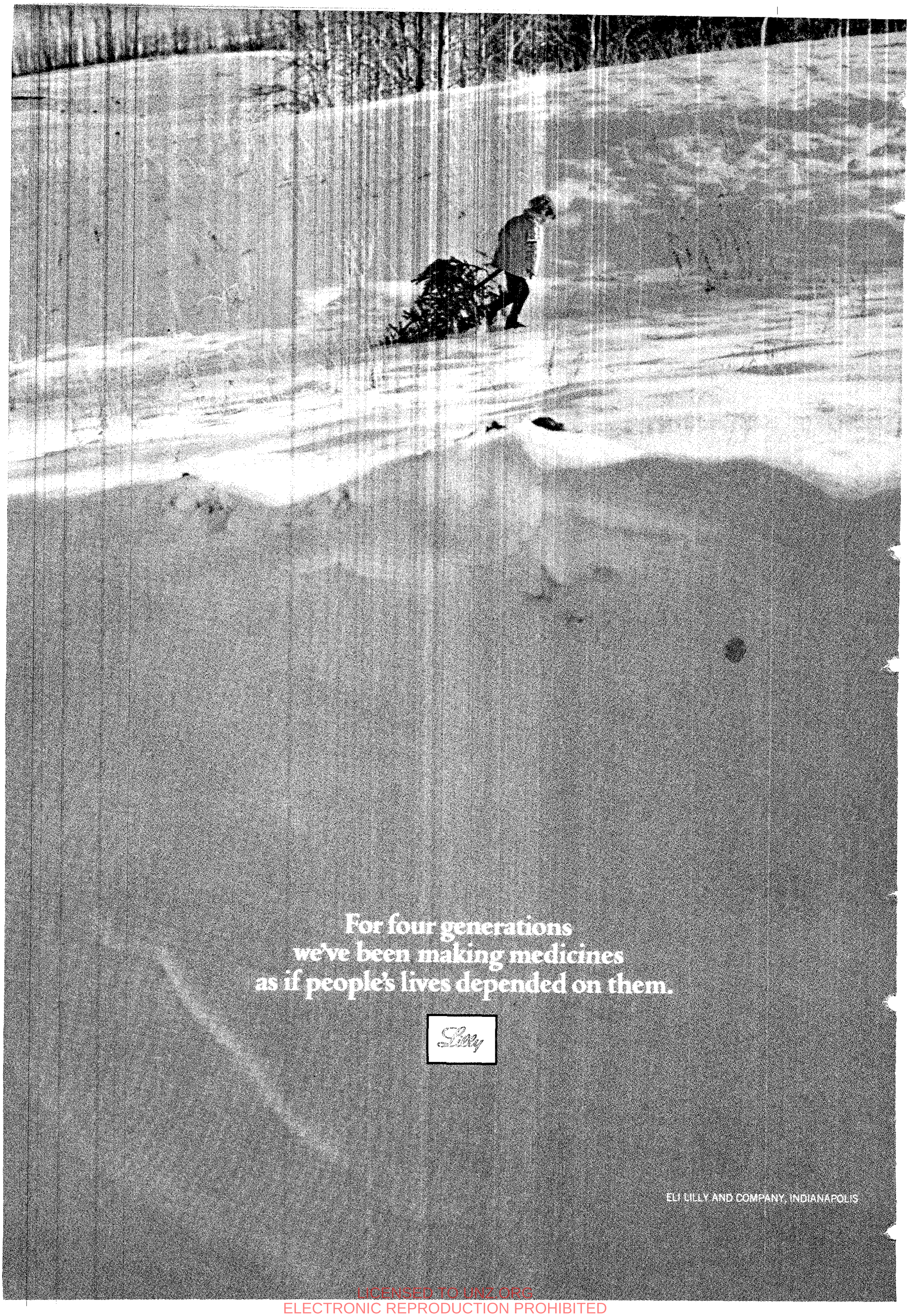
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and seventy cans of salad oil. (They settled for less than a thousand dollars but got the oil.) In another case, some American soldiers were held for ransom. These incidents have so far been isolated, but they could easily mount in what would be a meshing of anti-American feeling with the new radical thrust against the Thieu government.

The new radicalism is more complicated than this, however. Some Vietnamese I know have identified it with the Hanh Trinh movement ("*hanh trinh*" means "journey"), consisting of left-wing intellectuals—faculty members and students in the universities, people outside university life, and even people outside the country, mostly in France, who are ready to return when the moment is right. Since the formation, shortly after the 1968 Communist Tet offensive, of the Alliance of National, Democratic, and Peace Forces, a Communist-front organization designed particularly to attract urban intellectuals, Hanh Trinh members have been sought out by Alliance agents who lived in Saigon prior to the Tet attack, then took refuge in the jungle, and have of late been secretly flowing back into the city. This is in keeping with the Communists' insistence, both publicly and in their own directives, that more effort must be made to infiltrate labor unions, student movements, intellectuals' associations, and the press, as well as government agencies, including the police and military organizations. What my Vietnamese friends envision regarding the new radicalism is predicated not only on the emergence of younger political leaders with no ties to the past but also on the adoption of fresh tactics by both the Communists and the non-Communists. The Communists will continue their terror tactics, my friends say, but they will simultaneously apply a velvet-glove approach by using Alliance agents to capture or weaken as many urban organizations as possible, such as the Confederation of Vietnamese Workers. (In its case, at least, terrorist tactics still dominated a few weeks ago, when the Confederation's head, Tran Quoc Buu, narrowly escaped being killed by a buried dynamite charge that shattered his living room a few moments after he had left it.) As before, the Communists will try to get students to "visit" their indoctrination centers in the jungle during vacation periods—something that a considerable number have done, returning to Saigon as agents. (The government, of course, has also played its own game of penetrating the enemy apparatus, with various degrees of success, and

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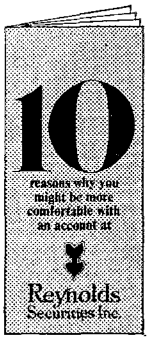
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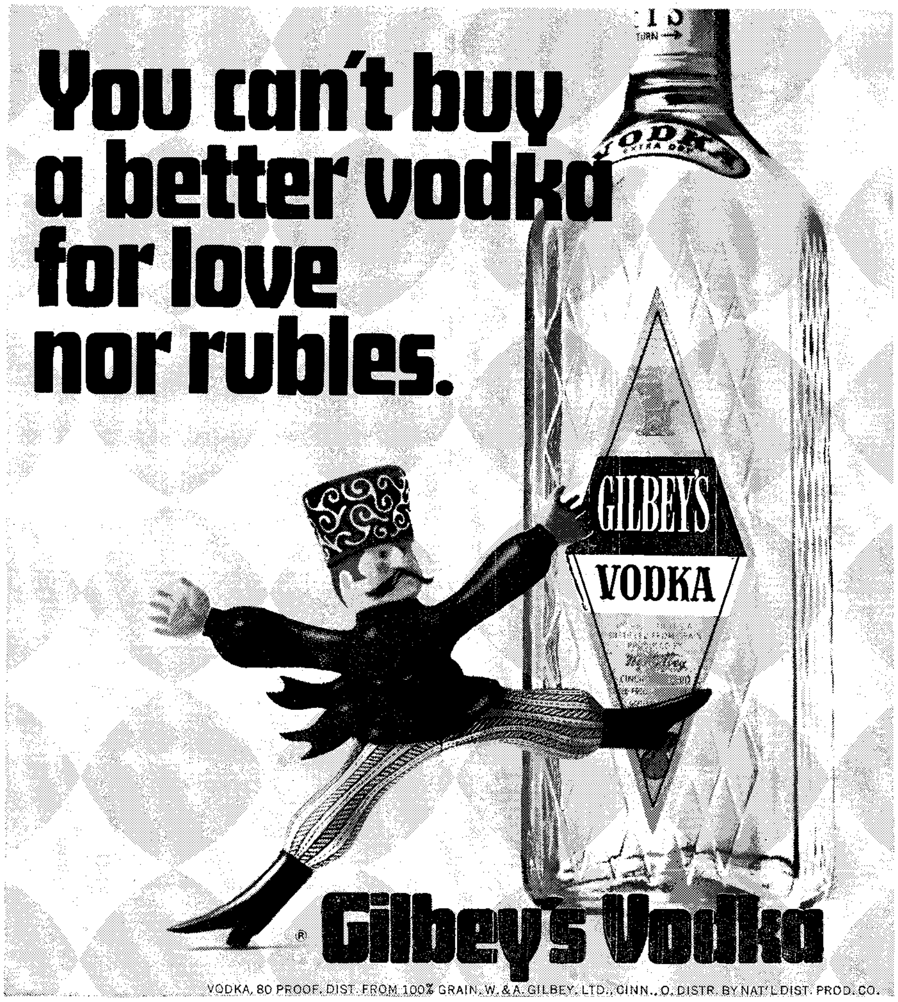

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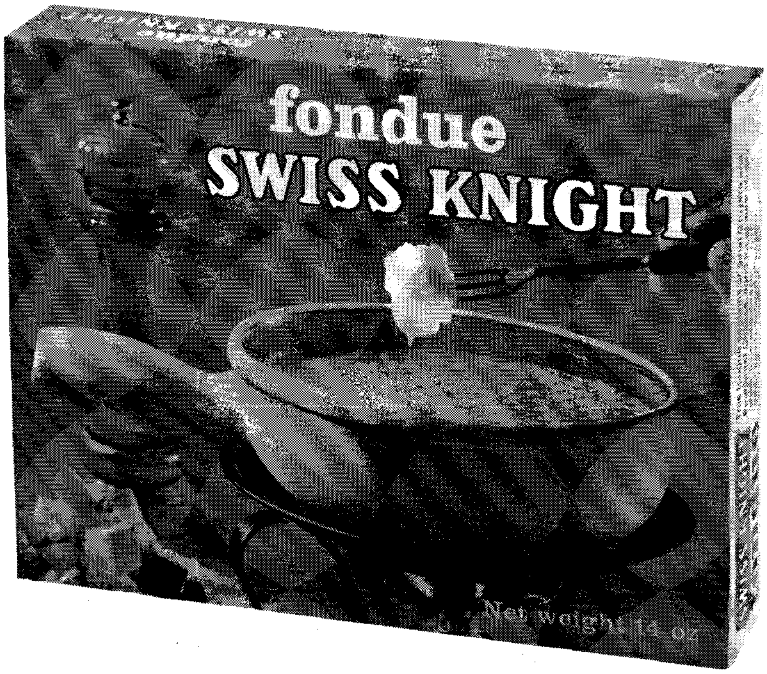

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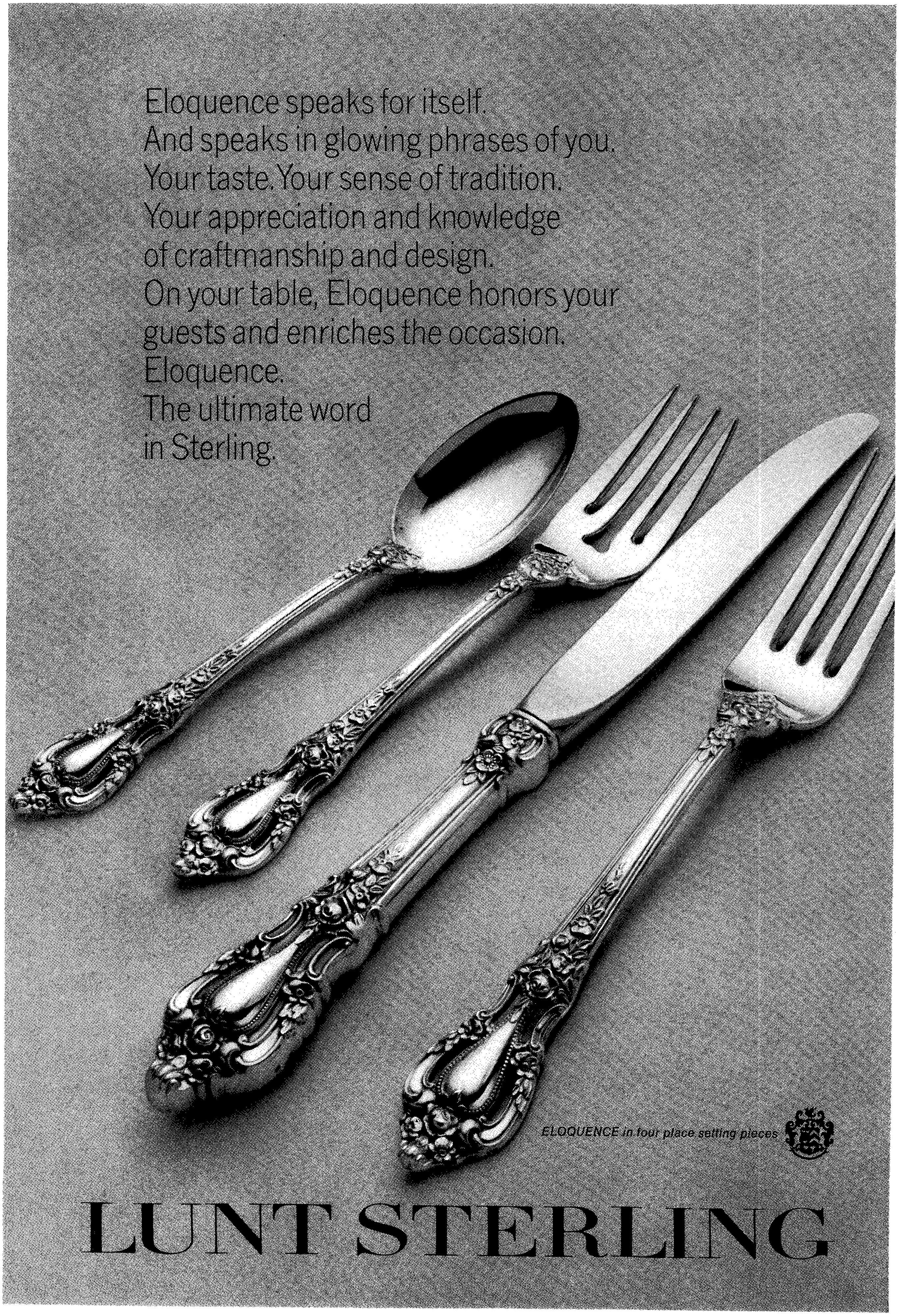
the longer the war lasts, the more popular the game will become and the more double agents there will be.) But the new radicals are trying to avoid a choice between the Alliance and the open opposition elements that are still vocal and active. "They may ultimately have to choose one side or the other," a friend of mine who is in touch with the Hanh Trinh group says. "But right now they are convinced that they can play a more constructive role by remaining silent and apart. They may not emerge until the accommodation process really begins, which is also when the émigrés will come back from abroad. When the Americans are gone, and we Vietnamese really begin to bargain over our future, the new radicals may have a dominant role to play."

This concept, whether valid or not, ties in, at least in its projected timing, with the current Communist strategy. With the Vietcong's guerrilla strength declining, and with the North Vietnamese having to bear the main burden of the war despite increasing economic and manpower difficulties, the Communists have evolved a new three-phase plan. Phase One aims at forcing the Americans to withdraw faster by means of combined political and military offensives in the coming months (it is expected that President Nixon will move more quickly to disengage in any case as the American election approaches); Phase Two, which will follow the departure of all American combat units, will concentrate on pressing the political offensive against the Thieu government, if it is still in power; Phase Three, which is likely to be the most protracted, will involve a complex series of political and diplomatic maneuvers, with the aim—as in the past—of establishing a provisional coalition government followed by a permanent one. The Communists declare in one of their directives, "We must counter the aggressive war not only in the present but also in the future when our fatherland is liberated. The class struggle will continue to take place, fierce and complicated, especially the struggle against spies, reactionaries, henchmen of the American imperialists, reactionary elements in religious communities, and ethnic minority groups. . . . Therefore, when the Revolution successfully seizes power . . . this will require us to have a strong armed and political force to completely destroy the enemy in order to protect the revolutionary government and to build a prosperous and happy life for the people." The critical components of the



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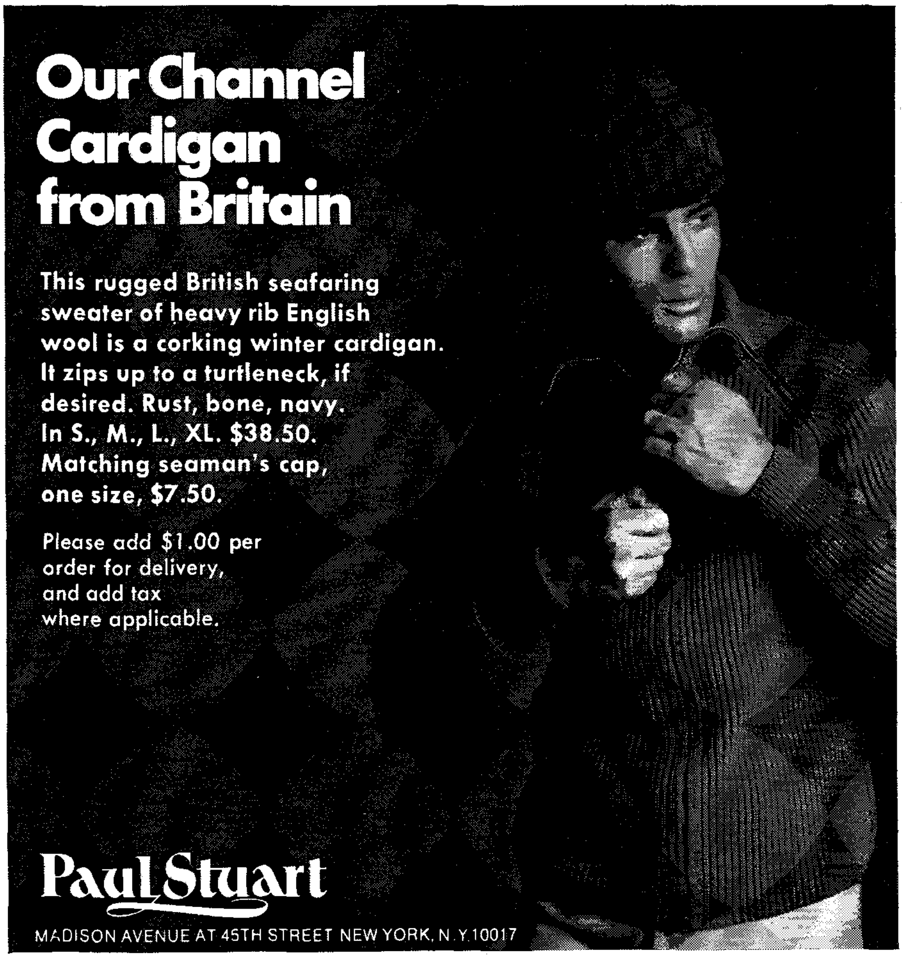

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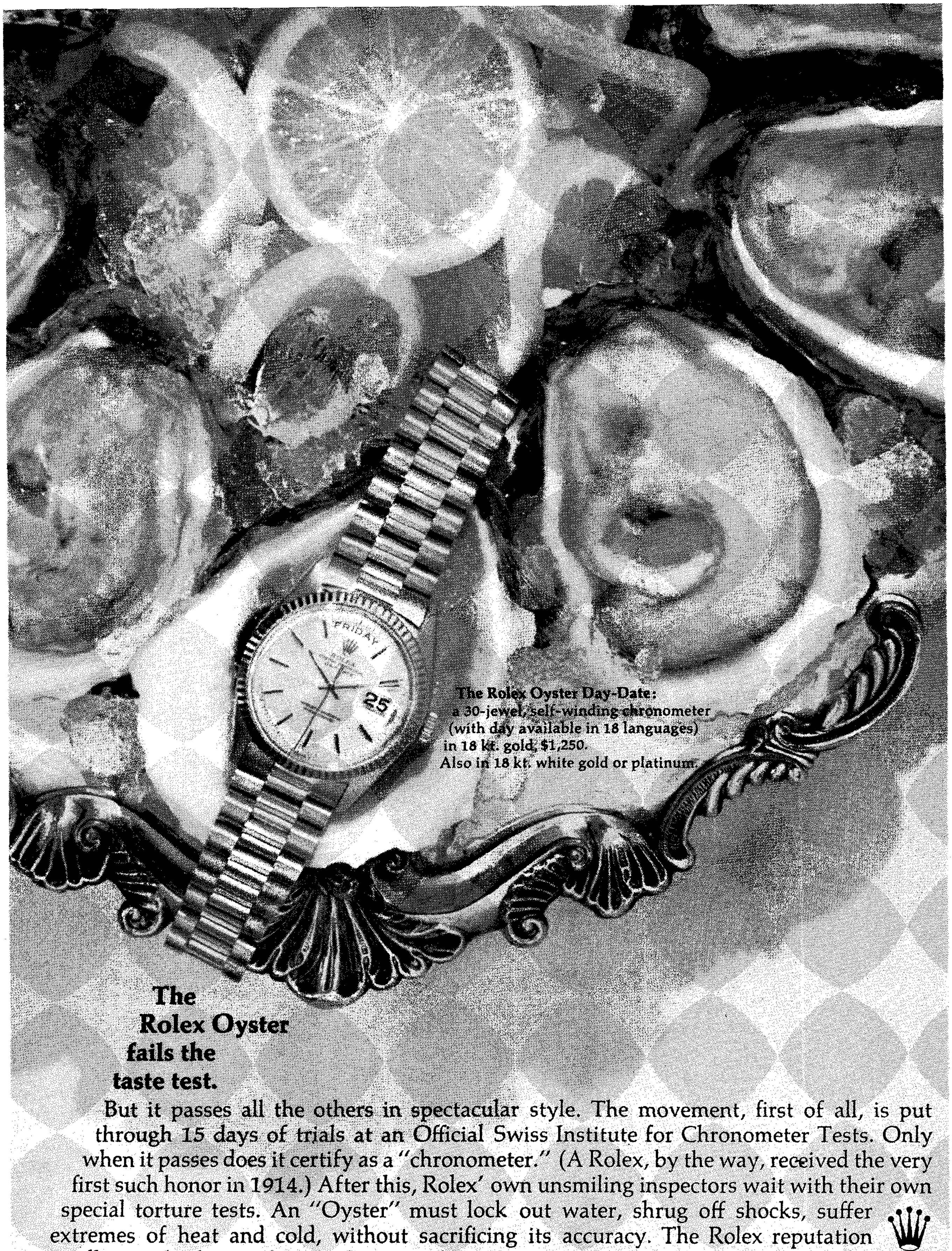
force which will together achieve these goals are, according to the directive, "the espionage force, the area-security force, and the armed reconnaissance force." While warning against the indiscriminate use of "repression," the Communists enumerate the types of enemy they want to "eliminate," including "cruel tyrants, reactionaries, betrayers, and spies," and they specifically earmark for oblivion elected government officials in the villages and hamlets, government leaders in Saigon, and prominent opposition political and religious leaders. Presumably, the new radicals, seeking a neutralist-nationalist solution for South Vietnam, would find themselves in trouble in the event of a Communist victory. Caught, as they and other opposition elements are, between the repressive methods of Thieu and the even harsher ones of the Communists, the radicals are in a difficult position. They are fully aware of this, and much of their anti-Americanism arises from their conviction that by backing Thieu so strongly we have made life more dangerous for them. And it can hardly be disputed that by having involved ourselves both so deeply and so ineffectively in Vietnam we have helped polarize the political forces throughout the country—that if we have prevented or delayed a Communist victory, we also have inhibited the natural development of revolutionary movements that might have survived independently or made their own accommodation with the Communists from a stronger position.

AMERICAN officials here are no longer trying to hide their disappointment over Thieu's performance but are simply gritting their teeth; barring an unlikely signal from the White House that there has been a switch in policy, they will continue to give Thieu their full support, though the top personnel, starting with Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker, will probably soon be replaced in the normal course of events. Though Thieu has expressed hope for a residual force of some fifty thousand Americans, mostly "technicians and advisers," plus a division or so of American support troops, hardly anyone at the Embassy or at United States Army headquarters expects more than twenty or thirty thousand Americans—including two or three thousand advisers, instead of the current ten thousand—to be in South Vietnam beyond mid-1972. Brigadier General Alexander Meigs Haig, Jr., of the White House National Security staff, came here in September for the purpose of making



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some final assessments before President Nixon announces an increase in the rate of monthly withdrawals later this month and further defines the withdrawal policy. The big unanswered questions are how much American Air Force activity will continue, for how long, and from what bases. The South Vietnamese armed forces, including the regular and paramilitary elements, total more than a million men under arms, and thus outnumber the Communists—who have about three hundred thousand men, including armed guerrillas, here and in Cambodia—by more than three to one. (Eighty thousand additional North Vietnamese are either fighting in Laos or guarding the Ho Chi Minh Trail complex there.) Though the North Vietnamese have considerably more firepower than guerrillas usually possess, it may be true, as Americans who study what the Communists say in their directives maintain, that the Communists cannot win the war militarily and know it, and for that reason are emphasizing political and diplomatic aspects of the conflict. It is certainly true that the tone of recent Communist documents has grown more defensive, but the determination to prosecute the war and the revolution to a successful conclusion remains evident. Moreover, despite continuing problems of morale, the pattern of military activity in recent months and the outlook for the forthcoming dry season do not indicate a slackening of the Communist military effort.

Steady, though not sustained, North Vietnamese and Vietcong guerrilla probes, rocket and mortar attacks, and sabotage forays are taking place throughout the country, from the Delta to the North. The Communists, in most cases, are still breaking their larger units into smaller forces; the most notable exception has been the battle around the town of Krek, in Cambodia, adjacent to the low plateau area northwest of Saigon—though in mid-October, for the first time in many months, a Communist unit estimated to be near-battalion size was engaged by South Vietnamese troops forty miles north of Saigon. In Cambodia, the Communist objectives remain essentially what they have been all along: to continue pressure on Phnom Penh and various provincial capitals so as to isolate them, to build up local resistance forces among the Cambodians, and to regain the border sanctuary areas seized by the Americans and the South Vietnamese in May, 1970. The Krek campaign appears to have been a build-up for these objectives, though at the

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moment the sizable North Vietnamese elements being pursued by the South Vietnamese there are engaging in evasive tactics. The Americans have just withdrawn from the last fire base they held in the border zone—a move that followed a series of incidents in which G.I.s refused to go out into the jungle in pursuit of the Communists. Similar incidents have occurred elsewhere, and as we disengage, more such minor "mutinies" are apt to take place. It will be interesting to see whether, with the political situation in Saigon so uncertain and with all American combat troops supposedly on their way home, this phenomenon will extend to the South Vietnamese.

In the Delta, the South Vietnamese have gained a major victory in recent months—though not without sizable losses—in the Communists' U Minh forest sanctuary, where bottled-up North Vietnamese units counterattacked and lost five hundred killed. This is the first time the South Vietnamese have attacked a major Communist base area on their own. But though the Delta is still considered the most secure area in the country, seven of its sixteen provinces are having trouble sustaining their pacification drives—which are what the Communists are chiefly seeking to disrupt—and of the approximately eleven hundred South Vietnamese soldiers being killed each month in the country, half are killed in the Delta. In the ever-growing lexicon of this gruelling war, there is a new Communist term—*mang*. A *mang* is a cluster of Delta villages that a company of sappers attack, armed with the best weapons; if they are successful, they recruit as many deserters as possible

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from the government's paramilitary units—the Regional and Popular Forces and the local People's Self-Defense Forces—and they leave behind a guerrilla element to maintain control of the village cluster or to continue to harass it. These tactics are being used elsewhere in the country, too, and are further proof that the Communists are moving away from main-force engagements, except in rare cases, and resorting to what is a more highly developed form of their early guerrilla warfare. How much manpower weakness this reveals is debatable. Certainly the Vietcong ranks have been thinned, but this year an estimated sixty-five thousand North Vietnamese, compared to an estimated fifty-three thousand last year, have been infiltrated into South Vietnam, though their standards of physical condition and training are lower. On the other hand, because of floods and other troubles in the North, and because of the continued American bombings north of the Demilitarized Zone and preëmptive South Vietnamese campaigns on the ground around the entrance to the Ho Chi Minh Trail and to the east of it, no truck traffic has moved south in the past month, and this is unusual for October. In the past, the Communists have turned out to have stockpiled far more matériel in Cambodia, Laos, and parts of South Vietnam than was indicated by Allied Intelligence data, but now there is a sign that they may be having new supply difficulties. There is a series of reports that submarines have recently been sighted off the central coast. Though no final evidence has been obtained, the reports include at least one sighting of a periscope and one radar finding, while the South Vietnamese claim that shots were exchanged on one occasion with what appeared to be a surfaced submarine. What this would indicate, if the accounts are true, is that the North Vietnamese are once again trying, as they did early in the war, to land men and matériel from trawlers along the coast; the submarines, whose nationality could be Russian, might be lending support to such operations.

DESPITE the activity in the Delta and along the Cambodian borders, the most critical areas in South Vietnam are the two northernmost military areas. In the I Corps area (now called Military Region I), just below North Vietnam, the Communists have some fifty-five thousand troops, more than a fifth of all the Communist troops in the country. American

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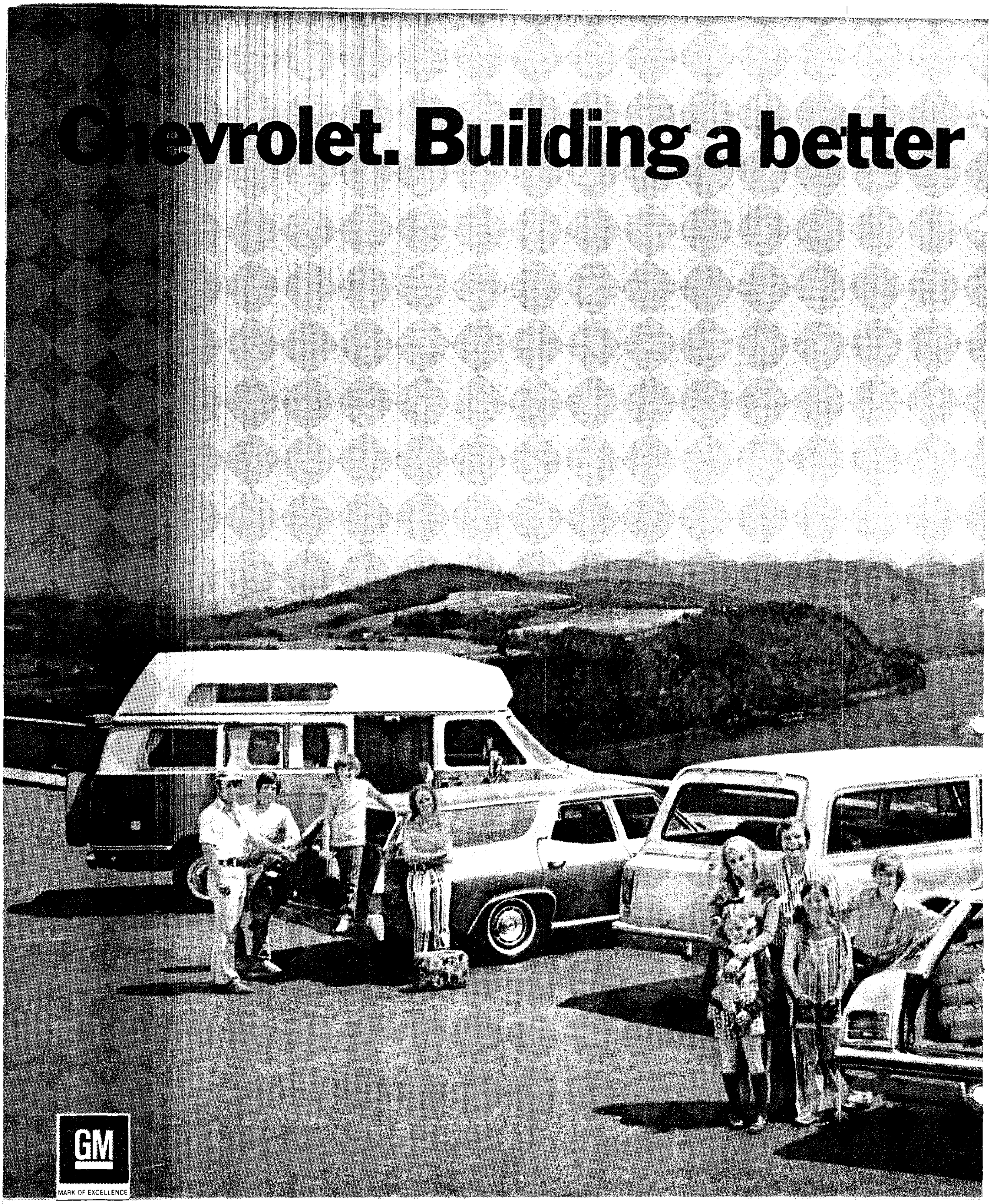

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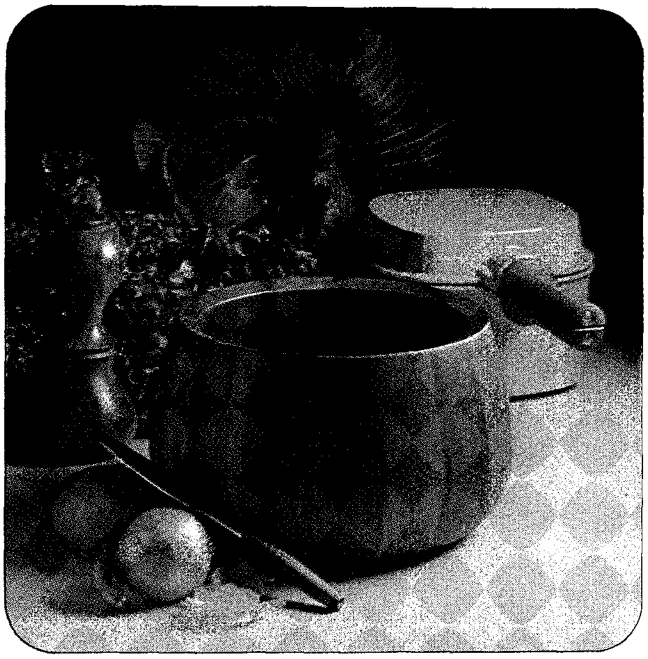

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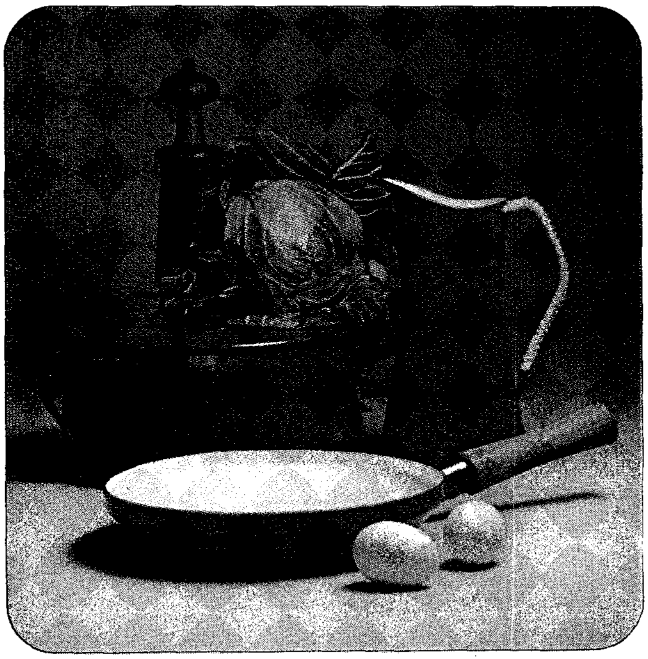
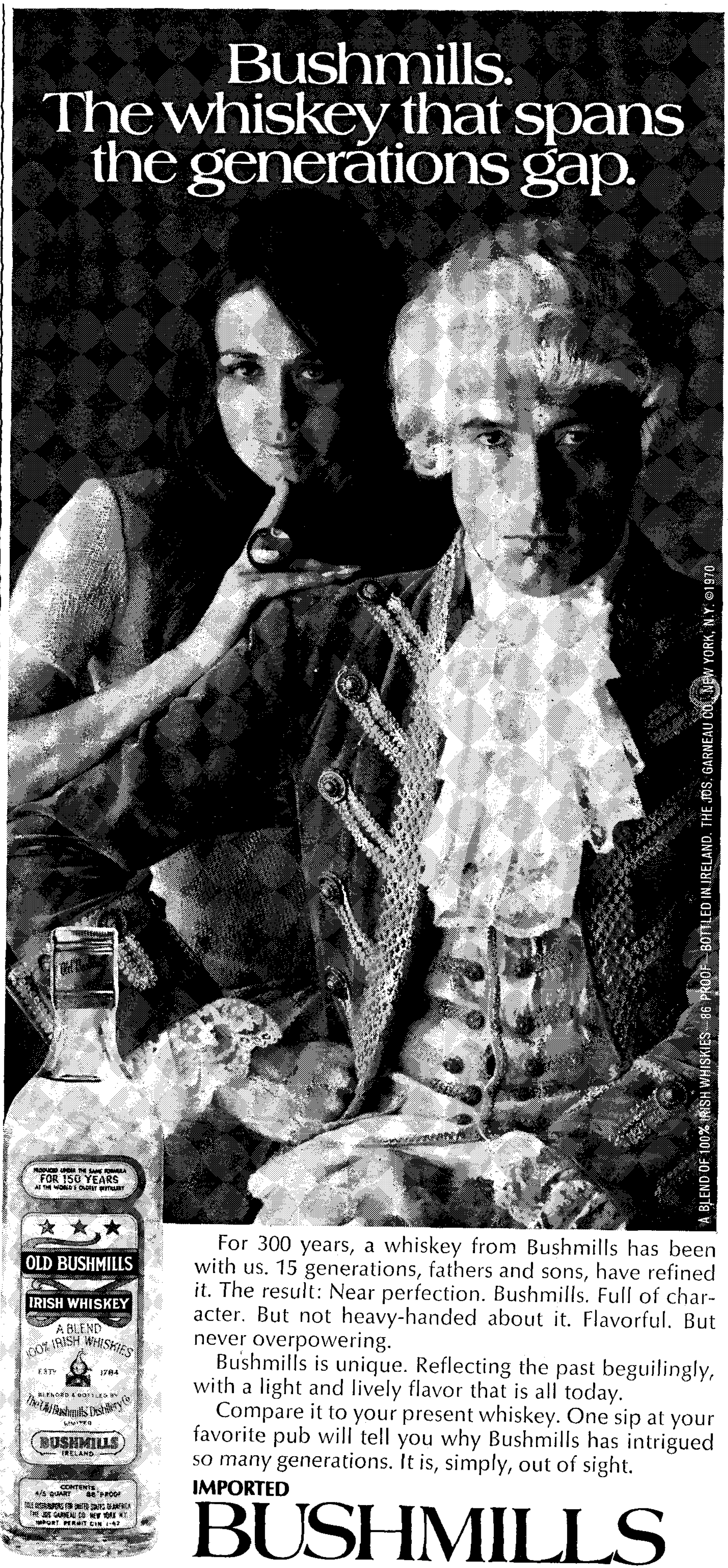


commanders anticipate stepped-up action across the D.M.Z., aimed at the cities of Hué and Quang Tri, after the first of the year, when the weather improves, and when the American 101st Division starts pulling out, and it is here that the South Vietnamese (reinforced by a newly formed ARVN division) may face their sternest test. The Vietnamization program could also be severely tested, and the outcome could be significant for all of Vietnam.

The II Corps area (now M.R. II), just to the south, which is the largest military region in South Vietnam, is still considered the weakest, from the standpoint of daily security. I recently spent three days in the region—mostly in Binh Dinh Province, which is rated the least secure in the country on the pacification charts. Binh Dinh means "pacified" in Vietnamese, having been so named when one warrior-ruler captured it from another early in the nineteenth century, but it is anything but pacified today, and it seldom has been pacified over the past ten years. Despite the war's ravages, it remains one of the most beautiful of the nation's forty-four provinces. Its rolling hills and valleys and lovely coast have historically been hard-core revolutionary and Vietcong territory. Had it not been for the Americans, who are all but gone, and the Koreans, some of whom are still there, most of the province, which has a population of nearly a million, would be under Vietcong control, and, in fact, some of it still falls into the category of "contested areas." John Paul Vann, the senior American adviser here, says, "Binh Dinh has suffered from what we've done, in that the security provided by foreign troops has given an instant fix but delayed any permanent basis of improvement." Vann, who has been in Vietnam for ten years, first in the Army and now as a civilian adviser, feels that if the Americans keep a small residual force in Vietnam, composed primarily of technicians, and particularly if they help the South Vietnamese build up and maintain a helicopter force of their own, South Vietnam's chances of independent survival are "ninety-five per cent," whereas "if we left tomorrow, lock, stock, and barrel, their chances would be no better than fifty-fifty, even if we continued some military and economic assistance." Vann, a man of positive opinions, who probably knows as much about the country as any American, feels strongly about the sort of Americans who should stay here. "There ought to be a law passed that no one should ever come to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Vietnam for the first time," he said.

Vann's identification with Vietnam is deep and personal, and he has been one of the harshest critics of American policy here. (Among other things, he was, and remains, one of the staunchest friends and protectors of former Representative Tran Ngoc Chau, who was jailed by Thieu for having made contact with his brother, an admitted Communist.) Few Americans either retain as much zeal or have as much hope for the future as Vann does. And so, it seems, do few Vietnamese—at least to judge by the remarks of one of Vann's top aides during a long discussion I had with members of the II Corps advisory staff. "The trouble with the Vietnamese on this side is that they still lack a sense of urgency, which is something the Communists never seem to lose," the aide said. "It's a matter of dedication and leadership, and the worst gaps are still at the top. Some of the newer junior officers are gung ho, but they don't last long. Their regimental commanders let them do the job and then they get killed or transferred."

In company with Vann, I also talked with Colonel John McDaniels, a black officer who is leaving the country with what he described as "an uneasy feeling," after commanding Task Force 19, an artillery base guarding the critical east-west Highway 19 in the II Corps area. He doubts the ability of the South Vietnamese to use the sophisticated weaponry that the Americans will leave behind and that they will continue to donate. McDaniels' men have spent the last few months doing very little except carry on nightly bombardments of an area not far from the military camp known as Radcliffe, where the Communists hide out. "I have to do *something*," he said. Vietnamese woodcutters, he added, venture into the area by day but are supposed to leave at dusk. "We know there are Vietcong in there," McDaniels said. Vann cut him short. "If people get hurt, it doesn't make much difference that you have permission from the district chief to harass and interdict with fire." Two things seemed to worry McDaniels more than anything else: the racial tension building up between whites and blacks in his outfit, and the use of drugs. "Both are mostly due to boredom," he said. "As for the drugs, anyone can get the stuff off any bus passing by here. There are also rival gangs of prostitutes who bring it in."

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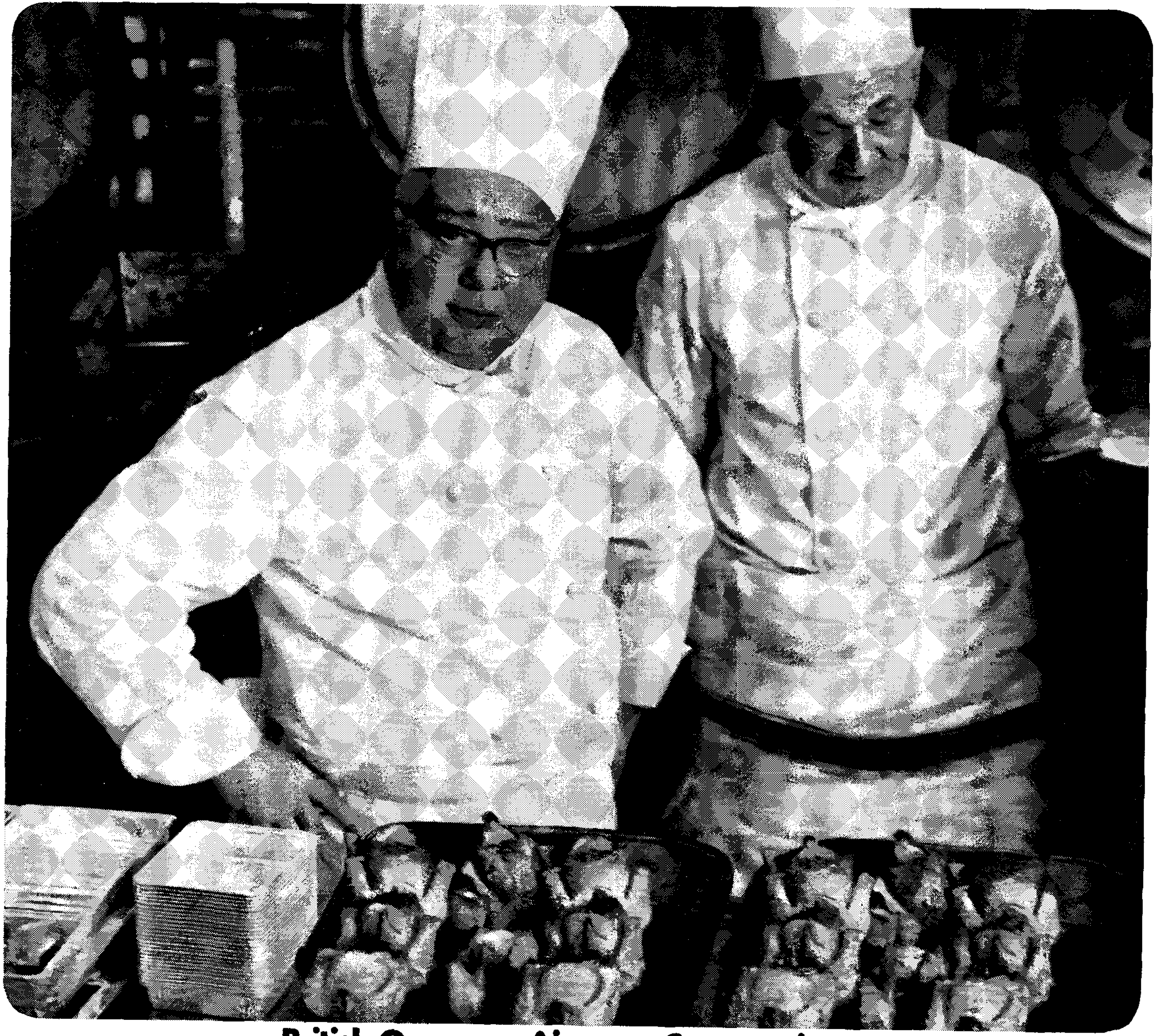

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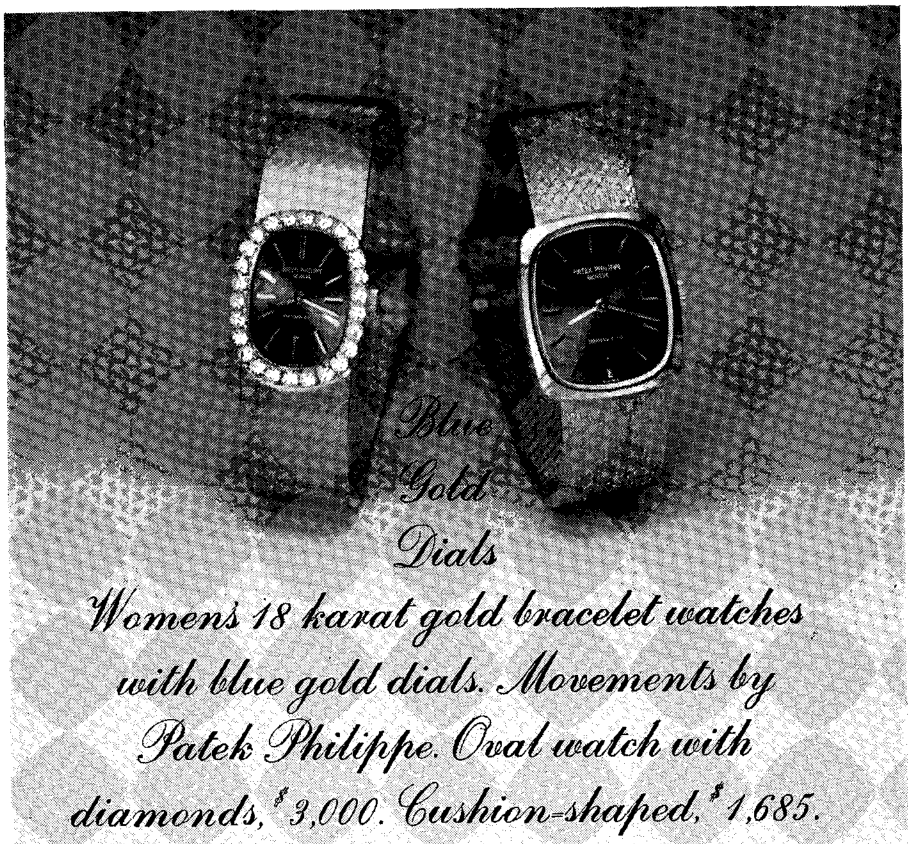

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the past decade, I doubt whether the government forces will be able to hold it once the Koreans and the few remaining Americans leave, or whether advisers, technicians, or any other experts will make much difference. These doubts were reinforced during my stay in the province, when I again visited, among other places, the district of Phu My, rated as one of the worst in the entire country on a set of computerized security charts our Embassy concocts. Phu My has a population of almost a hundred thousand—more than the total of three other whole provinces in the II Corps region. There are estimated to be twelve thousand Communists in Binh Dinh, and many of them move in and out of Phu My at will. Of sixty-two provincial hamlets listed as being under some form of Vietcong control in the last ratings, sixteen are in Phu My. At Vann's orders, the system of rating hamlets on the basis of whether militia units and/or hamlet chiefs spent their nights there was dropped several months ago. According to Major Lee Kresse, the district adviser, the chief difficulty with this system here, as elsewhere, was caused by the poor quality of the Regional and Popular Forces. Even when these militia units were ordered to leave their outposts at night, they would simply move onto Highway 1, running north and south, and sleep there while the Communists blew up bridges and culverts around them.

Last May, when Vann arrived in this area after directing the American part of the pacification drive in the III Corps area, around Saigon, and the IV Corps area (the Delta), he established a special Binh Dinh Campaign Committee. Two regiments of the 22nd ARVN Division were moved back into the province from other areas. One was assigned to Phu My and the other to the three districts just to the north, and each regiment was put in charge of the Regional and Popular Force militia elements in its zone. The four remaining districts, in the southern part of the province, though they were still classified as subject to the special campaign, were handled as a separate area of operations for the Koreans and the Regional and Popular Force militia units there. So far, as both the Americans and the Vietnamese admit, the program has not got off the ground—again, largely because of the poor performance of the militia elements, who don't like to take orders from the ARVN units, and who, in any case, habitually either desert or pay bribes to avoid serving in dangerous areas. Communist threats to take reprisals against the

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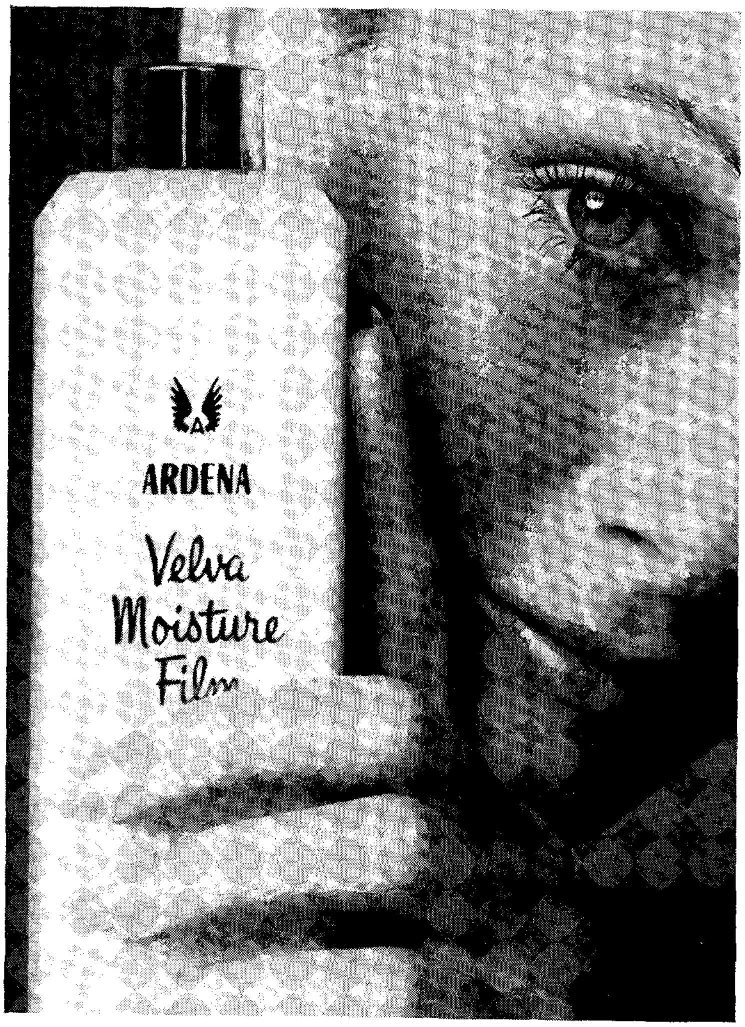
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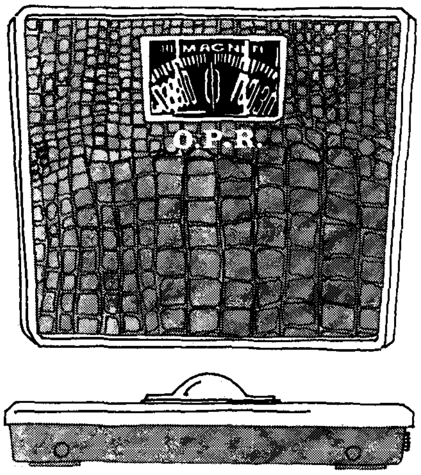

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families of Regional and Popular Force militia members also help to keep the militiamen inactive. Vann feels that the over-all situation is slowly improving in Binh Dinh. "The ratings will go up this month," he said. However, when I spent a night with him and Lieutenant General Ngo Dzu, the II Corps commander, in a coastal fishing hamlet that was still rated as Vietcong, the hamlet chief, who had been wounded in a previous action, was not there. On the afternoon of the evening we got there, the Communists blew up a bridge a few miles away.

A CYNICAL foreign diplomat commented the other day, "There are three armies in South Vietnam. One is leaving, one won't fight, and one won't quit." The second statement may be too harsh on the ARVN, but certainly two of the three assessments are true. Whether the South Vietnamese armed forces as a whole will be able to carry on the fight alone, or will even want to, has yet to be proved. Their performance at present ranges from good in some units to very poor in others. It is clearer than ever that South Vietnam cannot afford to keep so many men under arms indefinitely. Next year's national budget, of some two hundred and ninety billion piastres (one billion fifty-four million dollars at the current rate), will probably be exceeded by at least sixty billion, and of that projected three hundred and fifty billion total between two-thirds and three-quarters will support the military effort. As a top American commander puts it, "They can't start reducing next month, but eventually they'll have to, and they know it." Actually, many Vietnamese are in favor of starting right now—or, at least, of turning some of the military forces into part-time production units working on farms or in cottage industries.

Though the motivation of the war remains ideological, its mechanism is becoming increasingly economic, and here both North and South Vietnam are facing growing hardships. In the North, the floods that hit the northern part of the Red River Delta this year were the worst of the century, ruining between thirty and fifty per cent of the rice crop and killing ten thousand people. The Chinese have sent nearly five hundred thousand tons of rice and the Russians a hundred thousand tons of wheat to tide their ally over the emergency. The disaster struck just when the North Vietnamese were claiming to have regained the

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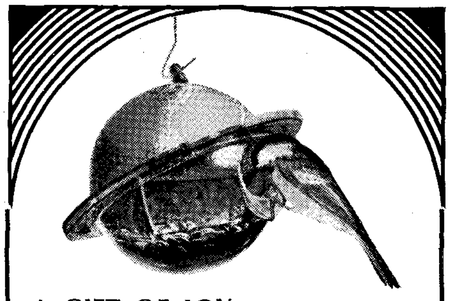

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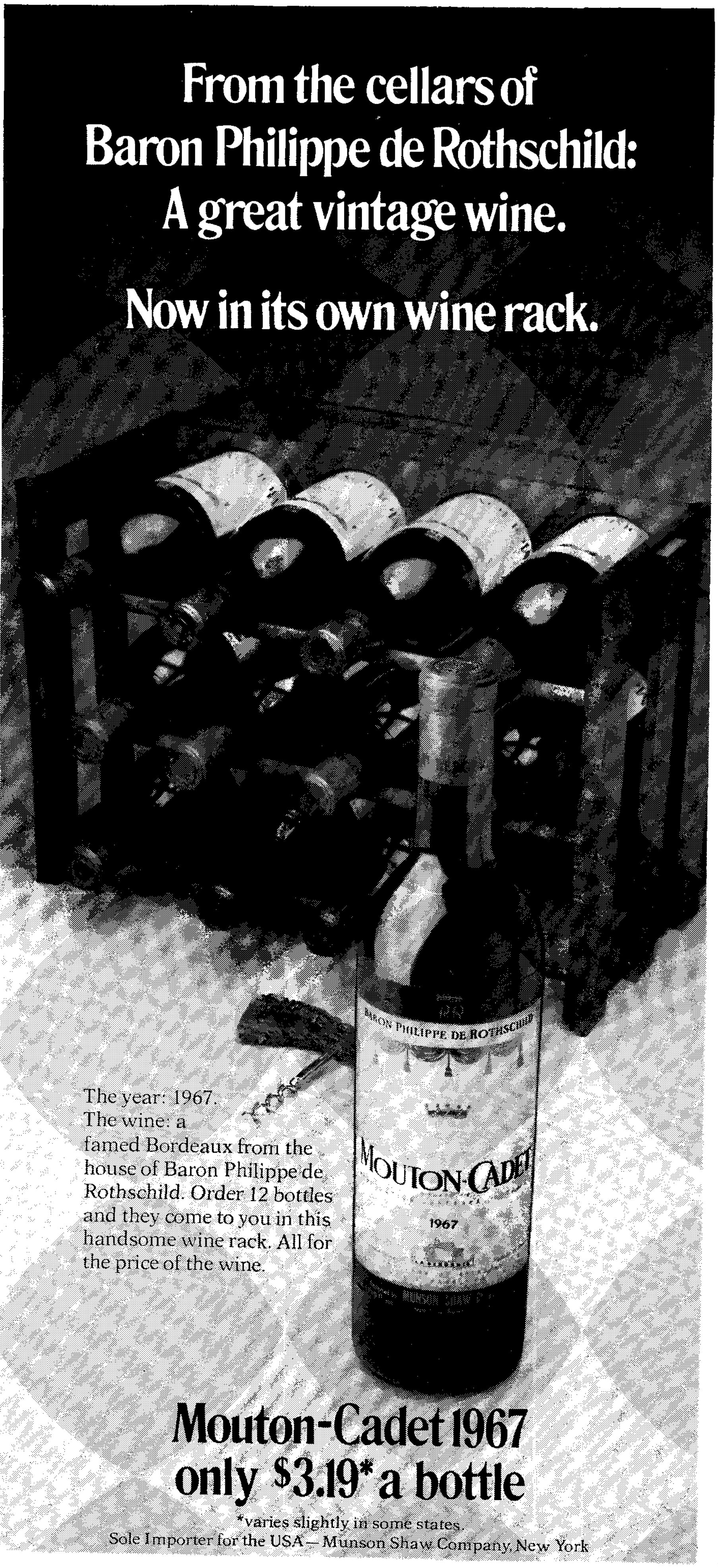
production levels—in agriculture, industry, and electric power—attained in 1965, when the American bombings began. Even so, Le Thanh Nghi, a Politburo member and the government's chief economist, wrote at the end of September, "The economic efficiency of a majority of State-run industrial enterprises has remained poor." Today, most food is rationed. The manpower shortage because of the military draft has brought more women and children into the fields and factories and has created increasing morale problems, including some involving Party discipline in the lower and middle ranks, where theft and other crimes are becoming more prevalent. If the North Vietnamese did not annually receive perhaps a billion dollars' worth of aid from the Chinese, the Russians, and the East European Communists, it is doubtful whether Hanoi, for all its determination, could go on fighting the war.

The South, of course, is at least equally dependent on American aid. As the Americans leave, the amount spent annually on military hardware (it was two and a half billion dollars this year) will decrease, though slowly. More important for the sustenance of the Vietnamese economy is the five hundred and sixty-five million dollars requested for the next fiscal year in economic aid, which will be subject to new delay now that the Senate has rejected the Administration's foreign-aid bill. American economic experts in Saigon are pleased with the improved economic output of the Vietnamese in 1971, but as the expenditure of dollars by G.I.s and others in the private sector of the economy goes down, and that portion of the Vietnamese labor force which is directly or indirectly dependent on the American presence (some three hundred thousand at present) is reduced, the experts fear that the consequences of withholding the economic-aid package could be serious. Tax revenues have increased twenty-five per cent in 1971, but they are still far too low, and they are inequitable, for the people in the cities pay but the people in the countryside do not. Even so, and even though the peasants are better off at present, thanks to a record rice yield of five million eight hundred thousand tons, the country people will continue to straddle the fence—or they may even turn back to the Communists, under duress or out of fear or from the loss of what faith they have in the Saigon government. In the cities, wages are relatively high, even at the two-hundred-and-seventy-five-piastres-to-a-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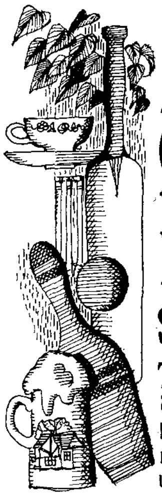
dollar rate, and will become still better when a new rate of three hundred and seventy-five or four hundred to one is introduced—something that is expected to happen soon, and that will apply to everything except a diminishing amount of things the Americans still purchase at the old rate of a hundred and eighteen to one, to help subsidize the economy. But here, as in North Vietnam, there is a shortage of manpower. Moreover, exports are still virtually nonexistent, industrial development has lagged, and government salaries, including military ones, are still much too low, though there has been a seventeen-per-cent increase since 1970, and a raise of a further fifteen per cent is expected within the next few months. Because the average government servant cannot cope with continuing price increases, low-level corruption still thrives. Considerable amounts of money and goods, including foods, are still being hoarded, out of political uncertainty more than anything else. If the social unrest that is bubbling near the surface boils over, there will be nothing that the Americans can do to avoid fresh chaos, and that chaos will almost surely pave the way for the Communists to move from their now modest aim of winning "piecemeal victories" to that of the "decisive victory" that has always been their primary goal.

It is no wonder, therefore, that the Communists keep stressing the dual themes of political penetration and social action, even as they prepare for another session of testing. Their ideological themes and theories are still intact, but there is no corresponding ideology in South Vietnam, or anything inspirational about Vietnamization. It is proceeding on schedule (even the number of cases of beer and soft drinks imported, once larger than the number of cases of ammunition, is down from twenty-seven million a year to seven million), but the whole Vietnamization concept is negative and sterile, without political meaning. This is not to say that individual Vietnamese are not concerned about the future of their country. If many Americans, in spite of what President Nixon says, no longer care what happens to Vietnam, the Vietnamese do care—and the Cambodians care what happens to Cambodia, and the Laotians care what happens to Laos. Viewed from Hanoi, the various Indo-China pieces are part of a whole, whereas from Saigon, Phnom Penh, and Vientiane they are viewed separately. The North Vietnamese, driven by their revolutionary compulsions, and well organized despite all the death



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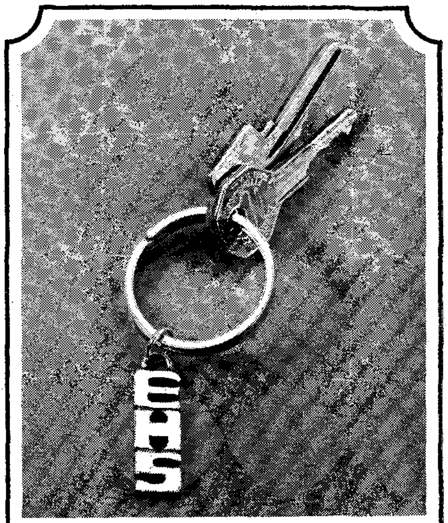

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Eaton Paper/A textron Company. Pittsfield, Mass. 01201 and destruction, seem to be as determined as ever to persevere until they gain the victory they want, either on the battlefield or through negotiations. The South Vietnamese think less of victory than of vindicating their own individual positions, while the cause they are defending, whose significance the Americans have helped obscure by mishandling our role here, has been vitiated by the corruption and the disruption that the war has brought about. Unfortunately, the South Vietnamese have readily lent themselves to such corruption and have proved incapable of sticking together under either an authoritarian or a democratic form of government. It will be interesting to see if the Cambodians are better able to withstand the Communist assaults now that Marshal Lon Nol has established military rule to replace, as he announced last month, "the game of democracy and freedom." As for the embattled Laotians, whose conflict remains stalemated, they may be pinned to the cross of the Vietnam war, as many observers maintain, but a partial settlement still seems attainable for them before a solution is reached in Vietnam or Cambodia. At present, however, the sad prospect is for more death and destruction throughout this tortured peninsula. —ROBERT SHAPLEN

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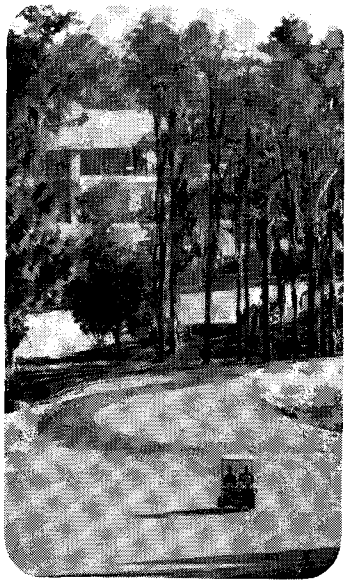
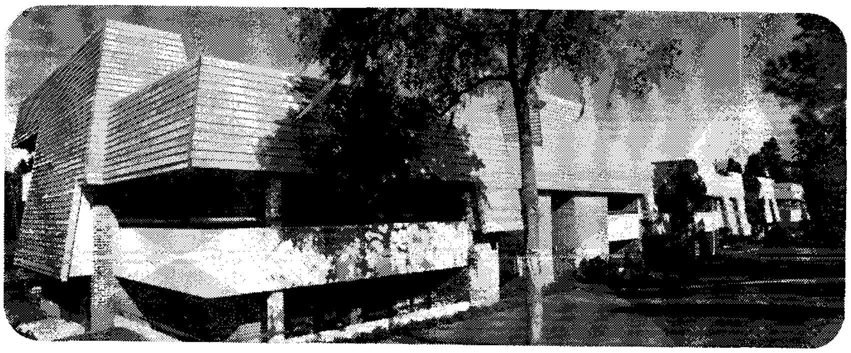




OUR LOCAL CORRESPONDENTS

AFTERNOONS WITH HOPPER

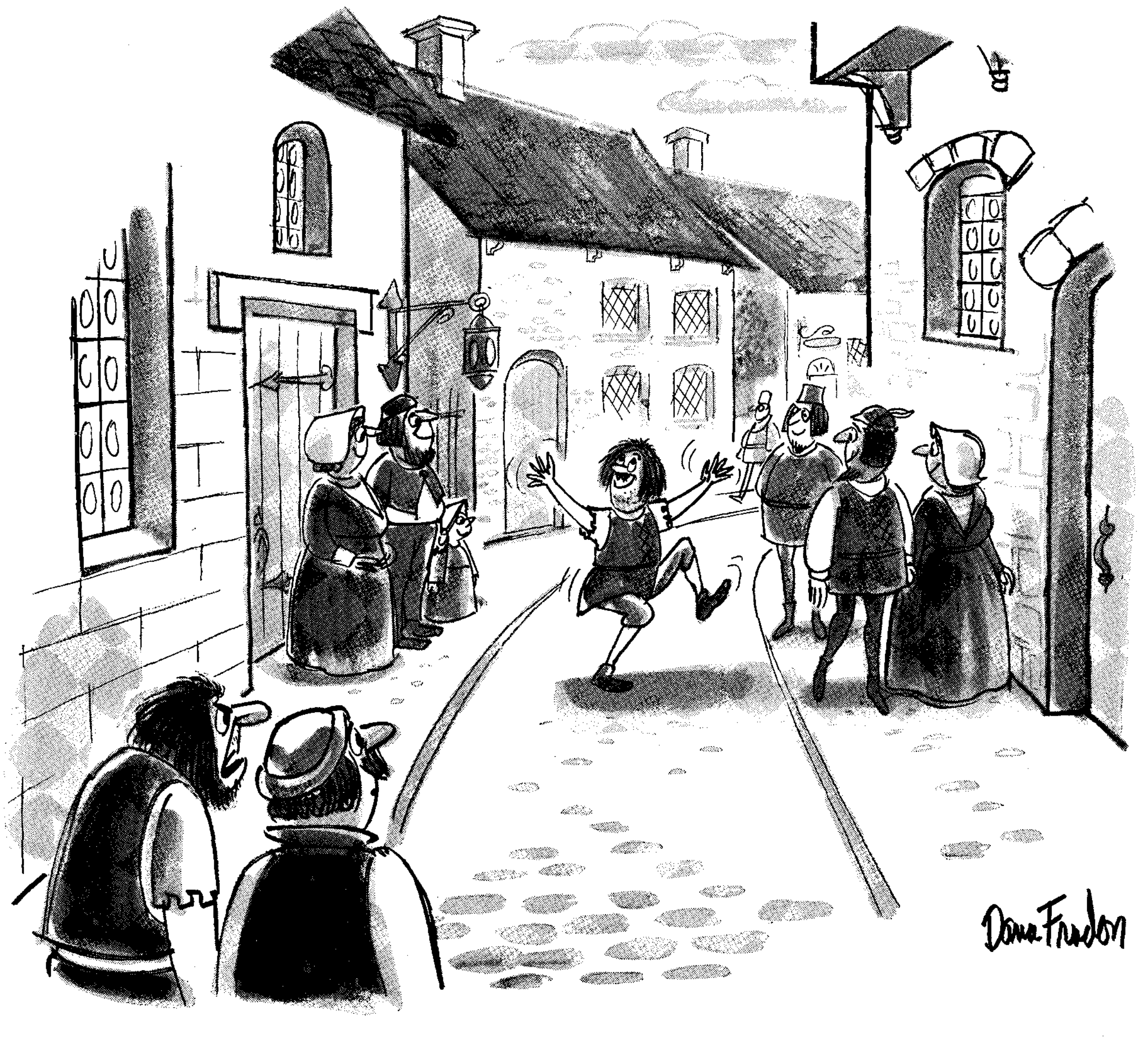
“THERE'S a story about van Gogh and Gauguin,” said Dennis Hopper, standing in front of a van Gogh on the second floor of the Museum of Modern Art, “that they were both starving, and Gauguin lent van Gogh his shoes, so that van Gogh could walk through the snow, try to sell one of his drawings, and bring back the money. Van Gogh put on the shoes, went off, and sold a drawing for a penny, but on the way back he ran into a beggar and gave him the penny. Gauguin was furious. ‘That's the last time I lend *you* my shoes!’ he said.”

It was late afternoon, and Hopper walked slowly around, looking at every painting, speaking quietly to a beautiful, dark-haired girl who was with him about Cézanne or Mondrian, or, occasionally, about her (“*You're* a work of art”). Hopper, long-haired and mustached, was wearing a dark-brown cowboy hat, which he wears indoors and out, and a red headband. Around his neck he had a necklace of turquoise and ivory, and chains from which hung two round medals and a small, elaborate cross. He wore a shirt with soft red, yellow, and slate-gray stripes; a faded bluejean jacket with a PT-109 pin; jeans; and orange-y pointed-toe cowboy boots. An hour earlier, he had been sitting in the sculpture garden with Ross Firestone, of the Douglas Publishing Company, while Firestone discussed plans for a forthcoming book about Hopper's movie “The Last Movie,” which will contain the screenplay and notes, revisions, interviews, and photographs. “It will be a filmmaker's book,” Firestone had said proudly.

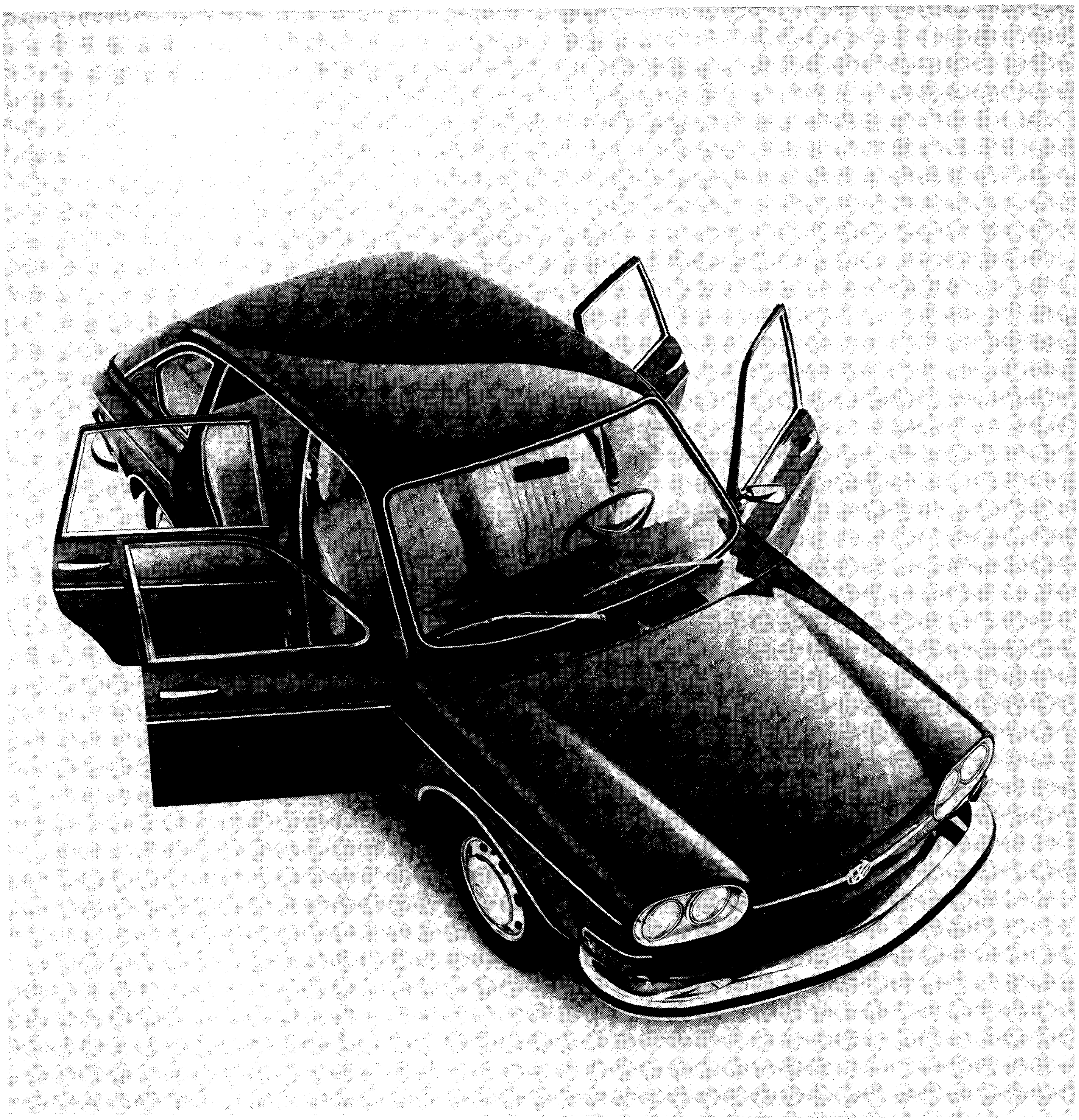
Hopper spent several minutes admiring a wall of Schwitterses and Duchamps, then moved on. “I learned everything I know at the Museum of Modern Art,” he said, adding, “Which isn't much.” He laughed. “But I used to go every day—go through the permanent collection until I knew every painting.” Presently, up on the third floor, he spotted an Ad Reinhardt. “I bought a Reinhardt recently at an auction for a lot of money, and immediately afterward I was offered almost twice as much for it.” (Hopper was having two shows of his own in museums at the moment: his painting collection, which includes works by Warhol, Johns, Rauschenberg, Rosenquist, Kienholz, Connor, and many others, was at the University of New Mexico, in Albuquerque, and a show of his own 35-mm. black-and-white photographs—about four hundred of them, which he took during the nineteen-sixties—was at the Corcoran Gallery, in Washington, D.C.) Hopper paused near an Andrew Wyeth and an Edward Hopper. “I like Hopper better than Wyeth,” he said. “Wyeth paints psychodrama, but Hopper— I met Hopper once, when he had a big retrospective show at the Whitney. I said, ‘Great,’ and he said, ‘The best one is downstairs.’ The show was full of these paintings of empty rooms with a lonely woman or man sitting in them. I went downstairs to see the painting he was talking about, and it was another of these empty rooms—but with *nobody* in it.” Hopper rolled his eyes. “Whew!” he said.

Hopper and the girl walked slowly through a show of photographs, looked at the Tiffany glass, and, after about an hour and a half, started to leave. As Hopper reached the stairs, his arm around the girl, he turned and called back cheerfully, to no one in particular, “It may be art, but it isn't box office!” and then they went down the stairs.

The previous afternoon, Hopper had been sitting in a dimly lit restaurant in the Hotel Chelsea, on West Twenty-third Street, talking about “The Last Movie,” which had opened a week or so before, at the RKO Twins. There had been a lot of interest in what the writer-director-actor of “Easy Rid-



“I used to be the village idiot until that crumb showed up.”



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er" would write, direct, and act in this time, and the movie set an opening-day attendance record for the RKO Twins. Then, following generally chilly reviews (some critics found it beautiful but baffling, others thought it annoying), attendance had plummeted. Now Hopper could only wait and see whether an audience would develop or whether the film would languish—in which case Universal, its backer, would probably let it die.

"I like the movie," Hopper said. "I think I even *understand* the movie." He smiled. "I shot it in eight weeks in Peru, brought it in on schedule, then spent a year and four months editing it. Universal threatened to take the film away from me. There are forty hours of outfootage left. Editing is like being in prison. Writing, casting, shooting—that's fun. It's hard work; there's something alive about it. Finding the locations is pretty interesting—the way the story starts to change as a result. There's mystery involved. Cocteau said something about working with the accident; in directing, I go with the moment-to-moment reality level—I work on the premise 'If you see it, *get* it.' But editing is very painful. It's creative, but there's also something uncreative about it. Sort of like framing a picture. Also, it's painful to throw away footage. I could have made a very simple movie out of the film if I'd wanted to. But I like the way it's edited, the way it turned out. I don't know what trip the critics are on. I don't mind bad reviews of the movie, but don't review Dennis Hopper the way Vincent Canby did. He called me 'a weekend mystic who drives to and from his retreat in a Jaguar.' Well, all I own is a four-wheel-drive Scout in New Mexico, and I'd like to run over him with it. I didn't think the movie was going to be financially successful, but I thought it would be a classic. When the people at Universal saw the movie, they were horrified. They wanted me to recut it. I said no. They didn't want me to go to the Venice Film Festival with it, and they wouldn't allow it to be entered in the New York Film Festival. When it won a prize at Venice, they couldn't believe it. An executive said to me, 'We must have *bought* the prize for you.' But that prize was the only award given at Venice, and I won it, in competition with Kurosawa, Bergman, and a lot of others. I don't respect anyone at Universal except Jules Stein, and he's not really in it anymore. Well, the movie's in their hands now, and their hands are full of blood. Corporate blood." He

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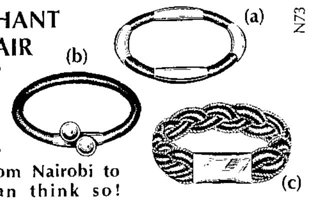

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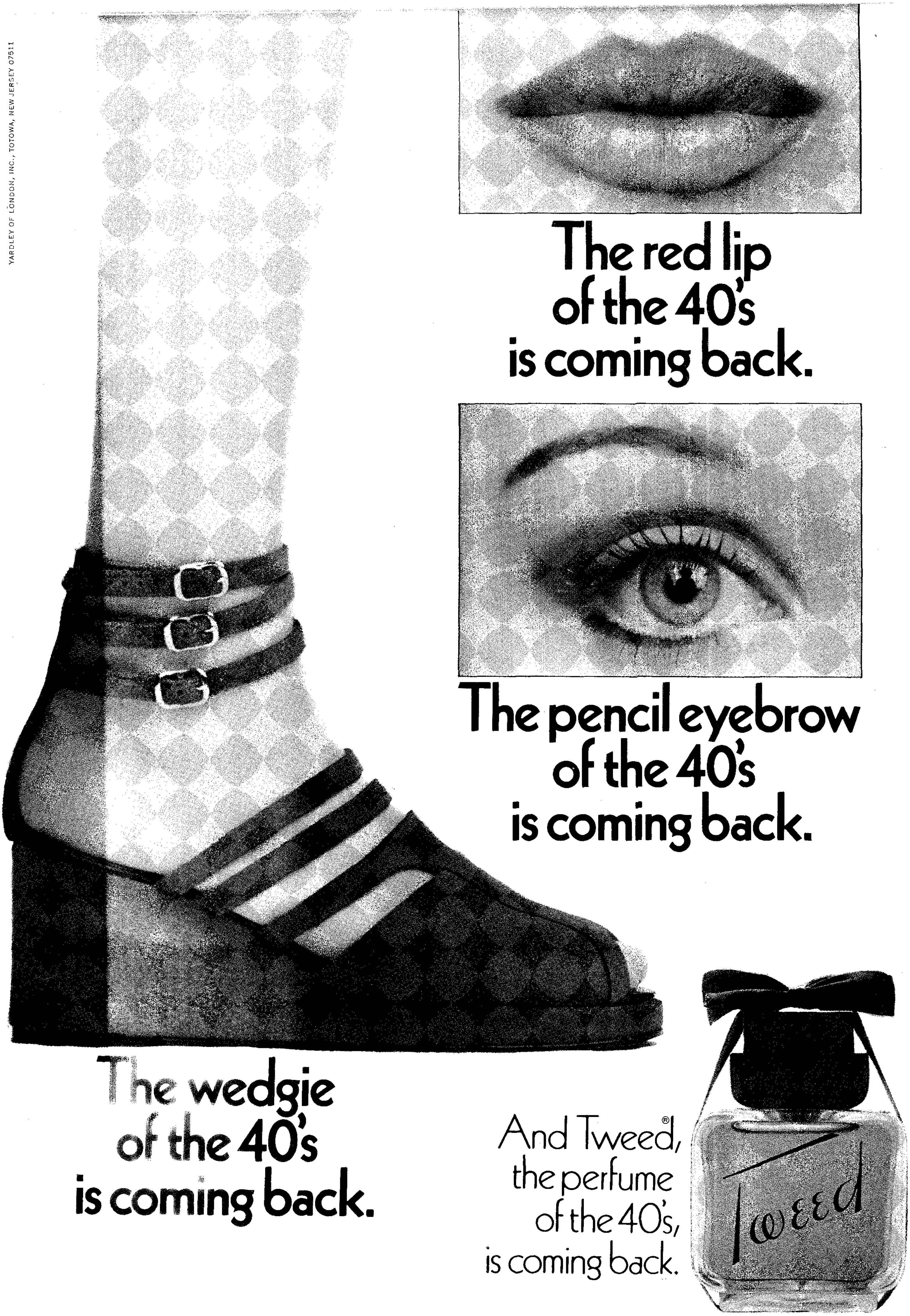

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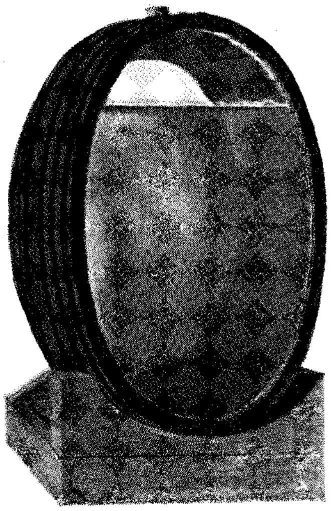

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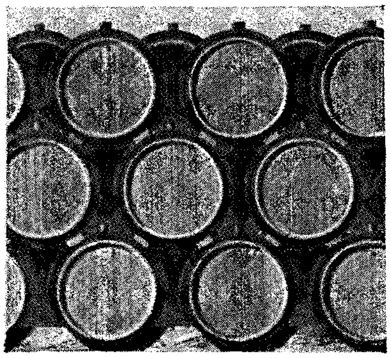

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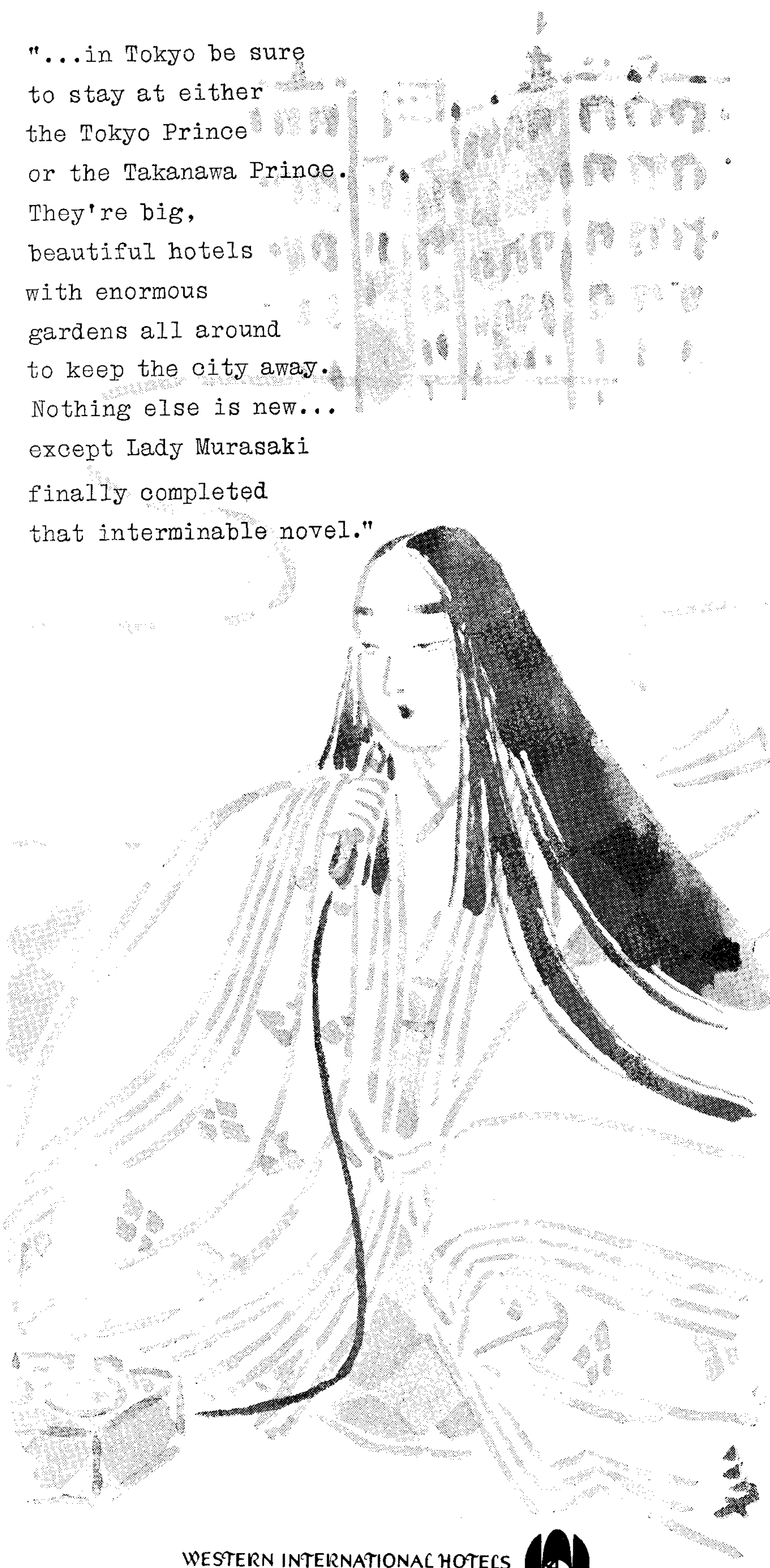
**Origin California*

Almadén Vineyards, Los Gatos and Paicines, California smiled. "I'm afraid it's like what one of the Universal executives said to me—'Art is only worth something if you're dead. We'll only make money on this picture if you die.' He was asking me to buy the film back. I said, 'Don't talk to me like that. You're talking to a paranoiac.' " He gave a wild, explosive laugh and looked momentarily gleeful.

"I like to think the film is going to be seen," Hopper said quietly a few moments later. "Maybe it is too difficult, but I think it's entertaining. It's terrible to ask people to see a film twice, but if they do, a lot of the secrets open up. It's a movie about movies. It's like an Abstract Expressionist painting—a breaking out. The painter says"—Hopper began to gesture rapidly—" 'This is paint I'm using. See? And this is canvas. I'm showing you the canvas. Now I'm going to turn it upside down. This is where my hand touched the paint. See, there's my hand. Now I'm going to walk across it. There! This is not going to be an apple or a sunset or anything. It's a *painting!*' This movie shows you the structure. I was leaving the pencil marks and the brushstrokes, and saying, 'Hey! It's a *movie!*' It shows you all the things you can do with movies—make people laugh, cry—and then asks, 'But what are we using all this alchemy *for?*' Are we going to keep on making Westerns for big corporations or are we going to make personal statements? I think I'm a social critic, in the way that Diego Rivera was a social painter. Maybe someday I could stop being a critic and try to make people happy, but right now I don't like our society." He paused, and gazed across the dim room. "I don't know what will happen to the film," he said presently. "They say, 'If it doesn't make it in New York, how can it make it anywhere else?' They call it 'throwing good money after bad.' What it means to me is, if it doesn't make money it will be very difficult for me to get autonomy again—which means I won't make any more movies."

HOPPER was born in Kansas, in 1936. "Until I was ten, I lived with my grandparents on a very small farm outside Dodge City," he said. "There was a wooden house, a barn, twelve acres. They raised alfalfa, chickens, cows, pigs. During the day, my grandfather farmed a big wheat farm sixty miles away, in Garden City. I never knew my father or my mother very well. I very seldom saw my father—which I resented tremendously. He was



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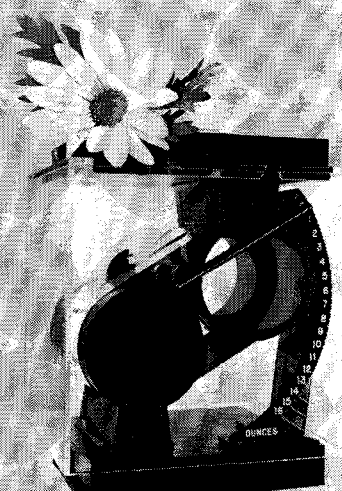

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away in the O.S.S. during the war, and my mother managed an outdoor swimming pool in Dodge City. Most of the time I spent alone, daydreaming. I didn't do much; occasionally I cleaned out the chicken house. I watched, more than anything else. I sniffed a lot of gasoline, out of the gas tank of my grandfather's truck, and got to see fantastic things. One day, I went crazy from it, took a baseball bat, and broke everything on the truck. Windows, headlights—everything. Every Saturday, my grandmother took me to the movies in Dodge City. We'd go to the Crown or the Dodge—dingy little theatres with balconies—and see Gene Autry, Roy Rogers, Wild Bill Elliott, occasionally a Randolph Scott war picture. Ever since the first movie, I've thought movies were where it was at. They were total involvement. That's why I find movies dangerous. You're only as good as the movies you see. Or, if you read"—Hopper claims not to read, and maintains that he has read only ten books in his life—"as good as the books you read. But movies have more impact. Film is writing, painting, a play, music, audience—everything. And also working with light—a mystical area. Sound has become so overpowering now, with music and records, but I believe light is more important. After the war, we moved to Kansas City, and I studied painting from twelve to fourteen. Then we moved to San Diego, where my father got a job in the post office—he still works there. I had a bad relationship with my family, and I left home around then. Their feeling was 'You can become an engineer, a lawyer, or a doctor. If you become an artist or an actor, you'll end up a bum.'" Hopper laughed. "Which is exactly what happened."

Hopper began acting in the theatre, then in television, and, at nineteen, in the movies, notably in "Rebel Without a Cause" and "Giant," both of which starred the late James Dean, a close friend of Hopper's and a strong influence on him. After Dean's death, Hopper went to New York to study at the Actors Studio, write poetry, and paint. When he went back to Hollywood, in 1957, to act in a Western under Henry Hathaway, he got fired from the picture—he was charged with being unable to take direction—and found his movie acting career at a dead end. "At the time, I thought it was senseless and unjustified," Hopper said. "I thought Hathaway didn't know about acting or about how to make films. Now I think he knows about making films but may-

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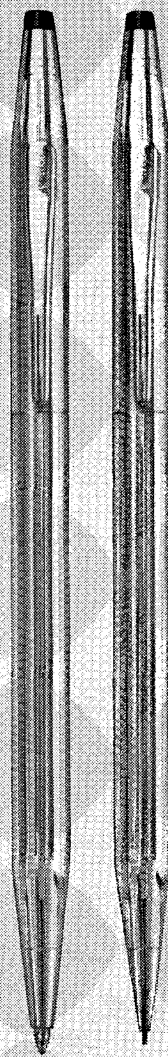

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be not about acting. I have to accuse myself of having been young and impatient. I learned an awful lot from Hathaway. He's like the old schoolmarm—say the line like this, then move like this. It was another world for a Method actor. Now I realize he seldom dollies his camera; he goes from one still shot to another. It's the style of Hawks, and others. You begin to realize that what he's doing is getting *you* to move because his camera doesn't move. It's the simplest way to make movies, and often a good way. You shouldn't overcomplicate the medium. Directors have got so involved in tricks they'll be dated by next year. I get bored very easily by films. I hate people who are slick. I walked out of 'Sunday Bloody Sunday.' Schlesinger is brilliant—the camera keeps coming down off the walls—but it becomes so pretty, so *right*. I like to see people take chances. I've never been bored by Truffaut. Bergman is a great artist. I like Resnais a lot; those are really complex movies, and they have a hardness to them—they aren't too easy or too pretty. Fellini's '8½' knocked me out. I like a lot of Antonioni's movies—he made people endure time on the screen. At first, you want to say, 'God, get on with it,' but then you realize he's making you feel what the character feels. My favorite American director is John Ford—'The Informer,' 'The Grapes of Wrath.' The most underestimated is George Stevens. I learned a lot from him on 'Giant,' watching him. His way with actors. I was really nervous the first day on the set, and he sat me down and started talking to me about where I was from, introduced me to people, made me relax, and finally said, 'Look at the way you're sitting. I like the way you're sitting,' and suddenly I was in the scene, and it was like talking to him. Once, he said to me, 'I don't care how much you think. I *like* thinking actors. But don't ever let me *know* you're thinking.'

"When I wasn't able to get work in Hollywood, I felt really desperate. I thought I knew I was very talented, but there didn't seem to be any way I could act, let alone make movies. I tried to keep busy. Photography became a way of learning to make movies. I didn't crop my photographs; I was learning to work within the frame of movies. Photographers always thought of me as an actor, painters thought of me as a photographer, and actors"—he grinned—"well, Paul Newman would say to me, 'You should *really* concentrate on your painting.' It was a very

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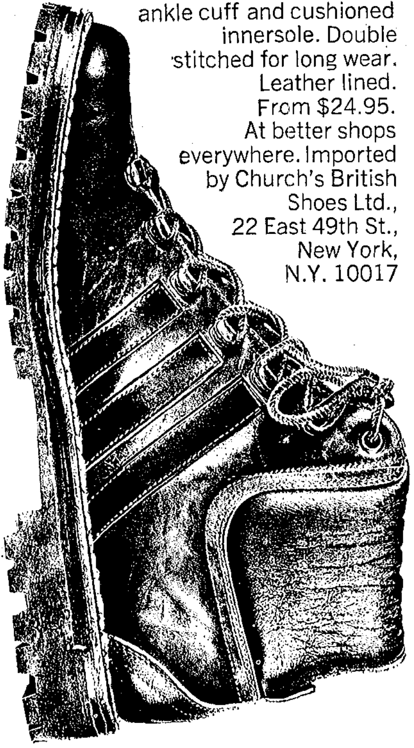

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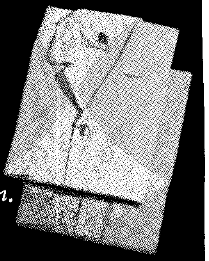

rough time. It wasn't really as rough as it may be *this* time, though. I stopped painting in 1961. I was an Abstract Expressionist without knowing what it was; then I found out that there was such a thing, and that other people were doing it better. Then, in the Bel Air fire, I was wiped out. I lost about six thousand poems and three hundred paintings. I tried to paint and write after that, but I couldn't. Strangely, at the time of the fire I was having an opening of a photographic show, and all my negatives were out of the house, so the photographs were saved. I started making big photographs and assemblages. I did a lot of photographs of decaying walls, torn posters—with no depth of field, so they were like paintings. Then I started doing Cartier-Bresson things—mostly in New York, the upper West Side, and on freedom marches in the South. I got a few jobs from *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*, and they had me photographing personalities. I liked finding an environment that suited them—I'd find Klines and Pollocks in walls or doors or sidewalks, and use them as environments. In those days, my friends and I would hang around the Cedar Tavern waiting for the Abstract Expressionist artists to get drunk and, we hoped, give their money away. I remember one of them throwing fifty-dollar bills in the air, yelling, 'I'm sorry! I'm sorry!' I knew a lot of artists like Warhol and Oldenburg and Kienholz, and I bought as much of their work as I could."

Hopper, who has been married and divorced twice, now lives in Taos. "I think of Taos as my home," he said. "It's a rather mysterious place. I think of Taos Mountain. It's one of the seven sacred mountains of the world. And there's the sacred Blue Lake. If you drilled straight through the world at Taos, you'd come out in Tibet. I get a very strong feeling in Taos. People come into Taos, have a flat tire, and stay the rest of their lives—or they can't wait to get out. It drives some people crazy." Hopper lives in the Mabel Dodge Luhan house, where D. H. Lawrence, Robinson Jeffers, John Reed, and many others once stayed. "Ghost-filled places have always fascinated me," he said. "I went to see the house when I was looking for places to shoot 'Easy Rider.' It was a mystical experience; when it was time to leave, I couldn't get the door open to get out. I'd been planning to buy a ranch in Elko, Nevada—a working ranch—but when I found out that Mrs. Luhan's granddaughter was will-

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ing to sell the house, I decided to go with the aesthetic-and-mud palace in contrast to the working ranch. I decided I was an aesthetic person and the other was a dream.

"I wanted it to be a commune, and we once had as many as twenty people, but now it's down to four or five. We've been going through a lot of changes. I just threw a lot of people out of the house in the last couple of days. There were a lot of freeloaders. When I was there for a year editing the movie, we had it all together, but when I left and came back again, it had become a playground. People were very undisciplined. Originally, I hoped everybody would get involved in community business, but there's no work there, no jobs, nothing for them to do. The communes are full, and most of them have to work very hard just to get the food.

"The Indian land runs one foot *outside the front door. The area is* predominantly Spanish and Indian. I had a lot of trouble at first from the local Spanish, who didn't want to see an influx of Anglos, especially hippies. Most of the residents live on about eight hundred dollars a year, eighty-five per cent of the land belongs to the government, and there's a lot of violence. Not abstract violence, like the violence in New York, where you read about it in the paper. Out there, when somebody gets shot you know *who* got shot and by whom and why he got shot. It's the land of Reies Lopez Tijerina, the founder of the Alianza." Hopper wears on his hat a small gold pin of a coyote head—a symbol of sympathy for the Alianza. "At first, I was threatened, and then a bunch of guys tried to pull my brother and me out of our car on a country road and beat us up. I'd seen too many John Wayne movies, so I made a citizen's arrest and held them all at gunpoint until the police arrived. When the police came, they arrested *us*, and held us on eight thousand dollars' bail. A crowd gathered at the police station, and the police said, 'We're going to let you out a side door. We can't protect you, because of the lynch situation.' There were sixty or eighty farmers outside, and then five guys just back from Vietnam came in and told me, 'We're going to kill you.' I pointed out to the police that I'd just been threatened. 'Shut up,' they said. After that, I decided it was time to get it all together. I talked to a lot of people, helped with some of the problems, paid for the Teatro Campesino to come in, did some work on

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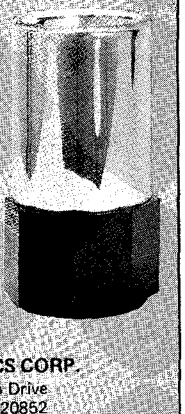

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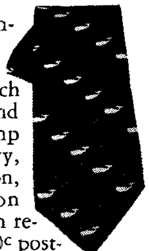

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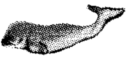

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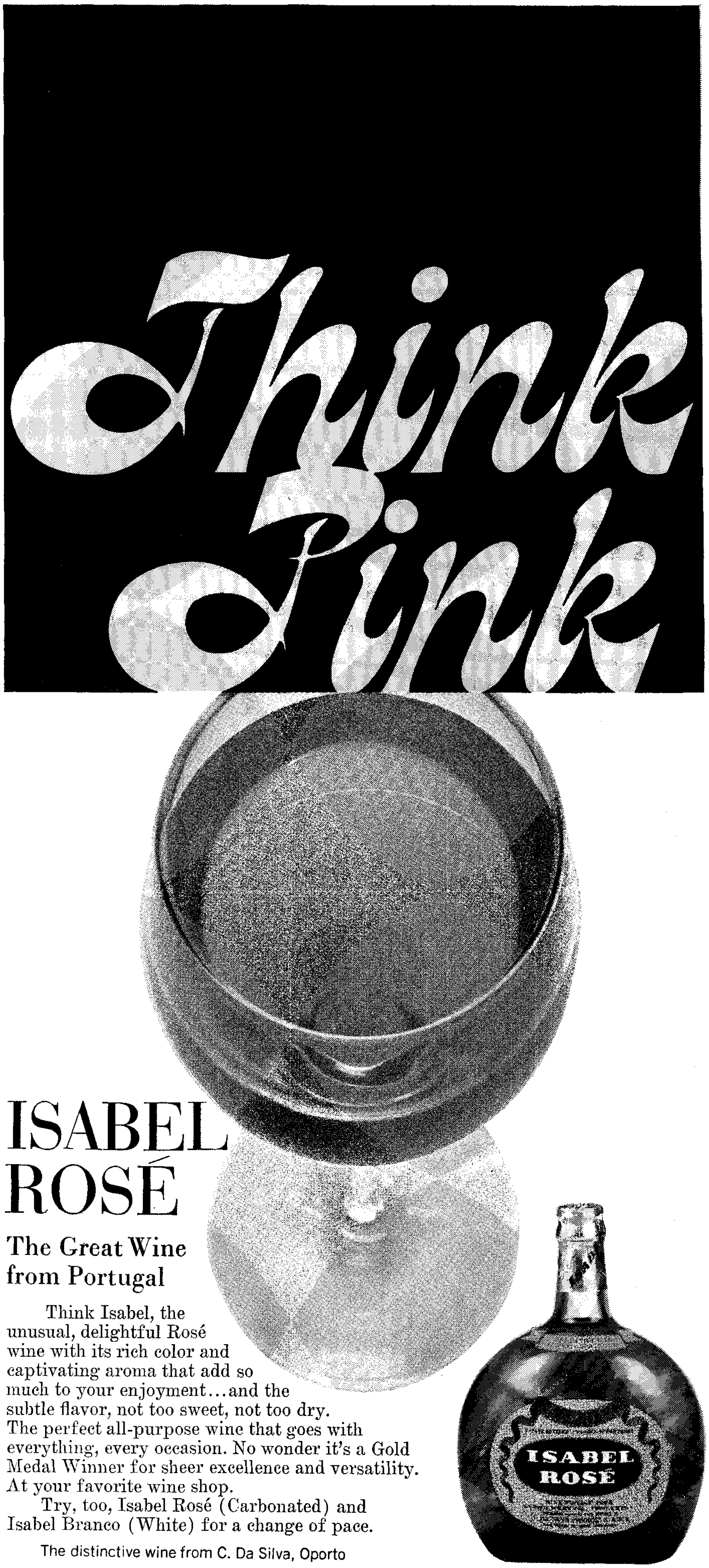
behalf of the Indians, helped in the effort to get them back Blue Lake. It made me closer to the community. Anyway, once they decide you are *macho*, they leave you alone. This last summer, there were no problems, but there was rioting in Santa Fe and Albuquerque, and a lot of trouble around New Mexico and Arizona. The government leased the Hopis' sacred ground to the coal-mine interests. The fight against the strip mining has united people in a strange way."

HOPPER is to play two movie roles this winter, and hopes to make another movie of his own, this one based partly on his experiences a few years ago when he and Peter Fonda spent two weeks in New York trying to raise money for "Easy Rider." "Huntington Hartford said to us, 'Levitate yourself and I'll give you the money,' and we thanked him and walked out into the snow, and we saw a pigeon with a broken wing, and then we saw a German band marching in the street, and we met James Baldwin in a bar and he talked about black power, and we saw helicopters landing on a roof, and we went to a gallery where there was a show of broken mirrors, and the gallery owner was crying. All his famous artists had left him that day and gone to other galleries. 'I'm ruined,' he said. 'They all left me. What will I do?' We went to a girl's apartment and saw a painting that looked like a copy of one panel in the Mérode Altarpiece, by the fifteenth-century Master of Flémalle, Robert Campin. 'It's not a copy,' said the girl. 'The other two pieces of the triptych are somewhere in the closet.' Campin was the man who gave art a second chance by using oil paint, which had been used previously for sketches, and gave religion a second chance by depicting Christ born in a Flemish kitchen. Then we went to a church, but it was locked, and then we went to a hotel, and in the lobby a prostitute handed us a copy of 'The Gospel According to Thomas.' I was an atheist at that point, and it was pretty far out, but we read it aloud, and I couldn't find anything in it I couldn't believe. Doubting Thomas—he was the one who stuck his hand in the Wound. It starts out, 'These are the secret words which the living Jesus spoke. Whoever finds the explanation of these words will not find death.' These are the things Christ really said. I take it literally, although it's sort of a puzzle. It's an evolutionary, revolutionary document—part of the Dead Sea



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Scrolls. ‘If you don’t dislike what’s going on, then you’re not involved,’ it says. It is not for a church. ‘When you are one or two, I’m with you,’ it says. ‘When there’s more, you become as gods, and you better behave as gods.’ It says, ‘Don’t lie, and don’t do what you hate, and all the secret wonders will be revealed to you.’ I don’t lie, and there really are miracles as a result. Lying becomes a way of life for people, and moves into every area. If you stop lying to yourself, you stop lying to others. You lose a few friends, of course. But you can see things other people aren’t seeing; it makes it easier to see the miracles of life.” Hopper paused, then said, “There are only three things that make me really mad. One, to be told I’m not listening. Two, to be told I don’t see. Three, to be told I’m a liar, or to find that somebody has lied to me.”

Hopper said that he would like to combine the New York movie with another he had in mind, but that he didn’t know if it could be done. “I’m a compulsive creator,” he said. “Rilke asks, ‘If it were denied you to create, would you die?’ If not, then don’t create. Do something else. I *have* to create. Otherwise, I couldn’t justify my insanity.” He laughed delightedly. “The important things to me are: Did you make the effort, and did you have the courage of your convictions? You know that quotation about ‘Give me the wisdom to accept that which I cannot change’? Well, I’d like to change *that*, because that’s a piece of crap. It doesn’t amuse me to think there are things I can’t change. The people I admire took those chances and made those movies.”

—JAMES STEVENSON

•

AFTERWARD

We went as soon as we heard;
The road all suddenly
Lay puddled in headlights,
The pimpled skin of fowls—

There lay the outline
Of his body chalked,
Sprawled in sleep,
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—JOHN PECK

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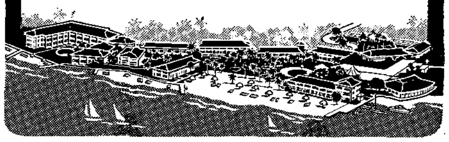

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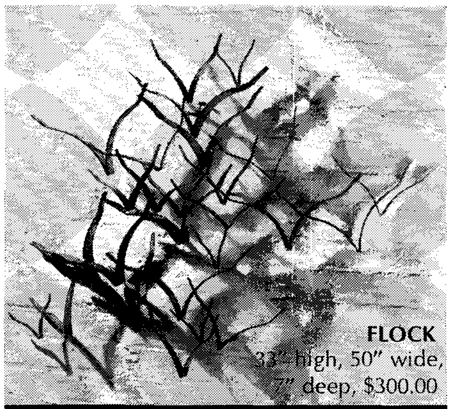

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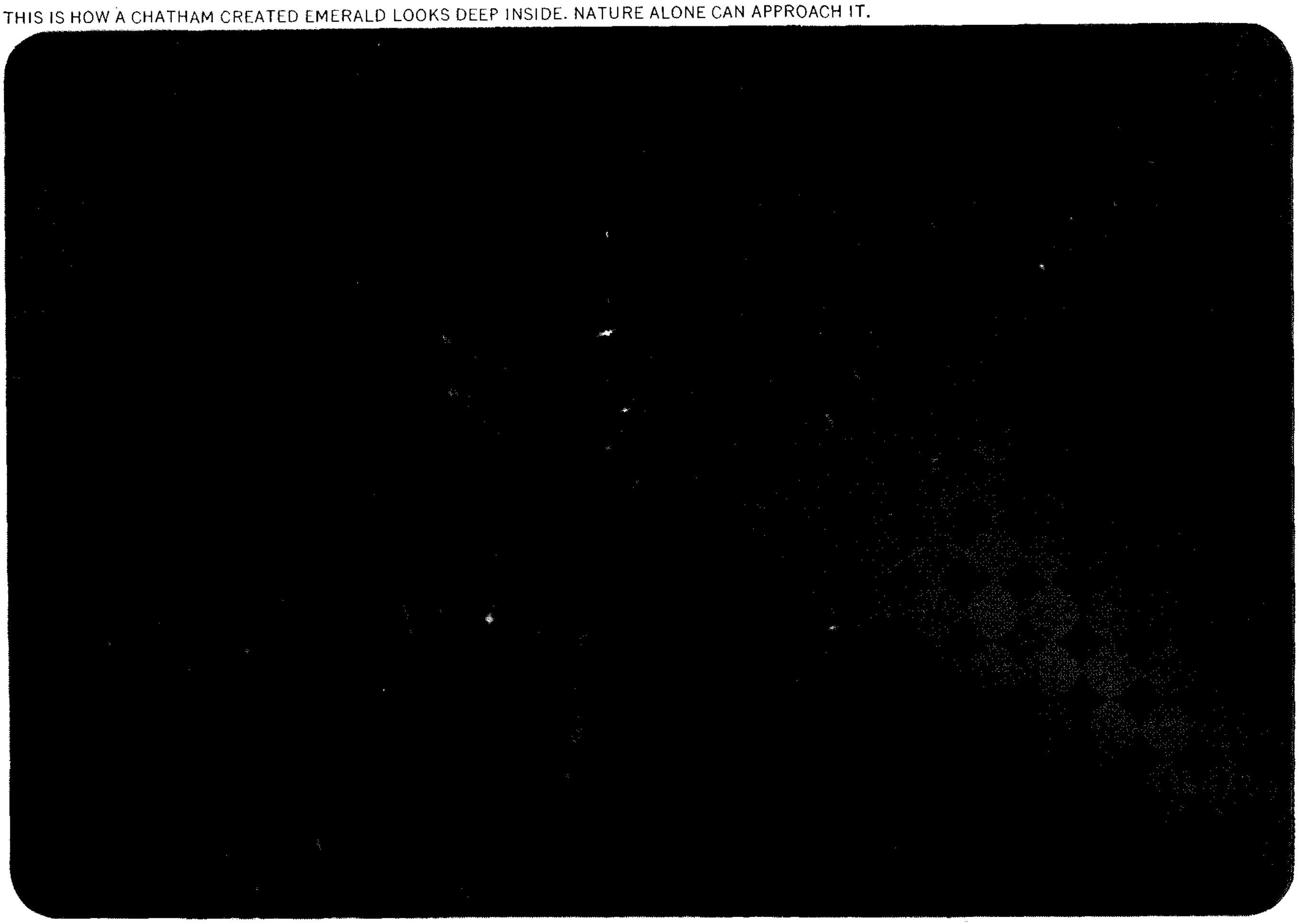

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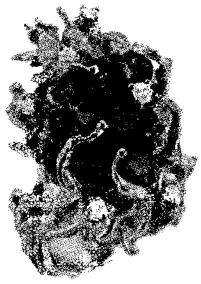

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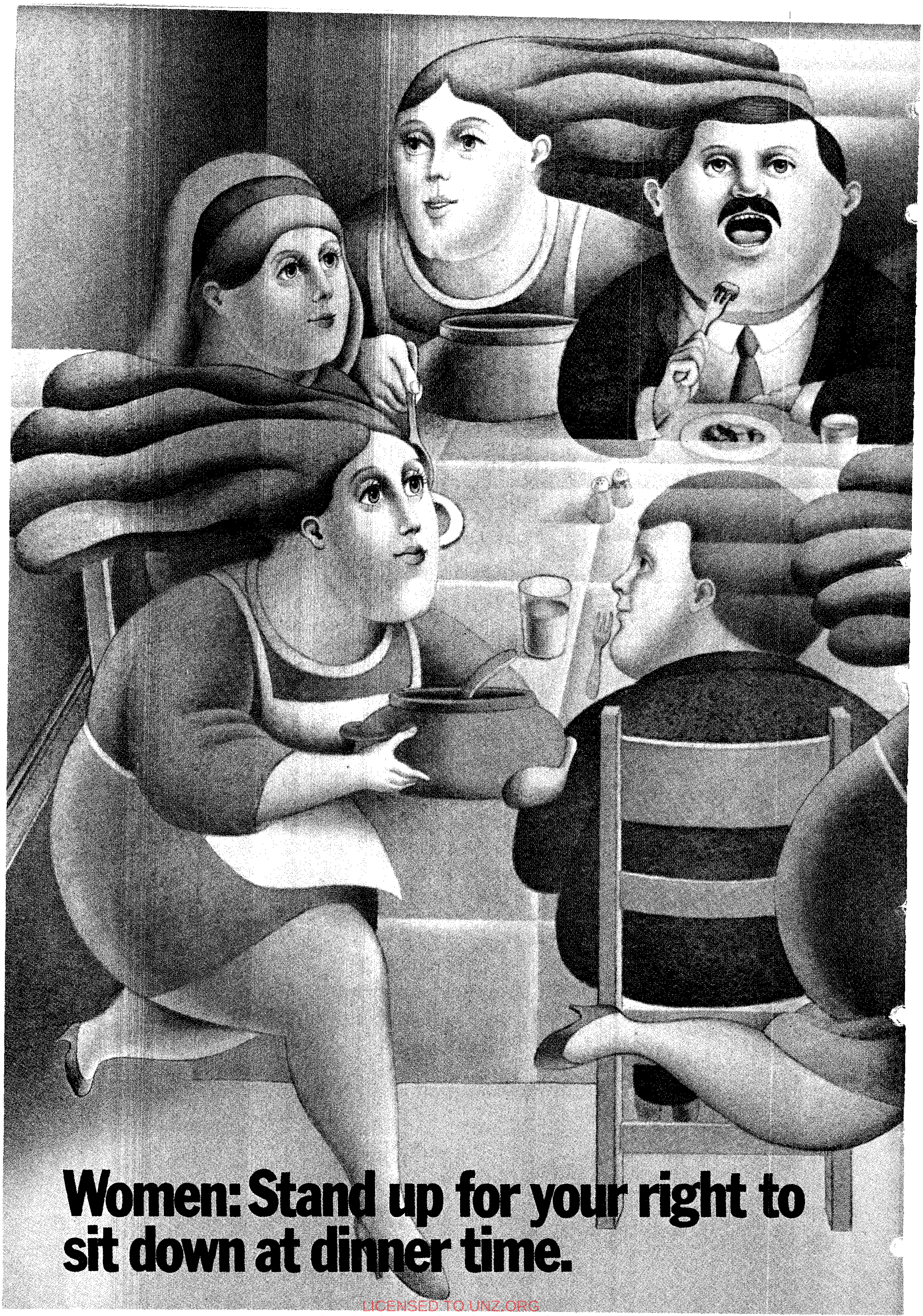

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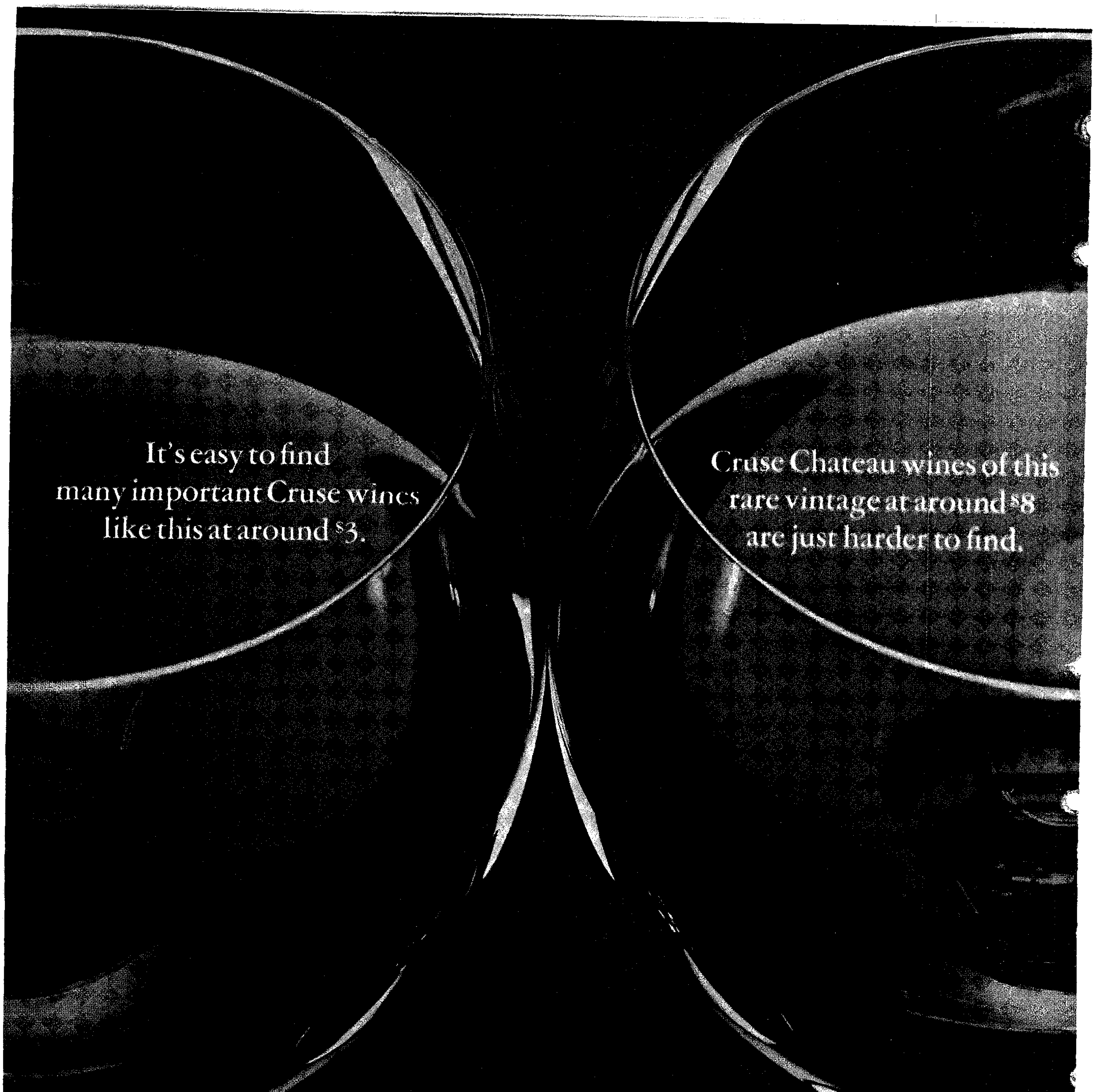
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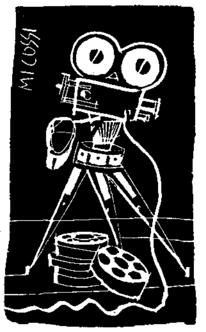
THE CURRENT CINEMA

A Bagel with a Bite Out of It

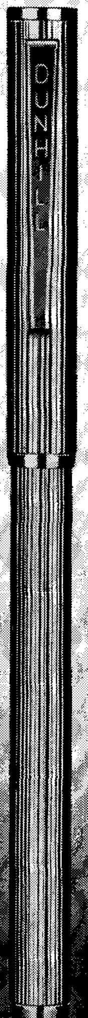
> I can't talk about Hollywood. It was a horror to me when I was there and it's a horror to look back on. I can't imagine how I did it. When I got away from it I couldn't even refer to the place by name. "Out there," I called it. You want to know what "out there" means to me? Once I was coming down a street in Beverly Hills and I saw a Cadillac about a block long, and out of the side window was a wonderfully slinky mink, and an arm, and at the end of the arm a hand in a white suède glove wrinkled around the wrist, and in the hand was a bagel with a bite out of it.—*Dorothy Parker, in 1956, in an interview in the Paris Review.*

EVERYONE may have a different view of what that bagel represents, but if it is the symbolic ordinary Jewish food that the show-business *nouveaux riches* cling to, it may also symbolize a vulgar strength that repelled Dorothy Parker—and in which she did not share. Hollywood Jews overdressed like gypsies who had to carry it all on their backs, and they clung to a bit of solid, heavy food even when they were no longer hungry, because it seemed like reality. Vulgarity is not as destructive to an artist as snobbery, and in the world of movies vulgar strength has been a great redemptive force, cancelling out niggling questions of taste. I think "Fiddler on the Roof," directed by Norman Jewison, is an absolutely smashing movie; it is not especially sensitive, it is far from delicate, and it isn't even particularly imaginative, but it seems to me the most *powerful* movie musical ever made.



Musical comedy is one of the American contributions to world theatre; it is also primarily an American Jewish contribution. There would be a theatre in America without Jews, and perhaps it would be not much worse than it is—though it would certainly be different—but, as William Goldman has pointed out, "Without Jews, there simply would have been no musical comedy to speak of in America. . . . In the last half century, the only major Gentile composer to come along was Cole Porter." What separates "Fiddler on the Roof," which is set in Czarist Russia, from other Broadway shows and from such movie musicals as "West Side Story" and "The Sound of Music" and "My Fair Lady" and "Hello, Dolly!" and "Camelot" and "Paint Your Wagon" and "Star!" and "Doctor Dolittle" is that it is probably the only successful attempt to use this theatrical form on the subject of its own sources—that is, on the heritage that the Jewish immigrants brought to this country. The only other big movie musical of recent years with any explicit Jewish material was "Funny Girl," and although essentially a blown-up show-business bio, it also got some of its drive from that explicitness. "Fiddler on the Roof" finds its theme in the energy and gusto and the few remnants of moldy traditions—the religion of the bagel—that have resulted in such wonders as the American musical theatre as well as in the horrors of a pandering theatre full of Jewish-mother jokes. But "Fiddler on the Roof" is a celebration of a Jewish *father*, and Tevye, the dairyman pulling his wagon, is a male Mother Courage, not a male Molly Goldberg. Maybe because its means are utterly square and plain, the movie succeeds in doing what Elia Kazan, for all his gifts and despite some fine scenes, failed to do in "America America" (which dealt with the persecution of his Greek ancestors in Turkey and the dream of the new country). Though it is a musical, "Fiddler on the Roof" succeeds in telling one of the root stories of American life: as Tevye's daughters marry and disperse and the broken family is driven off its land and starts the long trek to America, Tevye's story becomes the story of the Jewish people who came to America at the turn of the century—what they left behind and what they brought with them.

It is not a movie about "little people," though it seems so in the first five minutes—a "hearty" pre-title sequence featuring the song "Tradition," which is show-business Jewish-Americana, a gruesome romp that makes one wince in expectation of more of the same. But then the credits come on, and Isaac Stern plays the theme (as he does in the solo parts throughout the movie) with startling *brio* and attack; Isaac Stern's energy and style carry us into a different realm. His harshly sweet music clears away the sticky folk stuff, and the movie takes off. It never again sinks to the little-people-at-their-simple-tasks level, because Topol's Tevye has the same vitality and sweetness and gaiety as Isaac Stern's music; he's a rough



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presence, masculine, with burly, raw strength, but also sensual and warm. He's a poor man but he's not a little *man*, he's a big *man* brought low—a man of Old Testament size brought down by the circumstances of oppression. The crooked, ironic grin when he gestures to God and the light in his eyes after a love song with his wife tell the story of a dogged man who can be crushed again and again and still come back.

Topol is a broad actor, but not in the bad sense of broad; Clark Gable, though incapable of registering much suffering, was a broad actor, and so is Sean Connery. I mean not an actor who lacks finer shades (although Gable certainly did, and it may turn out that Topol does, too) but, rather, an actor with a heroic presence, a man's man, an actor with *male* authority—a Raimu, a Jean Gabin. Typically, these actors play earthy, working-with-their-hands roles and look out of place when they are cast in the upper class. They are almost totally physical actors—deep-voiced men who dominate the stage or screen by energy and power, actors with a gift for projecting common emotions and projecting them to the gallery. Anna Magnani is the last woman star of this type—the actors and actresses of the people. Anthony Quinn's Zorba was a comparable large-spirited role. It's easy for small-spirited people to put down this kind of acting, but when a director has enough taste and control to keep an outsize performer within limits, the emotional effects can be satisfying and rich in a way that other kinds of acting never are. Topol (rather too broad for his role in "Before Winter Comes") was a superb choice for the movie Tevye, because his brute vitality makes Tevye a force of nature—living proof of the power to endure. Tevye is the soul of "Fiddler on the Roof;" Topol, a giant dancing bear of a man, embodies the theme, and, big as the movie is—and it's *huge*—he carries it on his back.

Topol has a fine speaking voice, low and resonant but also cracked and playful; he can twist a word right up to a high register. The humor in Tevye's role is not only in the jokes themselves but in the playing; they don't stale, because a good performer reactivates them. Such folk humor as a man talking about a girl while the man he's talking to thinks the conversation is about a cow is so primitive one watches it ritualistically; it's the beginning of vaudeville. Perhaps because Topol is an Israeli, not an American Jew, he plays with a strength that is closer to peasant

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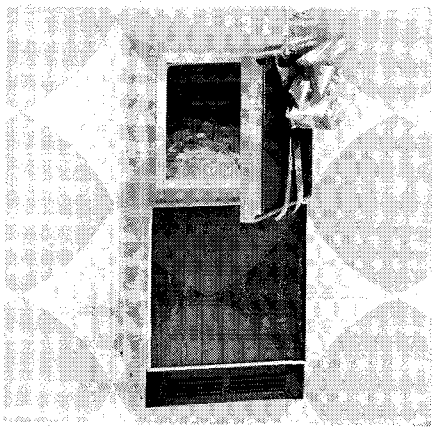

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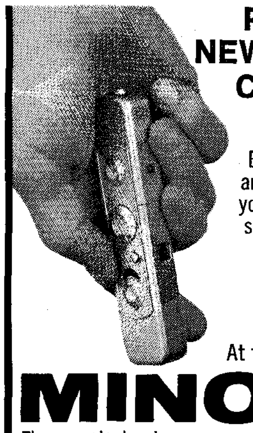

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strength than to an American urban Jewish image. If his heroic strength overpowers the original qualities of the character, his backbone is what this big musical-comedy movie needs. His is a Sabra Tevye, and I suppose this may disconcert those who saw the first Broadway Tevye, Zero Mostel, who I understand was much funnier. Mostel is a brilliant, baleful, sad-eyed buffoon, weirdly inventive, and with his freak specialty—the surprise of how light he is on his toes—but on the screen he could no more embody the Jewish Everyman than W. C. Fields or Jonathan Winters could be the Wasp Everyman. He is a clown, and, like many great clowns, he creates his own atmosphere. Topol is handsome, which is a blessing in movies, and, though bigger than life, he's still in the normal human range—his bigness is an intensification of normal emotions.

Norman Jewison's movie is astonishingly square—astonishing not only in how square his approach is but in how joyously square the results are. Never having seen "Fiddler" on the stage, I can't judge what has been lost, but, on its own terms, the movie has an overall, ongoing vitality that is overwhelming. It is a show that reveals not what made Jewish writers or thinkers but what has made American Jewish show business. It is an attempt to bring joy out of basic experience; the hero is a myth-size version of a limited, slightly stupid common man. Jewison has a sound instinct for robust, masculine low comedy; he showed it in the way he handled Rod Steiger in "In the Heat of the Night" and Alan Arkin in "The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming." (On a small scale, Arkin's Russian was a warm-up for Tevye.) The producers were probably wise—or maybe lucky—when they selected a Gentile director, because Jewison (an exotic name for a Methodist) doesn't let the movie slip into chummy Jewish sentimentality. In the movie, to be chosen for suffering is a joke that Tevye and the other Jews in the Ukrainian village are in on. The Jews are a chosen people the way blacks are beautiful. Those who suffer may need to believe there is a higher meaning in their suffering, just as those whose beauty has not been sufficiently recognized may need to rediscover it and emphasize it. The irony that the chosen of God seem to have less access to Him than others do is, in fact, the source of Tevye's comedy in the movie, as it is in the Sholom Aleichem stories on which the musical is based. Tevye is a religious man but also a realist—be-

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cause he can't get God's ear. Younger members of the audience—particularly if they are Jewish—may be put off the movie if their parents and grandparents have gone on believing in a special status with God long after the oppression was over, and have tried to prop up their authority over their children with boring stories about early toil and hardship (as the superpatriot judge in "Little Murders" does). Too many people have *used* their early suffering as a platitudinous weapon and so have made it all seem fake. And I suppose that "Fiddler on the Roof" has been such a phenomenal stage success partly because it can be used in this same self-congratulatory way—as a public certificate of past suffering. And perhaps the movie can be, too. But this movie is far from a Jewish "The Sound of Music" and is infinitely less sentimental than the youth rock musicals.

Jewison treats the Jews as an oppressed people—no better, no worse than others—and this sensible attitude, full of essential good will, and yet not self-conscious, as a Jewish movie director's attitude might easily have been, keeps the movie sane and balanced, and allows it to be powerful. The movie is not a celebration of Jewishness; it is a celebration of the sensual pleasures of staying alive, and of trying to hang on to a bit of ceremony, too—a little soul food. Jewison does not permit the Jewish performers to be too "Jewish;" that is, to become familiar with the audience with that degrading mixture of self-hatred and self-infatuation that corrupts so much Jewish comedy. Only one of the leads—Molly Picon, as Yente, the matchmaker—gets away from him and carries on like a stage Jew, with a comic accent. Why do Jewish performers like Molly Picon have to overdo being Jewish when they play Jews? What do they think they are the rest of the time? They're like those Hollywood actresses who, when they got past forty and the time came for them to play the parents of teen-age children, did themselves up like Whistler's mother. It is an anomaly of American entertainment, in which Jews have played so major a role, that it is not the Gentiles but the Jews who have created the Jewish stereotypes, and not to satisfy any need in the Gentiles but to satisfy the mixed-up masochism of Jewish audiences. (Black performers put on comic black masks for black audiences, too; it could conceivably be argued that the comedy is in showing their own people the masks they wear for whites, but this argument

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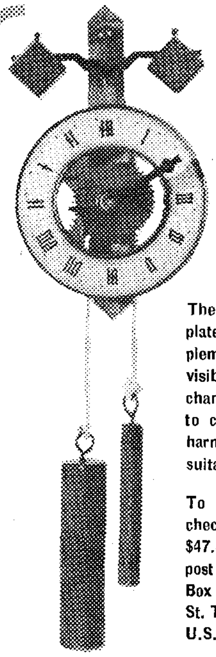

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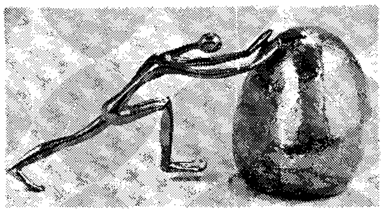

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certainly doesn't carry over to the Jews.) It's this kind of cheap courting of favor with the Jewish audience that one may fear when one goes to see "Fiddler on the Roof," and Jewison keeps the movie about ninety-nine per cent pure.

As the timid tailor who loves Tzeitel, Tevye's oldest daughter, Leonard Frey is as innocent of heart and tangled in his limbs as a young Ben Blue, and as the daughter Rosalind Harris, a tall, slender young actress, looks just enough like Frey for the marriage to have been made in Heaven; they're a lunatically sweet pair of Shakespearean lovers—funny, pastoral, perfect. Paul Mann, with his winged eyebrows and ruddy, button-nose face, is a marvellous camera image—a true St. Nick. His wealthy butcher, like his rug merchant in "America America," is a lived-in character. You look at him and you see a whole way of life—groaning boards loaded with meat, the pleasures of materialism. The butcher's and Tevye's explosions of temper at Tzeitel's wedding are possibly the truest moments of folk humor. (The movie is most false, I think, in the reaction shots of the constable when he and Tevye talk; these shots seem to come out of a Second World War movie—they make dignity-of-man points.) Michele Marsh is a bit too conventional an ingénue as the second daughter but redeems the performance with her farewell song; the third daughter, Neva Small, very young and with long red hair, has a special comic spark in her early scenes. The Golde (Tevye's wife) of Norma Crane is physically suitable, but the character, regrettably, never emerges.

The movie is highly theatrical, but it isn't stagy. Joseph Stein, who wrote the stage show, also did the movie script, and it's a serviceable adaptation. Jewison has managed to keep the whole production, including the out-of-doors scenes, somewhat stylized, so that the simple transitions in and out of the songs and dances are not jarring but just a further step in stylization. And since, as the stage show was conceived (mostly by Jerome Robbins, from all accounts), the songs and dances are meant to be not "professional" but heightened expressions of emotion by the characters, the numbers are in any case not so different from the somewhat formalized theatrical scenes they grow out of. Jewison's devices to get from one scene to the next are so naïve that they can easily be accepted, because they serve the material. The vastness of fields with only a few figures is

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a simple conversion from a bare stage. These fields may then be dissolved into an abstraction to end a scene, or the camera may move from the figures in a field to a landscape. Some of the devices don't serve good purposes. Though the picture seems to ride right over its own faults, it *is* irritating that the direction and editing so often go for obvious effects—a shift, say, from the candles' being lighted in one home to the candles' being lighted all over the village. Jewison fails at certain scenes because of a kind of nondenominational blandness: the revolutionary from Kiev (Michael Glaser) becomes just an attractive juvenile, and the scene in which he tries to teach radical ideas to Tevye's daughters is insipid. The third daughter's Gentile suitor (Raymond Lovelock) is a walking example of Hitler-youth-movement calendar art. However, the worst flaw in the film except for the unrealized Golde is that the best dance scenes are all but wrecked by the whirlybird attempt to create dazzle and speed with a camera amidst the figures instead of letting the dances build by choreographic means. You want to see the whole figures and the steps, not blurred faces and bits of bodies. Dance has greater power than filmmakers may realize, and the wedding dance of four men with wine bottles on their heads is the high point of the film. I don't know if it's traditional or a Jerome Robbins contribution—perhaps it's a blend of both—but it's a beautiful ritual dance, and beautifully performed. It comes as a gift of art, like Isaac Stern's violin songs.

I fear that people of taste have been so indoctrinated now with a narrow conception of cinematic values that a movie in a broad popular style will be subject to a snobbish reaction. But square can be beautiful, too. It can be strong in a very direct way, and the theme of "Fiddler on the Roof" justifies this large-scale (nine-million-dollar) production. One doesn't go to a big American movie musical expecting impeccable ethnic nuances or fine brushwork; that's not what this particular genre provides. What it does offer is the pleasure of big, bold strokes—and spirit. "Fiddler on the Roof" is American folk opera, commercial style. So was "Porgy and Bess." And though the score, by Jerry Bock (the music) and Sheldon Harnick (the lyrics, functional but uninspired), isn't in the Gershwin class, it isn't *bad*. No other American folk opera (certainly not "Porgy and Bess," which has a rather unfortunate libretto) has ever been so successfully brought to the screen as

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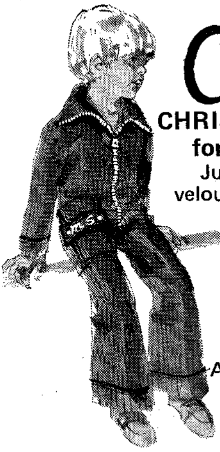

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"Fiddler on the Roof." Its great advantage on the screen is its narrative strength; the material builds and accumulates meaning, until, at the end, when the Jews who have left their homes huddle on a raft, Tevye's story becomes part of the larger story, and the full scope of the movie is achieved. Though the techniques and simplifications are those of musical comedy, when they are put to work on a large emotional theme that is consonant with the very nature of American musical comedy—is, in fact, at its heart—the effect on the large screen is of a musical epic. The music is certainly not operatic, but the movie of "Fiddler on the Roof" has operatic power. It's not a soft experience; you come out shaken.

Dorothy Parker, so apt and so funny, was also so *wrong*. She was right, of course, in seeing Hollywood as a mink-and-bagel story; that's what anyone researching movie history comes up against, and it must be what anyone researching the musical theatre comes up against, too. And it's the easiest thing to patronize. But that bagel with the bite out of it should have cheered her. Imagine that arm without the bagel and you have cold money. Didn't it tell her that the woman in the mink in the Cadillac didn't quite believe in the mink or the Cadillac? Didn't it tell her that movies, like musical comedies, were made by gypsies who didn't know how to act as masters, because they were still on the road being chased? Couldn't Miss Parker, split down the middle herself—a Jewish father and a Gentile mother—see that that bagel was a piece of the raft, a comic holy wafer?

—PAULINE KAEL

•

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[*Letter in the London Daily Telegraph*]

SIR—I find that your quick crossword is becoming increasingly difficult and annoying. My father, M.A. (Cantab in English) and myself, B.A. (Oxon, in Law) have little trouble with the big crossword but have been unable to finish the so-called quick one, even "cheating" with dictionaries, for some weeks.

I only buy your paper for Peter Simple, the sport and the crossword, as I am opposed to the current wide dissemination of "News" and long for the day when 90 per cent of the population are totally ignorant of world affairs.

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

A WINDOW ON THE OLIGOCENE

THERE are few more beautiful natural parks than the mountain valley that encloses the village of Florissant (pop. 102), in Teller County, Colorado, about a hundred miles southwest of Denver, on the western slope of the Front Range of the Rockies. This valley has been variously known as South Park and Castello's Ranch, but it now takes its name from the village. It is ten miles long and a mile or two wide, and it follows a gently winding course, with many sudden, serpentine arms. The valley floor is a rolling meadow. It flows, deep in grass, around an occasional thrust of rust-red granite outcrop, and it is framed on the east and west by low hills crowned with open groves of ponderosa pine. Florissant is high country—almost nine thousand feet—but above its highest hills, encircling the infinite distance, are the peaks of higher mountains. There are antelope in the Florissant valley, and deer and elk and bear and badgers and coyotes and porcupines, and in July the meadows are a garden of wild flowers—bluebells, yellow clover, purple locoweed, pink trumpet phlox, alpine daisies, brown-eyed Susans, flaming Indian paintbrush. The beauty of Florissant, however, is not its only natural glory. It has another, a rarer and a richer one. Beneath the flowering Florissant meadows lies a treasury of paleontological history. Florissant is one of the richest repositories of plant and insect fossils in the world.

A FOSSIL is an impression of a prehistoric organism which has been preserved in the crust of the earth. Fossils are formed in many ways. These include freezing, drying, petrifaction (or the replacement of organic by mineral matter), and encasement under pressure in asphalt, amber, sandstone, shale, or volcanic ash. The Florissant fossil beds were formed by a series of volcanic eruptions that began some thirty-eight million years ago. This places the beds, by geologic time, in the Oligocene epoch of the Cenozoic era. Florissant was then, as now, a valley, but it was a highland rather than a mountain valley, and it had a mild, humid, probably subtropical climate. A wandering stream flowed south through the valley, and the banks of the stream and the slopes above it were covered with willow and oak and pine and beech and giant sequoia. The first, progenitive volcanic eruption changed that distant scene. Its convulsions deposited a levee of volcanic mud at the mouth of the valley, blocking the outward flow of the stream, and the stream thus dammed became a pond, and the pond became a lake. Fish flourished there, and insects swarmed, and trees and shrubs grew dense along the shore. The volcano presently came to life again, and for perhaps three million years there were frequent wild eruptions. With every eruption, a cloud of fine volcanic ash blew into Florissant. The ash fell thickly on the lake, and as it settled it carried with it to the bottom a multitude of leaves and insects and tiny fish and stored them there in a thin, impressionable casing. Millennia passed, and the layered deposits of silt and ashy shale accumulated. The lake slowly shrank from a depth of forty feet to only a foot or two, and finally drained dry. It was then, around thirty-four million years ago, that a final and cataclysmic eruption occurred, and the whole of the lake was buried in a flood of boiling lava. That perfectly sealed the formed and forming fossils, and preserved them for man's eventual discovery.

The Florissant fossil beds were discovered almost a hundred years ago. A field geologist named A. C. Peale is generally accepted as their discoverer. Peale made his find in the course of a study for the United States Geological and Geographical Survey in the summer of 1873. A few years earlier, in 1870, the community that came to be called Florissant (from *floraison*, meaning "season of flowers") had been established as a trading post by a wanderer known to local history as Judge James Castello, but if Castello had then seen and recognized the fossil beds that lay in his domain, he left no record of the fact. Peale did. He included an account of his find in his formal survey report. "About five miles from

"For God's sake, woman, don't just stand there! Counter my pessimism!"

the mouth [of Beaver Creek]," he noted, "around the settlement of Florissant, is an irregular basin filled with modern lake deposits. The entire basin is not more than five miles in diameter. The deposits extend up the branches of the creek, which all unite near Florissant. Between the branches are granite islands appearing above the beds, which themselves rest on granite. Just below Florissant, on the north side of the road, are bluffs not over 50 feet in height, in which are good exposures of the various beds. The following section gives them from the top downward: 1. Coarse conglomeritic sandstone. 2. Fine-grained, soft, yellowish-white sandstone, with bands that are more or less argillaceous, and containing fragments and stems of leaves. 3. Coarse gray and yellow sandstone. 4. Chocolate-colored clay shales with fossil leaves. At the upper part, these shales are black, and below pass into—5. Whitish clay shales. These last form the base of the hill. The beds are all horizontal. Scattered around are fragments of a trachyte [a volcanic rock], which probably caps the beds. . . . I had thought it possible that the beds were of Pliocene age. The specimens obtained from bed [i.e., stratum] No. 4, of the section above, were submitted to Professor Lesquereux, who informs me that they are . . . 'Upper Miocene.'. . . The shales were so soft and friable that it was rather difficult to obtain any specimens. About one mile south of Florissant, at the base of a small hill of sandstone, capped with conglomerate, are 20 or 30 stumps of silicified wood."

The authoritative Professor Lesquereux to whom Peale submitted his specimens for dating was the celebrated Swiss-born American paleobotanist Leo Lesquereux, and it was he, together with two equally eminent associates, who made the first scientific evaluations of the Florissant fossiliferous shales. His associates were the paleozoologist Edward Drinker Cope and the founder of American insect paleontology Samuel Hubbard Scudder. Scudder was the first scientist to follow Peale to Florissant. He made the first of many visits there in the summer of 1877, and spent five strenuous days examining the visible beds and collecting fossils for later laboratory study. His account of that first visit, which appeared as part of a comprehensive report ("The Tertiary Lake Basin at Florissant, Colo., between South and Hayden Parks") in the *Bulletin of the United States Geological and Geographical Survey* in 1882, was ecstatic. "The very shales of the lake itself," he noted, "in

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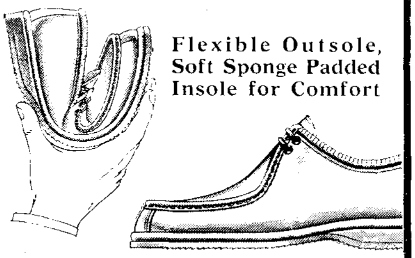
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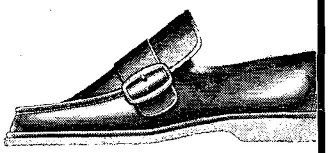
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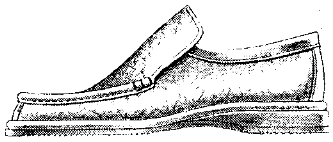
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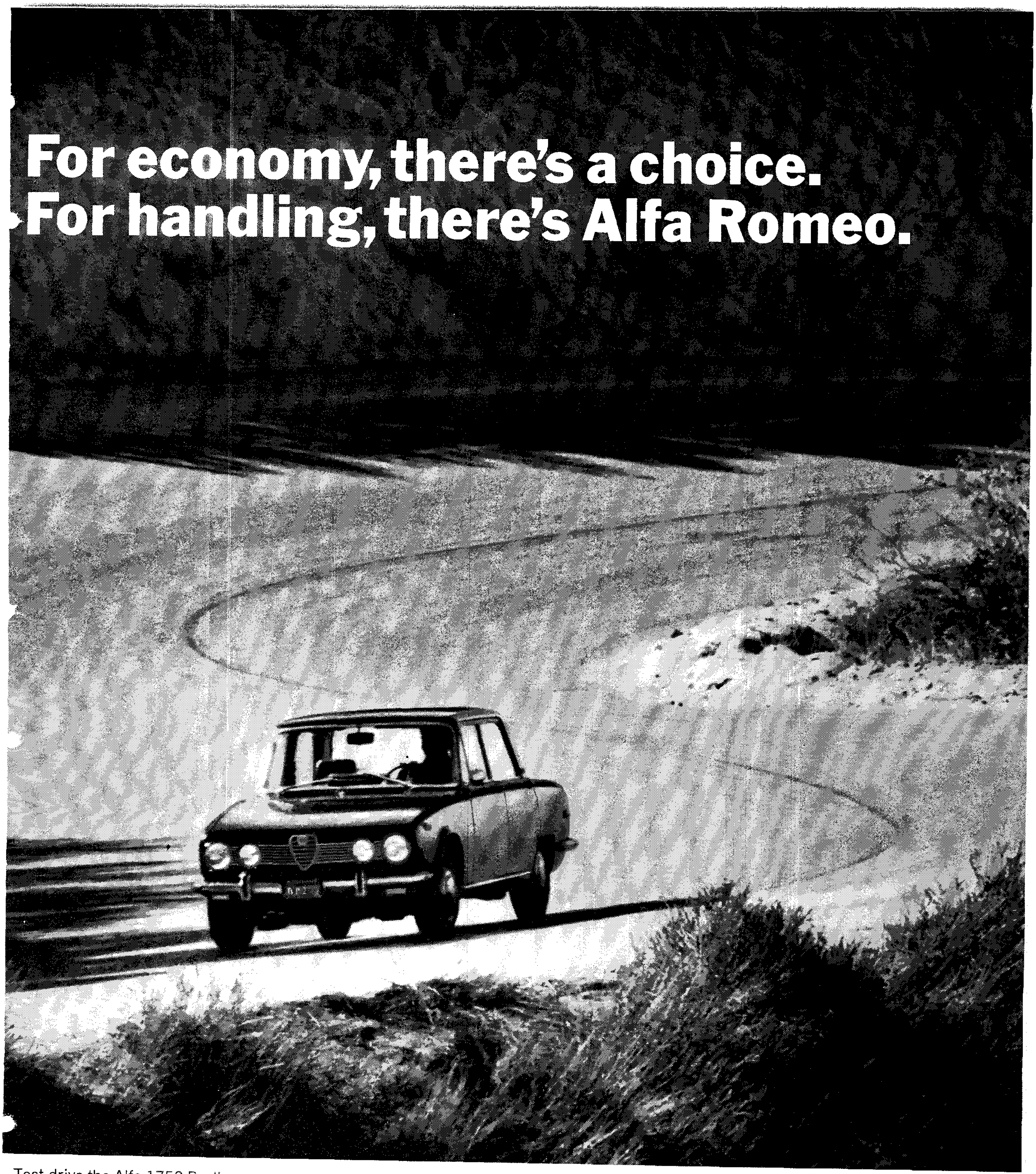
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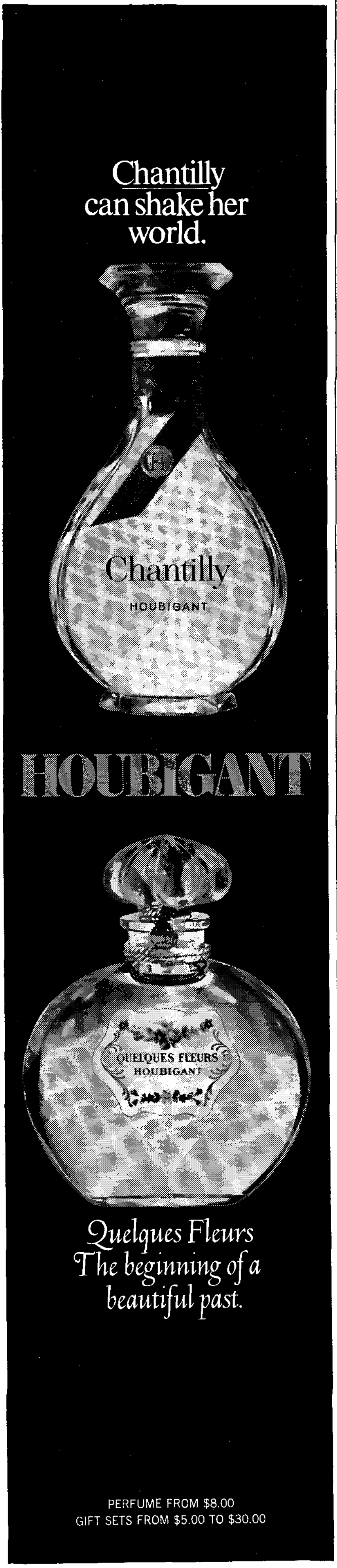
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which the myriad plants and insects are entombed, are wholly composed of volcanic sand and ash; fifteen meters or more thick they lie, in alternating layers of coarser and finer material. . . . The upper half has been eroded and carried away, leaving, however, the fragmentary remains of this great ash deposit clinging to the borders of the basin and surrounding the islands; a more convenient arrangement for the present explorer could not have been devised. . . . The insects preserved in the Florissant basin are wonderfully numerous, this single locality having yielded in a single summer more than *double the number of specimens which* the famous localities at Oeningen, in Bavaria, furnished Heer in thirty years. Having visited both places I can testify to the greater prolificness of the Florissant beds . . . and the quarries are fifty times as extensive and far more easily worked."

Scudder also inspected the "silicified wood" to which Peale had alluded. "Our examination of the deposits of this lacustrine basin," he noted, "was principally made in a small hill, from which perhaps the largest number of fossils have been taken, lying just south of the house of Mr. Adam Hill, and upon his ranch. Like the other ancient islets of this upland lake, it now forms a mesa or flat-topped hill about ten or a dozen meters high. . . . Around its eastern base are the famous petrified trees, huge, upright trunks, standing as they grew, which are reported to have been five or six meters high at the advent of the present residents of the region. Piecemeal they have been destroyed by vandal tourists, until now not one of them rises more than a meter above the surface of the ground, and many of them are entirely leveled; but their huge size is attested by the relics, the largest of which can be seen to have been three or four meters in diameter. These gigantic trees appear to be sequoias." Scudder ended his report with a new estimate, concurred in by both Lesquereux and Cope, of the age of the Florissant beds. They were neither Pliocene (two to ten million years ago) nor Miocene (ten to twenty-seven million years ago) in origin. They were Oligocene.

The first Florissant fossils to be properly studied were those collected by Scudder in 1877. That visit, though brief, was prophetically productive. In the mere five days that Scudder spent in the beds, he and three companions (two fellow-scientists and the local rancher Hill) gathered a total of around five thousand specimens. The quality of

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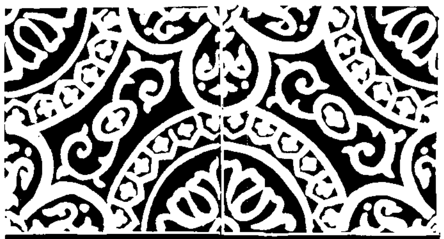
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the material also was prophetically high. "The shales of Florissant," Lesquereux enthusiastically noted, "have preserved the most delicate organisms—feathers, insects, small flies, petals, even anthers and stamens of flowers." Lesquereux, being a botanist, reviewed the plant specimens. He was able to distinguish some ninety different species. All of them were species long extinct, but most were recognizable as prototypes of modern plants. Fossil vertebrates were reviewed by Cope. He found few satisfactory specimens, and fewer species. His report listed eight species of fish and two of birds—one a kind of plover and the other a finch. Scudder himself reviewed the insect and arachnid fossils, and it was chiefly his report that brought the Florissant beds to international scientific attention. He tentatively identified literally hundreds of species. They included thirty species of wasps, fifty species of ants, eight species of flies, fourteen species of spiders, five species of grasshoppers, sixty-five species of the order that embraces aphids, cicadas, and leafhoppers, and—to his particular delight—a wealth of butterflies. "Having examined more than ten years ago all the butterflies that were known in the European Tertiaries," he wrote in a separate survey report, "the American forms that have been exhumed at Florissant, in Colorado, in presumably Oligocene beds, have especially interested me. There are, altogether, seven species, more than have been found at any other locality in the world, and only two less than all that are known in the imago state from European deposits."

The paleontological importance of Florissant that Scudder first proclaimed has been ardently confirmed by many other paleontologists. At least a dozen major scientific expeditions have worked the Florissant beds and assembled large and comprehensive collections. Scudder added to his original collection by almost annual visits until his retirement in 1892. The first academic expedition to Florissant was sponsored by Princeton University. Its members worked there through the summer of 1880. That study was followed, in 1902, by a second Princeton expedition, this one jointly led by Henry Fairfield Osborn, of the American Museum of Natural History, and W. B. Scott, of the British Museum. Other expeditions have come to Florissant from the American Museum itself, the Denver Museum of Natural History, the University of Colorado, the University of Iowa, Washington State University, Humboldt (California) State College (led

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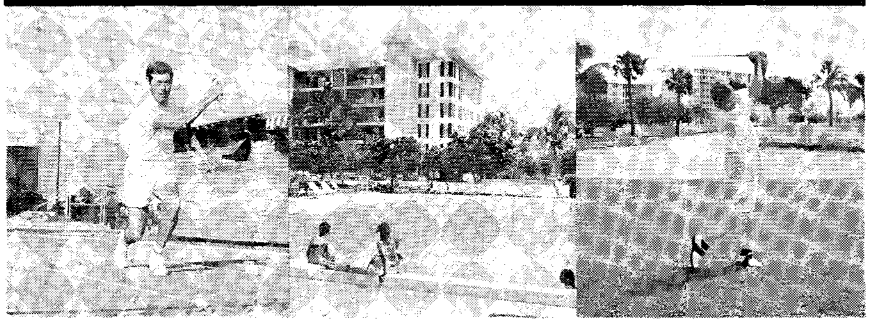

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by the distinguished paleontologist H. D. MacGinitie), and the University of California, and Florissant fossils are prominent in the collections of most notable natural-history museums. There has always been plenty for all. The Florissant deposits are extraordinarily rich. According to a recent computation by Frank M. Carpenter, Fisher Professor of Natural History at Harvard, they have yielded up some eighty thousand explicit specimens of insects alone, and fossil plants are even more abundant. This multitude of specimens represents well over a thousand different species of life—around eleven hundred insects and arachnids, a hundred and forty-four plants, and sixteen vertebrates. The insect specimens include a total of nine species of butterflies and four species of tsetse flies, the now uniquely African vector of trypanosomiasis, or sleeping sickness. Moreover, despite a century of scientific scrutiny, the variety of the Florissant beds has almost certainly not yet been exhausted. Every expedition turns up new material. As recently as 1965, on a casual, one-day visit, a United States Geological Survey paleontologist named Estella B. Leopold discovered a fossil palm leaf, the first such specimen ever unearthed at Florissant, and a totally unexpected find. It was also—like most of the Florissant fossils—*an excellent specimen.*

The diverse and overflowing excellence of the Florissant fossil beds is not their only distinction. They are equally distinguished in the eyes of science by their age. Most other beds laid down in the expanses of the Tertiary period of the Cenozoic era (from two to seventy million years ago) are either younger or older than those at Florissant. Florissant stands midway in time between the Miocene epoch, which began twenty-seven million years ago, and the Eocene epoch, which began fifty-five million years ago, and its fossiliferous shales are thus a clear and precious view of life through several million otherwise inscrutable years. There is only one other Rocky Mountain source of Oligocene fossil plants. That is a bed at Ruby Valley, in Montana, but specimens there are so few and far between that collectors work it not by hand with a geologic hammer but with a bulldozer. The Florissant record has scope as well as clarity. Its documentation of a particular place at a particular time is almost incomparably complete. The freak of nature that created Florissant preserved in each of its several stratifications a comprehensive flora and fauna—a total ecosystem. "If a single layer of paper

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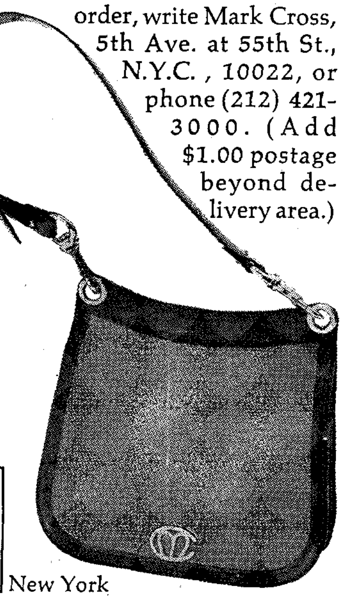

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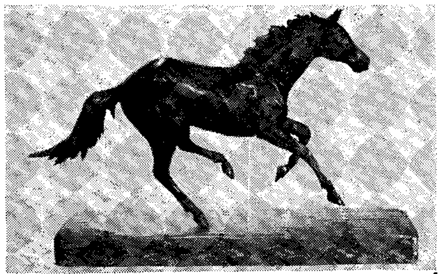

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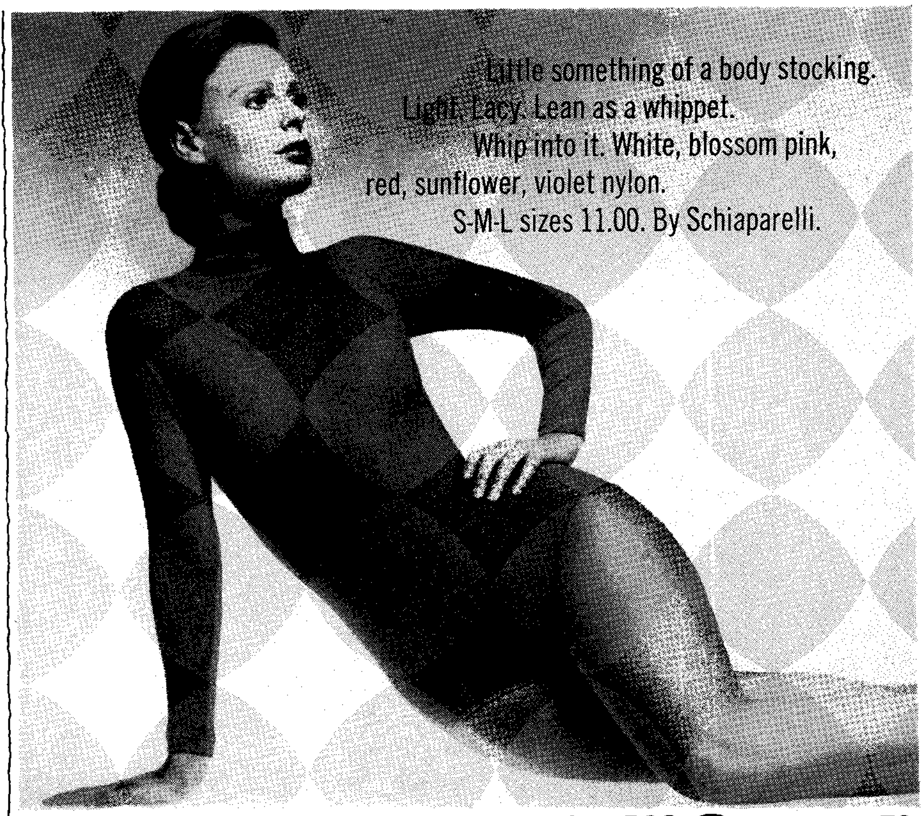
shale in the Florissant beds could be uncovered simultaneously over its entire surface," Dr. Leopold has said, "we would have a detailed picture—a photograph in rock—of Florissant as it was some thirty-eight million years ago. As a volcanic tomb, Florissant is a kind of Pompeii of the Oligocene. It's a kind of Dead Sea Scroll of evolution. There is simply nothing like it."

Florissant was for centuries an occasional Indian hunting ground. The Utes camped and hunted there on their summer raids against the Pueblo towns in what are now New Mexico and Arizona, and so, at times, did the nomadic Arapahos. The white discoverers of Florissant were the mountain men of the second generation. They trapped and explored and roughly mapped that part of the Rockies in the eighteen-forties and fifties. A tall tale of the period, told by a trapper on his return to Taos from a mountain journey (and recorded in a government guide to the area), was probably inspired by the petrified stumps at Florissant: "Pa'dners, I seed a pewtrified forest of pewtrified trees with their pewtrified limbs chockfull of pewtrified birds a-singing of pewtrified songs." With the arrival, in the eighteen-seventies, of the trader James Castello and the rancher Adam Hill and others of their kind, the settlement of Florissant began, and the valley is now—hills and meadows and fossil beds—in well-documented private ownership. The owners of the Florissant valley are cattlemen; the growing season there is too short for any crop but grass. One of the dozen present owners of its twelve thousand acres operates a small tourist concession on the side. Two of them own lands embracing the remains of the petrified stumps. One of these also owns the bed from which Scudder extracted his first collection of fossils. This bed is open, for a fee, to the public, and visiting scientists have always been freely and warmly welcome there. They have also always been hospitably received by the owners of the other celebrated fossil beds—the bed worked by the first Princeton expedition, the University of California bed, a bed exposed by a cutting dug in 1887 for the now abandoned Colorado & Midland Railroad. The respect of the owners of Florissant for science has undoubtedly been a factor in the preservation of its fossil beds for continued scientific study. It has not, however, been an important one. Florissant has been largely preserved by the accident of nature that made it cattle country.

It has long been felt that the fossil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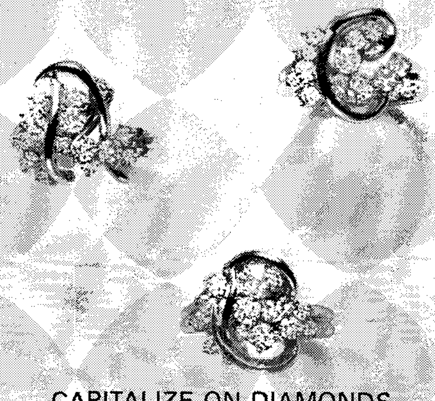
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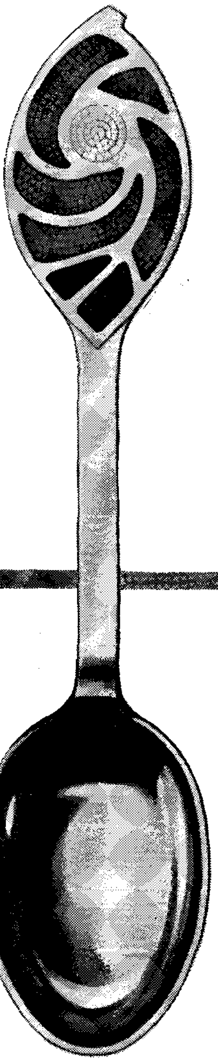

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riches of Florissant are too fragile to be so lightly guarded. The desirability of some defense against the human compulsion to rearrange nature which would be stronger than a long winter and a short summer was briefly considered as early as 1921. In that year, a group of interested scientists and others suggested that Florissant be brought into the protective embrace of the National Park Service. The suggestion received a politely sympathetic hearing, but no action was taken, and the interest of even its sponsors faded away and finally vanished under the impact of the Depression and the Second World War. It was revived, in 1953, by Edmund B. Rogers, then (he has since retired) the superintendent of Yellowstone National Park, with a testimonial based on first-hand exploration and entitled "Florissant Fossil Shale Beds, Colorado." Rogers' recommendation excited sufficient influential interest to set in motion the standard salvational procedure. This involved a pilot study, a preliminary report, and a formal proposal, and it proceeded at the standard pace. A formal proposal to preserve six thousand of the twelve thousand acres at Florissant as a Florissant Fossil Beds National Monument was approved by the director of the National Park Service in 1962. The following year, an enabling bill was introduced in the House of Representatives. It died, ignored. A similar bill was introduced in 1965, and it was similarly received. Two years later, in 1967, the House was offered a third Florissant bill. An amendment to it reduced the size of the proposed Monument from six thousand to one thousand acres. This truncated preserve attracted a wave of penny-pinching support, and the bill was approved with little opposition and sent along to the Senate. There it once more died. Another year went by and another Florissant bill was conceived. The new proposal differed from its predecessor in that it restored the cut in acreage and originated in the Senate. It was introduced on February 4, 1969. A few days later, an identical bill was introduced in the House. The winter passed, and also the spring. Then, on June 20th, the Senate approved its Florissant bill. The House bill remained in committee. Summer came on.

I WENT out to Colorado toward the end of July and paid a visit to Florissant. I saw it in the company of one of its many champions, Theodore R. Thompson, then the superintendent

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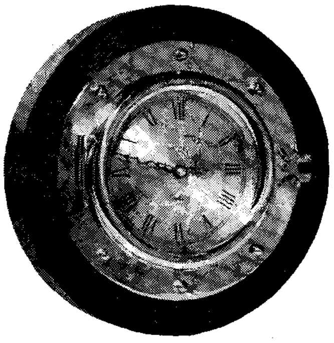

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of Rocky Mountain National Park, at Estes Park, Colorado. He picked me up in Denver in a green Park Service station wagon at around eight o'clock on a hot, dry, cloudless morning. We drove south on the throughway to Colorado Springs, and then west through Manitou Springs and under the loom of Pikes Peak and over the crest of the Front Range at Divide and down the long western slope between browning grasslands and scattered groves and climbing woods of aspen and ponderosa pine. We passed a lonely filling station with a sign over the door: "We're from Illinois. Where are you from?" There were mountains, some of them still furrowed with snow, all around the horizon. A highway sign appeared ahead: "Florissant 8 Mi." Beyond it was a piercing orange Day-Glo billboard: "Westwood Lake Estates." The highway began to climb. Another billboard came into view: "Trout Haven Estates 2½ Mi." A gravel road led off to the left. Another mile, and another billboard appeared: "Colorado Mountain Estates. ½ Acre Lots." Then another: "Wagon Tongue Home Sites—Florissant."

"This country is changing fast," Thompson said. "That's why we're fighting hard for the Monument. We think it's now or never. It used to be just tourists here. They'd stop and then drive on. Now it's subdivisions—vacation houses. Everybody wants an A-frame in the mountains."

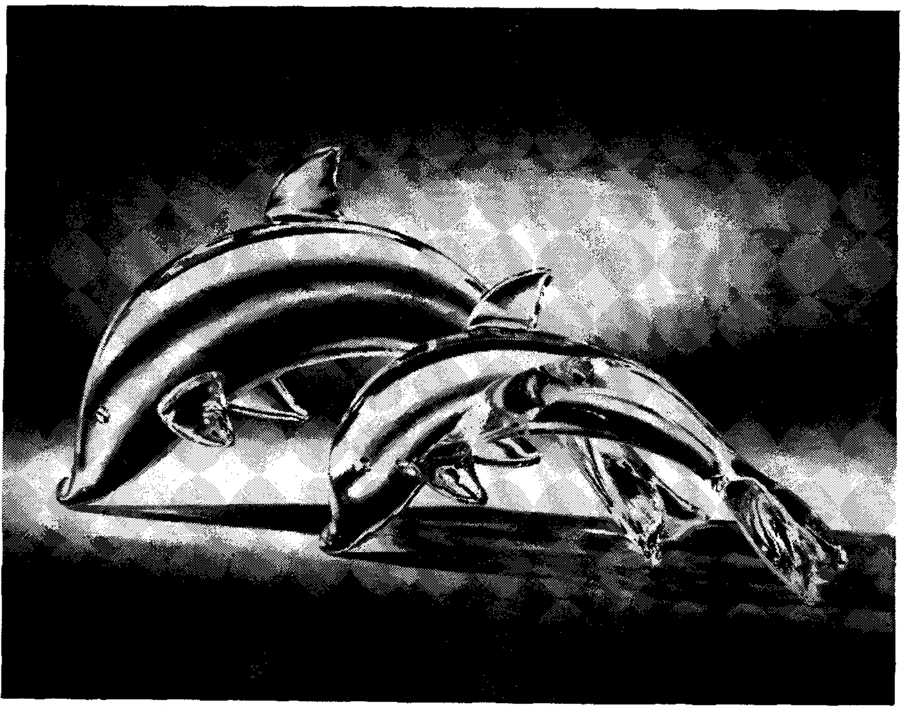
"*Why an A-frame?*" I said.

Thompson shrugged. "They're practical," he said. "Especially in snow country. And they're easy to maintain. But I think it's more than that. The A-frame is a kind of status symbol out here now."

We went down and around a bend. There was a rutted road on the left and a big welcoming billboard: "Lots. $15 Down. $15 Month." The roadbed climbed steeply up to a cluster of new houses. One of them was an A-frame.

"This is the edge of the Monument," Thompson said. "The proposed area all lies south of the highway and beyond that ridge over there. That's the village straight ahead. That's Florissant."

Florissant was a highway hamlet. Most of it was strung out along the right-hand side of the highway—a liquor store, a shingle-sided post office, a filling station, a real-estate office. On the other side were a log-cabin motel and café. A man in overalls was sitting on a bench in front of the post office. There was a billboard sign near the real-estate office: "4 Seasons Fun. Wil-



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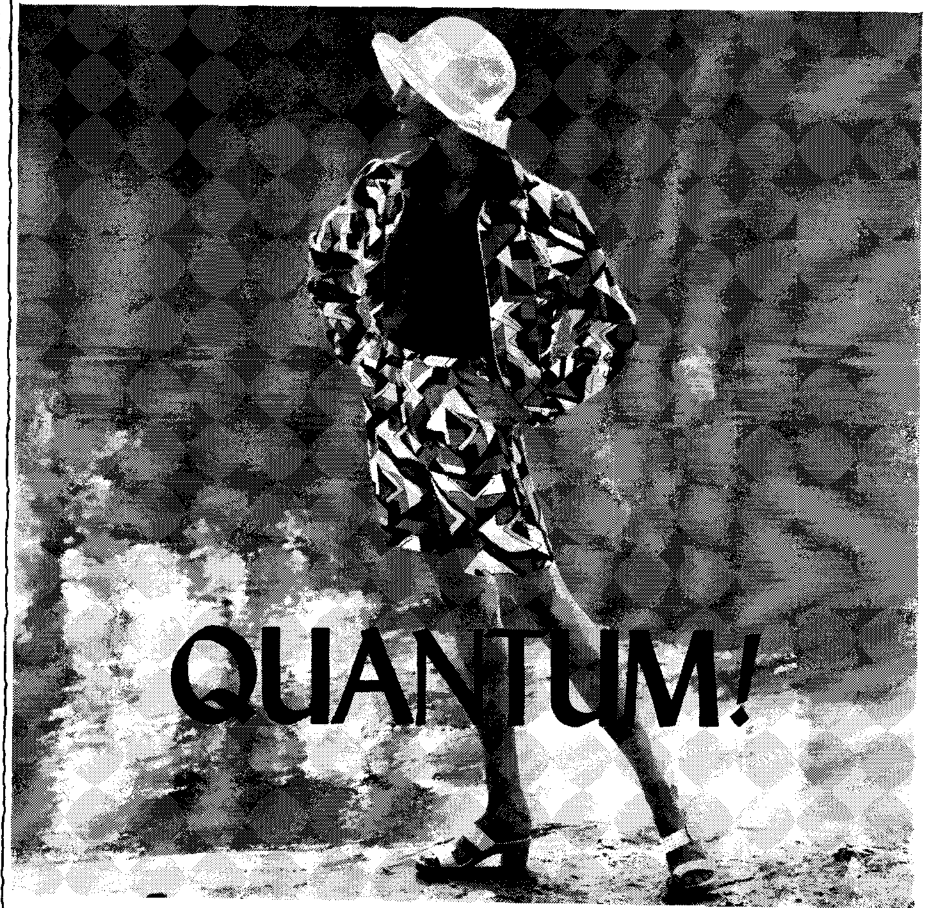

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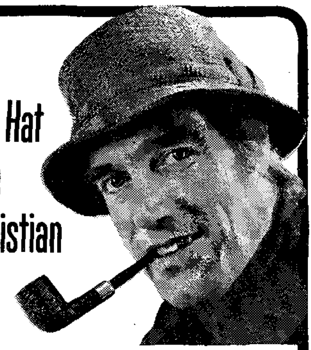

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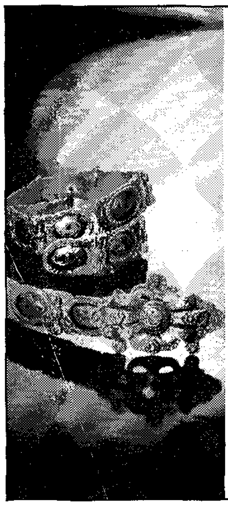

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derness Estates." We turned left at the motel onto a gravel road that led south through a break in the ridge. The road wound up through open groves of pine and rolling wild-flower meadows. Black Angus cattle were grazing knee-deep in flowers in the meadows. A sky-blue bluebird—a mountain bluebird—flew across the road and into a clump of trees. This was the Florissant valley. This was the Florissant I had heard and read about. On a rise a mile or so away stood a long, low clapboard building with a covered gallery all around it.

"That's the Singer place," Thompson said. "It used to be the Florissant railroad depot, back in the old Colorado & Midland days. Bob Singer bought it and had it moved up there in 1924. The Singers have a little over eight hundred acres in the area, and their land includes some petrified stumps and a very good fossil bed. As a matter of fact, it's old Scudder's bed, and you'll want to see it. Their main business is cattle, but they also run a museum and tourist operation in the summer. If the Monument ever goes through, their house will probably be the administration building. Temporarily, anyway."

"How do the Singers feel about the Monument?" I said.

"Oh, they're for it," he said. "They see the need. They want to protect the beds. Most of the longtime owners here want the Monument. Except that some of them are getting a little impatient. You saw that development back there on the highway. That could have been part of the Monument. So could some of the lakebed west of Florissant. It was included in all the Monument plans until the owner finally got tired of waiting for Congress to act, and sold it. Now it's what they call Colorado Mountain Estates. And there's another, even bigger piece of the Monument that has just been sold to land-development companies."

We parked in a parking lot at one end of the Singer house. I got out to stretch my legs while Thompson went off to look for Bob Singer. The Singer house was unmistakably a vintage railroad station. It had a bow-window bulge in front that must have been the stationmaster's office, and the encircling covered gallery was the remains of the old passenger platform. I looked off across the valley. It was easy to visualize the railroad station as it had once been. I could easily picture the group of turn-of-the-century paleontologists climbing down from the red plush Pullman cars. I could see their heavy, high-

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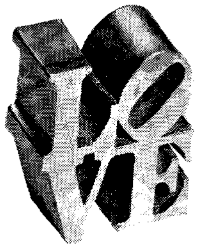

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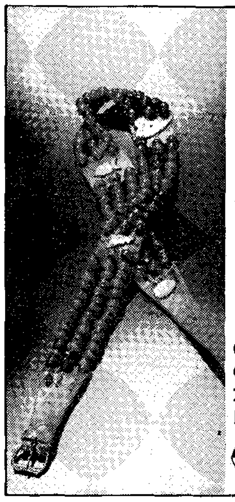

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buttoned suits and their high-crowned derby hats and their stern mustached faces. They were as sharp and true as a period photograph. But I couldn't picture anything of the past that lay under the meadows. All I could see were the rolling meadows flowering in the sun, and they looked like any pretty mountain meadows.

Thompson came back around the corner of the house. With him was a tall, tanned boy of seventeen or eighteen. He was a serious-looking boy. Thompson introduced us.

"This is Tim Singer," he said. He reached into the car and brought out a roll of plastic specimen bags and two geologic hammers. He handed me one of the hammers and stuck the bags in his pocket. "Tim grew up in this country, and he knows his fossils. He's going to show us around the old Scudder bed."

"I could show you something else, too," Tim said. "I'll show you our biggest petrified sequoia, if you want to see it. It's more or less on the way."

"I'd like to see it," I said.

"It's a fine specimen," Thompson said.

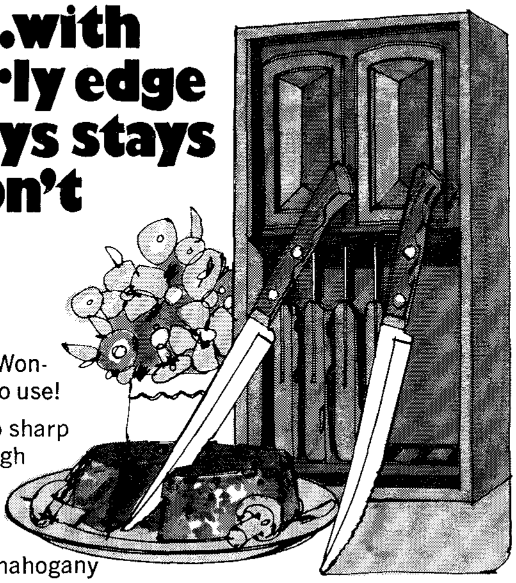
We followed a path up a slope behind the house. Halfway up the slope, the path levelled out and broadened into a sunken shelf. A big, furrowed, marble-like column was rooted in the middle of the shelf, like a fountain in a formal garden. That was the sequoia. Tim cleared his throat and changed his voice.

"This is the biggest petrified tree in the world," he said. "It is fourteen feet tall and seventy-four feet in circumference. It weighs forty tons. It used to be much taller. In 1892, around forty feet were cut off the top to show at the Chicago World's Fair, and souvenir hunters have been chipping at it for a hundred years. They estimate that the living tree was three hundred and fifty feet tall."

We stood and looked at the stony stump. It was curious, but that was all.

"O.K.," Tim said. "Let's go on to the fossil bed."

Scudder's famous fossil bed was even less impressive than the stump. It was not much more than a ditch. It was a wash, a gully, a shallow gulch about fifty feet long worn into the flank of a grass-grown ridge, and we were walking up its dusty floor before I knew what it was. The floor of the bed was rubble, and the walls were crumbling strata of gravel, shale, and rocklike volcanic tuff. The tuff formed the uppermost stratum. There was a crust of it just under the carpet of



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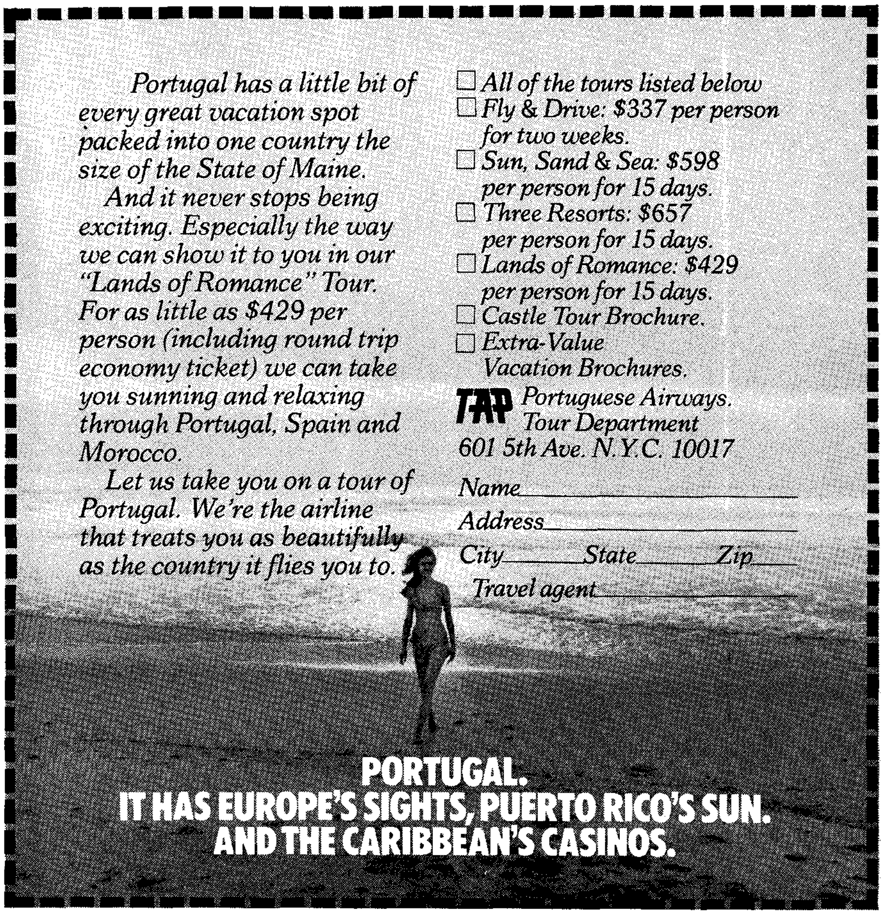

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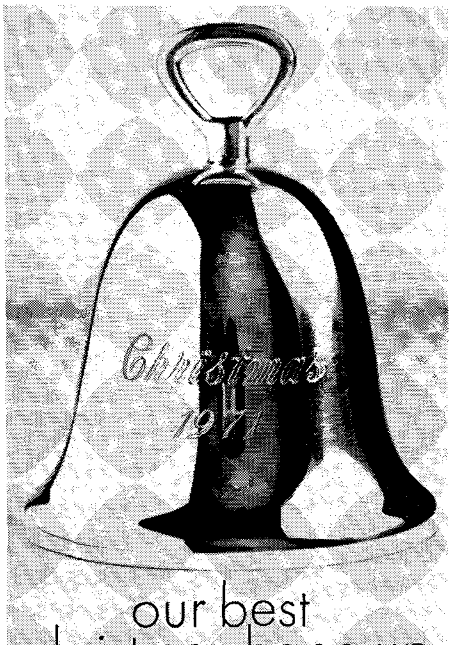

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meadow sod. Then came a foot or two of shale. The rest of the bed was gravel.

Thompson stopped and kicked at a pile of rubble. He picked up a slab of shale about the size of my hand. It was laminated like a piece of plywood in layers of gray, tan, and rusty red. He turned it on edge on a chunk of tuff and tapped a gray layer with the adze-like blade of his hammer. The slab split cleanly apart. He held out two smooth gray faces of shale.

"Nothing," Tim said. "Here's a better-looking piece. Try this."

It was a better piece. Thompson split it apart, and on one of the gray faces was a buckshot scattering of tiny brown specks. They looked like tiny burns.

"What do you think?" he said. "Charcoal?"

"Probably," Tim said. "It might be a bunch of little mosquitoes." He pulled out a magnifying lens and took a closer look. "I guess it's just charcoal, though."

There was another gray grain on the piece of shale. Thompson tapped it in two. He gave a startled grunt, and showed us one of the halves. On it was the imprint of a little leaf.

"Hey," Tim said. "Look at that one."

"Not bad, huh?" Thompson said. "How would you identify it, Tim? It looks a little like birch."

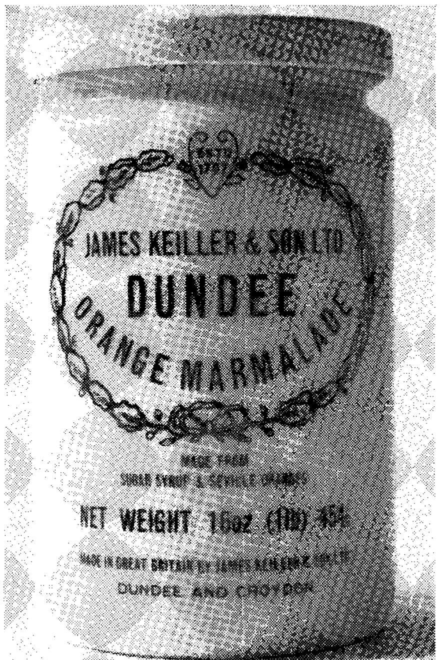
"Or elm," I said.

"It does," Tim said. "But I don't think it's either of those. I don't think it has any modern equivalent. I think it's a shrub they call *Fagopsis longifolia*. It's fairly common in these beds."

"Whatever it is," Thompson said, "it's a real nice specimen."

It was a beautiful specimen. I sat down on a hump of landslidden gravel and examined it with the magnifying glass. It looked like an actual leaf—a dry, brown, fallen autumn leaf. Every detail was perfectly preserved. The leaf stalk was there, and the midrib, and the delicate opposite veins. Only the very tip was missing. It was an almost flawless fossil image. But to me it was more than that. The petrified stump was merely a monstrous relic. This was a recognition. I remembered a phrase from my reading. It was one of Estella Leopold's apothegms: "Florissant is a window on the Oligocene." The window had opened in my hand, and I was looking in.

We spent an hour and a half in the fossil bed. We found a dozen fossils or fossil fragments—twigs and charcoal, bits of leaves and a fully formed willow leaf, a faint impression of a fly. None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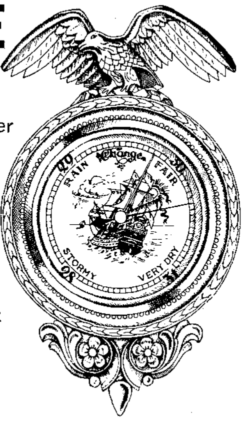

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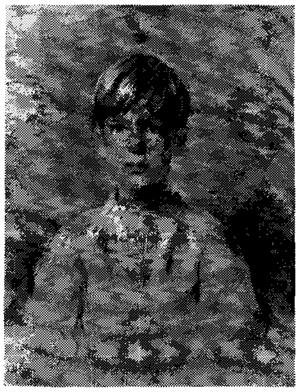

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of them compared in quality with the little *Fagopsis* leaf, but that was only a disappointment. It didn't really matter. The *Fagopsis* leaf was revelation enough. It was almost two o'clock when we climbed out of the bed and walked back to the house, and long past time for lunch. Thompson and I left Tim at the house. We got a couple of cans of Fresca from a vending machine on the gallery and a bag of diner sandwiches from the car and sat down to lunch in the grass at the edge of the parking lot. We looked out at the sunny sweep of the wild-flower meadows as we ate. They were still wonderfully pretty meadows, but it seemed to me that I saw them differently now. I could see them now for what they really were.

A little distance up the gravel road from the Singer ranch, we came to a gate with a sign: "Pike Petrified Forest." This was the other sequoia-stump concession. We didn't stop. The gate was fastened with a padlock, and we didn't have time to see if anyone was at home. The road ran on through the rolling meadows for another mile or two. Then the land began to rise on the left, and a winding row of hillside houses thrust suddenly into view. A graded road led up from the gravel road through a wide rustic gateway with an arching log-cabin roof. Across the arch stretched a thirty-foot sign: "Colorado Mountain Estates." On the right of the gateway, there was a billboard sign in the shape of a house: "Colorado Mountain Estates. ½ Acre Lots." Beyond the gateway was a street sign: "Arrowhead Lane." We turned up Arrowhead Lane.

"There are two more places that I want you to see," Thompson said. "This development is one of them. There are around a thousand acres here, and they should have been part of the Monument. They're a natural part of the Florissant valley. I can't really blame the original owner of this land for selling. The Monument has been hanging fire too long. But it's a pity. The present boundary line of the Monument is that fence right over there."

"That's pretty close," I said.

"It's a little too close for comfort," he said. "It gives the residents of Colorado Mountain Estates a beautiful view, but it could mean a lot of population pressure, a lot of wear and tear on the Monument. Let's hope we don't lose any more land this way."

"Are there fossil beds in here?" I said.

"I don't know," he said. "But Flo-

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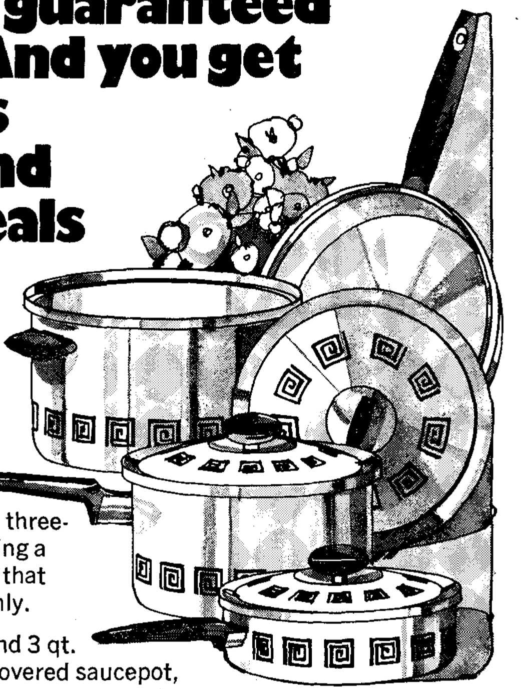

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rissant is all the same geology, so I suppose there are. Or were."

We turned off Arrowhead Lane and drove through Amherst Circle. The houses we passed were cabins or A-frames. They were new but already aging, and they looked cramped and crowded together. Half an acre isn't much land in the mountains. We turned into Badger Circle. The unsold lots between the houses were unspoiled stands of pine. There was a distant view of the farther valley from the top of Badger Circle. A woman with a mop in her hand and a cigarette in her mouth came out of one of the houses. She stood on the porch and shook out her mop and watched us go by. We circled back to Arrowhead Lane by way of Pinewood Road.

We drove back down the valley for about a mile. The road forked there, and the fork on the right was a shortcut back to the highway. We took that fork. It led across the valley, and the land began to rise toward the flanking eastern hills. Just ahead, on each side of the road, were ditchlike excavations. The excavations looked familiar. They looked like well-worked fossil beds.

"That's right," Thompson said. "They're famous, too. The one on the right was opened back in 1880 by the first Princeton expedition, and the other is the University of California bed. But that isn't what I particularly wanted you to see. I came out this way to show you something that has us all in quite a sweat."

The road cut through a stand of aspen and emerged again into meadowland. Thompson slowed the car, swung off on the shoulder, and stopped. There was a ditch at the edge of the shoulder and a barbed-wire fence at the top of the ditch. In the grass near the fence lay a big, shiny twenty-foot length of galvanized sheet-metal piping—a brand-new culvert liner. Just beyond the culvert liner was a parked bulldozer.

"This meadow forms the eastern end of the Monument," Thompson said. "It's part of a tract of around seventeen hundred acres. It used to belong to one of the old Florissant families. A few months ago, they sold it to land developers in Colorado Springs. It was the same old story. It was Colorado Mountain Estates all over again. Except that this time the people behind the Monument—scientists and conservationists and others—went to court. They went before the Circuit Court of Appeals in Denver and came out with a restraining order that temporarily en-

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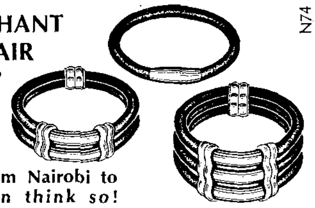
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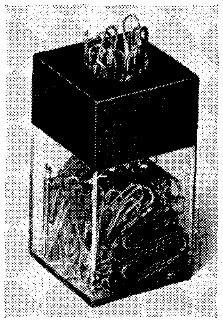
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joined the owners from building roads or doing any other excavation work. That was only the other day—on July 10th. And the order expires on July 29th. What happens then is hard to say. But that culvert shows you what the syndicate expects."

I LEFT Colorado the following day. Two weeks went by. I watched the New York papers, but there was no mention of the Florissant affair. Then, around the middle of August, I got a letter from a friend in Denver. The letter enclosed a clipping from the Washington bureau of the *Rocky Mountain News*. It read, "The House Monday approved on a voice vote a bill creating the 6,000-acre Florissant Fossil Beds National Monument 35 miles west of Colorado Springs. The bill now goes to the Senate, where approval of technical amendments is expected. The Senate earlier passed a measure identical in substance to the House version. Following anticipated Senate passage, the measure will go to President Nixon for his signature. . . ." The story had no dateline, but the date of issue was printed at the top of the clipping. It was August 5th. That had left a week for the unleashing of the bulldozer. Too bad, but not irreparable. On August 20th, President Nixon signed the bill bringing Florissant under the protection of the National Park Service. A few days later, the bulldozer had vanished and the culvert liner had been hauled away.

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

•

"We're rolling 20 joints a day and each of them is 51 feet long and weighs about 10 tons," said Garth McGibney, manager of Canadian Phoenix's Calgary mill.—*Nelson (B.C.) Daily News.*

Far out, man!

•

Who else but Robert Melville could have ended an introduction to the work of Henry Moore with the phrase 'a bacchanalia of golden biomorphs emblematic of universal coition'?—*Myfanwy Piper in the New Statesman.*

Just a sec, we're trying to think.

•

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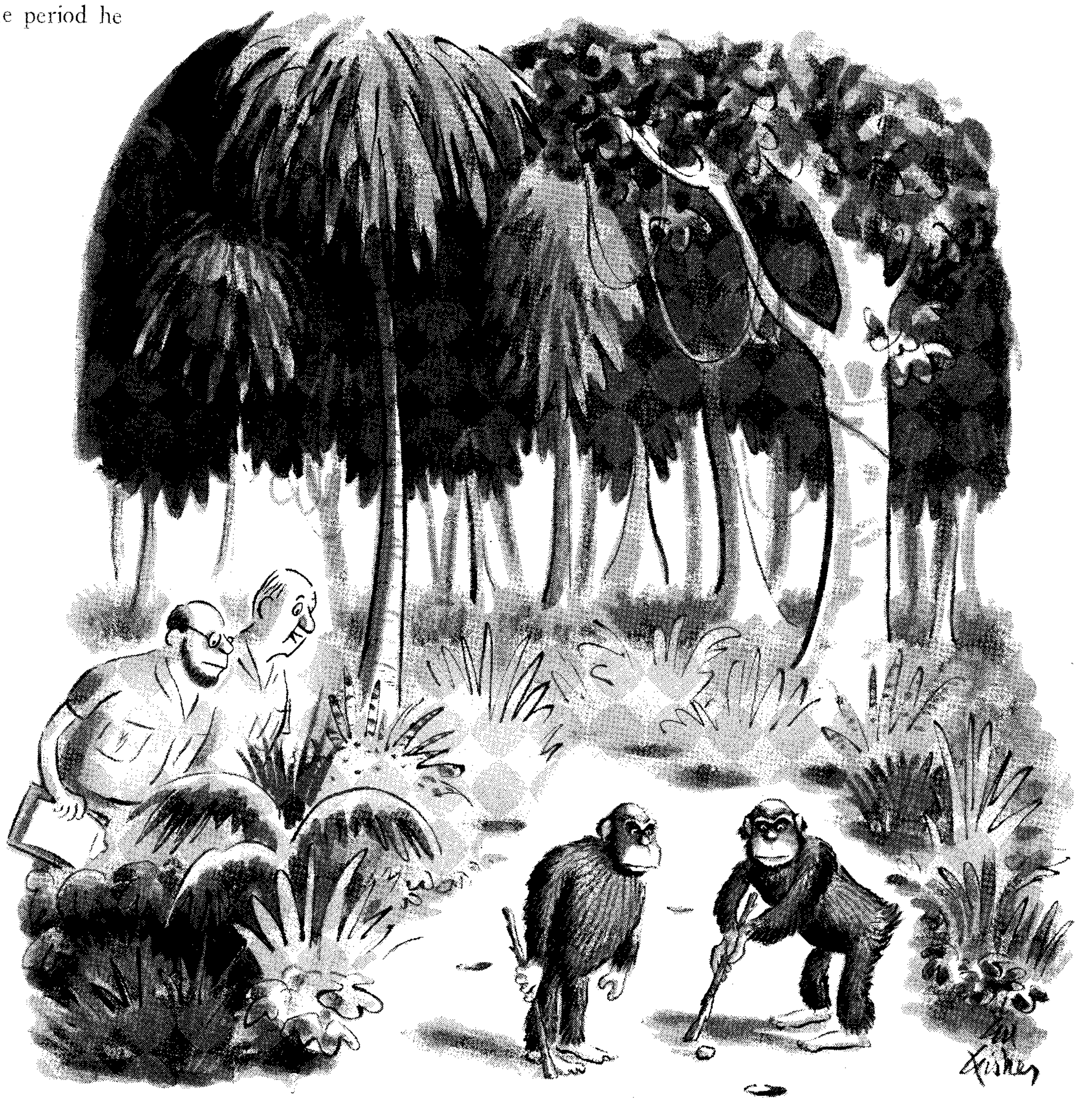
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

NOVEMBER 5

THE past several months have been venturesome and innovative ones in the White House, and the electorate, which often associates motion, or the appearance of it, with progress, is appreciative. Most polls show that right now the President could win narrowly but decisively over any Democrat in or out of the running. According to the Harris Survey, he has picked up ten percentage points since last March, and his over-all performance has the approval of a majority. This should be gratifying to Republican strategists and discouraging to those Democrats who earlier in the year were confident that Nixon could be beaten by any white male Democrat not currently under indictment. What account for the improvement in his rating are, of course, his "winding down" in Vietnam, his diplomatic initiatives, and his efforts to get control of the economy. Actually, in more or less the same period he has lost at least as many rounds as he has won. The American Bar Association denied clearance to two of his Supreme Court candidates. The United Nations General Assembly expelled the Republic of China. The Senate voted to dismantle his entire foreign-aid program. These defeats, however, hurt him hardly at all as far as public opinion is concerned. His Supreme Court nominees were wholly unknown to the citizenry—in fact, it is doubtful if he had ever heard of them himself until the Attorney General drew them to his attention a few weeks back. The old China Lobby has fallen apart, and though things may change when the mainland Chinese get here, public interest in the U.N. is low. As for foreign aid, it has never been a popular cause anyway.

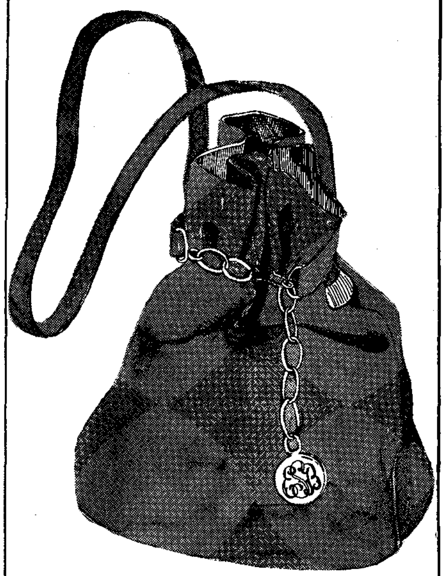
Nixon's rating has improved because he has been bringing troops home and because he has been raising expectations of peace and prosperity. But he was bringing troops home back in March, so it must be assumed that expectations aroused by his forthcoming visits to Peking and Moscow and his economic interventions account for his current standing. These expectations, though, must be followed by accomplishments in the next few months, or they will hurt rather than help. Last summer, the general feeling was that while something of value—in addition to U.N. membership for the People's Republic of China—might come from the visit to Peking, it was useless to suppose that an end to the war in Indo-China could be negotiated by talking with some people in Peking or, when the later announcement came, some other people in Moscow. This is still the general view, though there is in some quarters a feeling that important political changes are in the making in China, and perhaps in other Communist countries, and that while these changes—if that is what they are—could as well be to our disadvantage as to our advantage, it could also be that the President will find that diplomatic assistance is available. It is possible, for example, that our partial withdrawal from Indo-China, the decline in American naval activity in the Formosa Strait, and our preparations for evacuating Okinawa have convinced the Chinese that we no longer constitute a threat in Asia and that Hanoi is now fighting a futile war. The President and Dr. Kissinger will surely encourage this kind of thinking if given the opportunity, and if they are in any degree persuasive, they will serve themselves and the country well.

The war will still be an issue if it is dragging on next year, but the feeling now is that the issue won't amount to much if the economic situation is unimproved. We are almost at the close of Phase One of the New Economic Policy. The wage-price freeze has been a fair success, and has bred less resentment than expected. Inflation has been



"By Jove, it really looks as though they've started up the ladder!"

The swag bag



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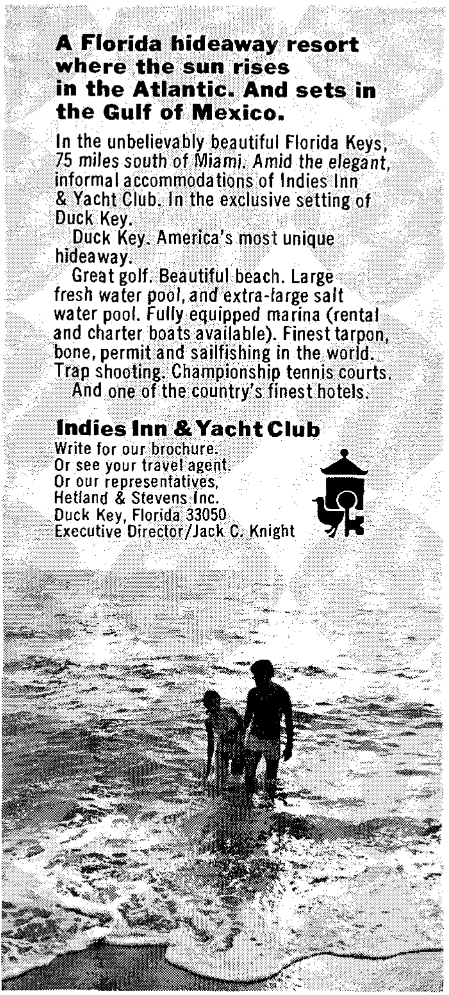
slowed and unemployment lowered by a hair. But successive phases will be more difficult, for they will rely more on voluntarism. Nothing in the American experience suggests that conflicting economic and political interests will ever sacrifice anything of value except in moments of clear and present danger to the national security. (As of today, according to reports, the Pay Board established under the Cost of Living Council is hopelessly deadlocked over the crucial issue of whether labor contracts negotiated before the freeze should be retroactively enforced when the ninety-day period ends this month.) Nixon and his associates may find new approaches to voluntarism or new instruments of coercion, and it is, of course, always conceivable that the economy will find regenerative powers within itself. But unless something of the sort happens, the gains he has recently made with public opinion are bound to evaporate. The aim of the economic strategists has been to bring inflation down to two or three per cent within the next six months, and unemployment to something under five per cent. The political strategists insist that it is necessary to meet these goals to win a second term for the Administration. Even the economists most dedicated to the Administration doubt very much if these goals can be met.

For those who can put partisan considerations aside, at least temporarily, most of the developments of the late summer and fall of 1971 have been to the good, particularly in foreign policy. The People's Republic of China may prove an obstreperous member of the U.N., but the U.N. was largely a joke as long as the largest nation on earth was spoken for by a government that had been forced into an island exile two decades ago. Most diplomats felt that true adherence to the principle of "universality" called for some kind of continuing representation of the Taiwanese, but this was acceptable neither to Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalists nor to Mao Tse-tung's Communists. In time, some arrangement will be worked out and the Taiwanese will be brought back in, possibly in some package deal that will include other divided countries, such as Germany, Vietnam, and Korea. In both Peking and Moscow, and even here in Washington, it was suspected that the new Nixon policy had been conceived to gain some American advantage from the Sino-Soviet split, but no one now seems to think that this was the aim, and no one can see what kind of ad-



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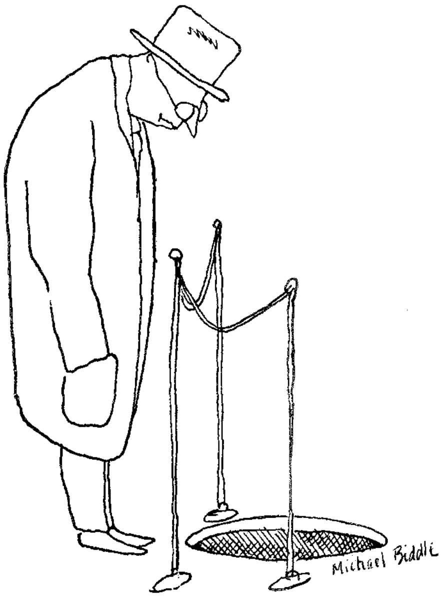
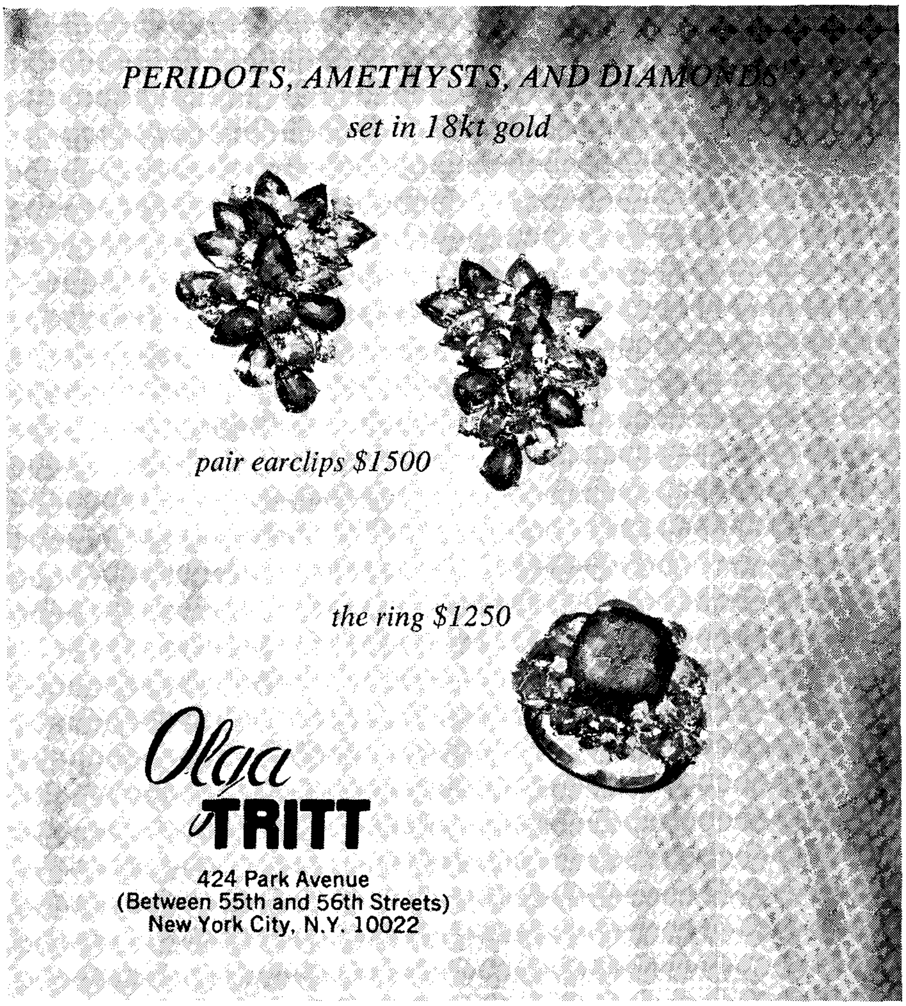
vantage there could be. It is widely believed that the People's Republic hopes to make a place for itself as the leading spokesman for the "third world," and perhaps that is so, though one suspects that the "third world" is almost as much of a fiction as "international Communism," and that most of the countries assumed to be part of it feel no particular need for a "spokesman" from some other government. If events prove otherwise, it may be all to the good, from this country's point of view. Over the years, we have matured—at least in the sense of being able to endure hostility. We have also, as the U.N. vote to admit Peking and expel Taipei showed, been taught that gratitude is not much of a force in international affairs. The People's Republic should soon learn the same lesson.

As far as is now known, the President's initiative on China has had little or no effect on our relations with the Soviet Union. In recent years, the Soviet Union has shown limited enthusiasm for using its bargaining power to bring China in, but its position has always been that Taiwan should be thrown out. It may be for the sake of appearances only that the President plans a visit to Moscow in May, but even before arrangements for this were made our relations with Moscow were about as satisfactory as they have ever been, and perhaps a bit more so. Negotiations over Berlin and arms limitations are promising, and, except in the Middle East and Indo-China, there is little at issue between us. We are on opposite sides in both places, but in Indo-China there has never really been any chance of direct confrontation. In the Middle East, the danger has at times seemed great, but in the last few months there


Michael Biddle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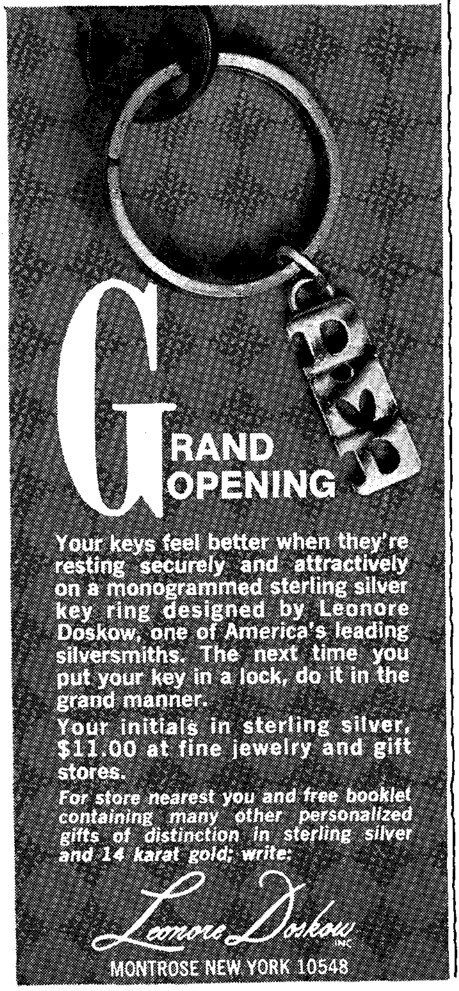

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have been several indications that the Kremlin has been a restraining force and is as eager as anyone else to avoid another war. The nuclear-arms race goes on, of course, and may be unstoppable. If this is the case, it will probably be because diplomacy cannot keep up with technology. In both countries, the civilian leaders seem earnestly to want an end to this perilous and enormously costly affair. There is no particular reason to think that Peking's membership in the U.N. will change its thus far intractable attitude toward nuclear disarmament, but at least its delegates will be exposed to the arguments, and in time a new generation of representatives may be compelled to reexamine the Chinese position.

FOREIGN aid has never been a particularly popular program except among the civilian and military bureaucrats who administer it, the companies upon whose wares much of the money is spent, and the liberals who think of it as a means of closing the gap between the haves and the have-nots throughout the world. This is not a negligible political constituency, but it is not a very formidable one, either, and the program has endured through the years by being described as a bulwark against Communism—partly because Communists can be shot with guns provided by the program, partly because a succession of Presidents have told us that people kept alive and healthy by us would perceive the superiority of our way of life and share our anti-Communist sentiments. But the years have dealt unkindly with this line of reasoning, and, in consequence, the program has become less and less popular. When first tried out in Europe after the war, it was a great success. But in the so-called underdeveloped countries things have not worked out as planned. Often enough, the guns given out to shoot Communists with have been turned against non-Communists—sometimes the very people we have given them to—or, as in many parts of Asia, have ended up in Communist hands. The belief that material well-being is insurance against Communism hasn't proved very sound, and, what is more, we haven't found many satisfactory ways of seeing to it that the money we have been spreading around gets into the hands of those who need food and shelter.

Disillusion has been growing quite rapidly in recent years, particularly among Senate liberals, and Congress has made some heavy cuts in the program from time to time. It was never-

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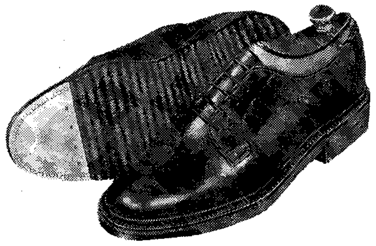

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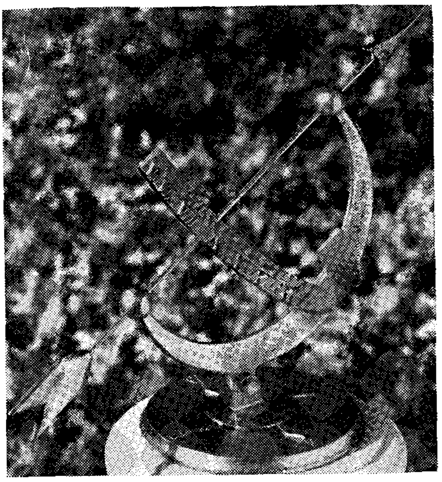

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theless a surprise to just about everyone last week when the Senate voted to throw out the whole program, which had become so institutionalized that if it disappeared altogether it might become impossible to carry out our present foreign policies. As was reasonably predictable, it will be back in another form, and, conceivably, a much improved one. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee has drawn up a new program separating military aid—which (excluding the Vietnam war) had accounted for fifty-five per cent of the whole—from economic and humanitarian aid. The separation is largely a convenience for congressmen, some of whom have voted for economic aid because it was the only way of assuring the distribution of military aid, while the humanitarians have suffered military appropriations in order to achieve the passage of economic assistance. There is still no assurance that all the economic aid will be spent for humanitarian needs. (In Brazil, for example, there has been a persistent gain in per-capita income through our aid. But the gain has been made by putting money into the hands of the wealthy twenty per cent of the people, leaving the needy eighty per cent as needy as ever. This fact was pointed out in a Senate speech last week by Senator Frank Church, of Idaho, who also noted that we have twice as many people administering this program in Brazil as England had in India when India was a colony.) Still, it is a vastly more sensible approach, and in the present mood of the Congress and the country it may provide us with a means of controlling our military contributions to countries such as Brazil, Greece, and Pakistan. In time, even the White House may be grateful.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

INFINITY, a publication of the American Society of Magazine Photographers, has brought together Gerald A. Cripps as publisher, Robert Jakob as art director and Richard Okamoto as editor to transform the magazine in a way that is "tantamount to the industry and provocative to the public in general" in an era of transition.—*Freelance Photographer.*

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[*From the Montclair* (*N.J.*) *Times*]

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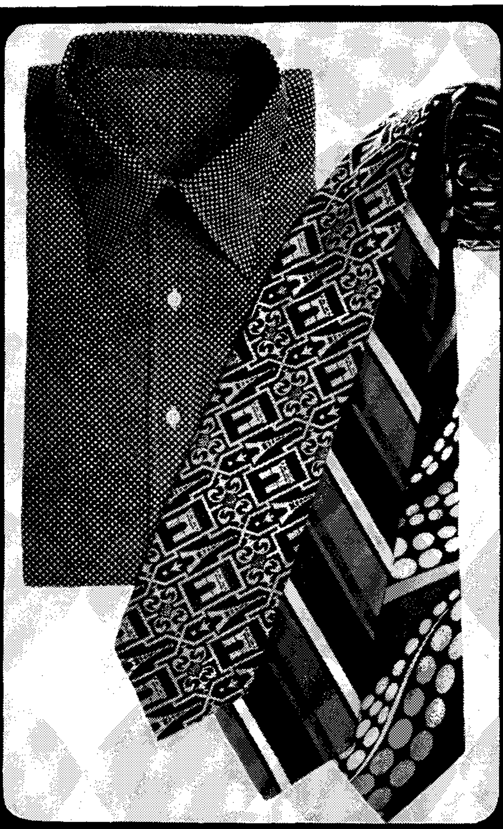

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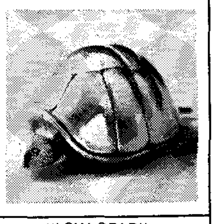

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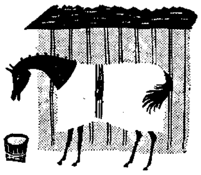

TINAJERO is the darling of racegoers in Puerto Rico, where he won nine out of ten starts this season. He'll be a darling here, too, if he runs a few more times as he did in the Roamer Handicap at Aqueduct last Saturday afternoon. In fact, the old boys in the amen corner were mumbling in their beards that he won the way the gallant little gelding the race was named for used to do it. I never saw Roamer, but I'll say that Tinajero put on a performance worth remembering. He carried 124 pounds, made every post a winning one, and in the course of the mile and three-sixteenths stood off repeated challenges from lighter-weighted runners. The first was from Eastern Fleet, who went stride for stride with him for three-quarters of the route. Then King Chrisy had a go at him. And after that attack failed, Farewell Party, who had dropped behind in the early running, came through with a great rush of speed in the stretch, closing the gap so fast that I doubted whether he could be stood off. As they went under the wire, though, Tinajero led Farewell Party by a neck, and the latter kept Eastern Fleet out of second place by a head. King Chrisy was fourth, eight lengths away. It takes more than "just a nice little horse" to win like that. By the way, I haven't heard such a roar from the stand since Canonero II ran in the Belmont Stakes last June. It kept up from the start to the finish of the race.

I SUPPOSE this department should have led off with Numbered Account's victory in the Gardenia Stakes in Jersey, but from the chart it looked like just another success story. When she settled into her stride, she moved up smoothly, overtaking Susan's Girl a furlong from home, and passed the winning post nearly three lengths to the good. The nine other two-year-old fillies were well strung out behind them. The race, worth $110,625 to the winner, brought Numbered Account's earnings for nine races, eight of which she's won, to $431,900. This weekend, she goes for the Garden State Stakes jackpot—something no other filly has ever tried. (For all I know, she may be wearing a women's-lib button.) She'll meet, among others,

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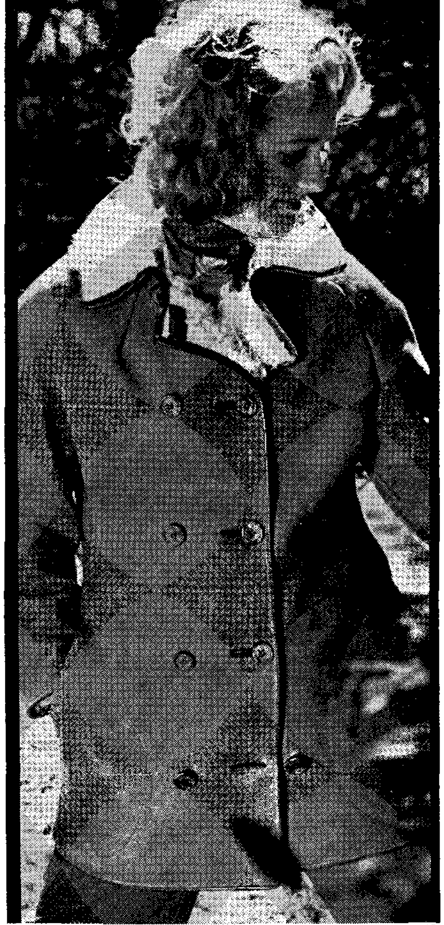

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Riva Ridge, the best two-year-old colt out this year. Colonel Martingale has no selections.

TO get back to Aqueduct, which a lot of horseplayers aren't doing (attendance has fallen off, for various reasons), the hundred-and-first running of the Ladies Handicap, on Election Day, was distinguished more by quantity than by quality. Eleven fillies and mares ran, and Aqua Belle, the speedster of the Hobeau Farm entry (she and her stablemate Blessing Angelica were the favorites), stepped to the mile mark in 1:35⅗, then began to shorten her stride, whereupon Sea Saga, who had been galloping along just off the pace, came on to win comfortably from Helen Jennings; Aqua Belle barely lasted to be third. Blessing Angelica, who was expected to take over in the stretch, was fifth. I venture to say that Shuvee could have come back after only three days' rest from her Jockey Club Gold Cup effort and won the race any way she pleased.

HOIST THE FLAG, who was hailed by many people as the wonder two-year-old of 1970, and who, after an impressive beginning, fractured a hind leg in a workout last March, is walking sound again. His racing days are over, of course, but he has been shipped to Claiborne Farm in Kentucky, where he'll begin his stud duty next spring.

ANYBODY who has ever gone racing in Canada, especially at Old Woodbine in Toronto, or Polo Park in Winnipeg, or at Fort Erie, will assure you it is fun. For more years than I'll set down here, Jim Coleman, as horseplayer, horse owner, and newspaperman, has been in the grandstand, paddock, and stable area of every track in Canada, from Vancouver to Montreal and back, with a few overseas tracks thrown in. He tells delightfully about some of the places he's been, the races he's seen, and the racetrackers he's met in "A Hoofprint on My Heart" (McClelland & Stewart Ltd., Toronto). By all means get it; you'll love the characters and their gentle touches of larceny. —AUDAX MINOR

•

Nelson said anyone who owed $400 or more income taxes last year has to pay the prepayment by Oct. 31, whether they get a bill from the tax board or not.

"Failure to pay is not a reasonable excuse to evade this payment," he said.

—*Los Angeles Times.*

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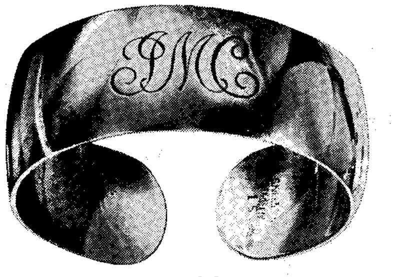

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

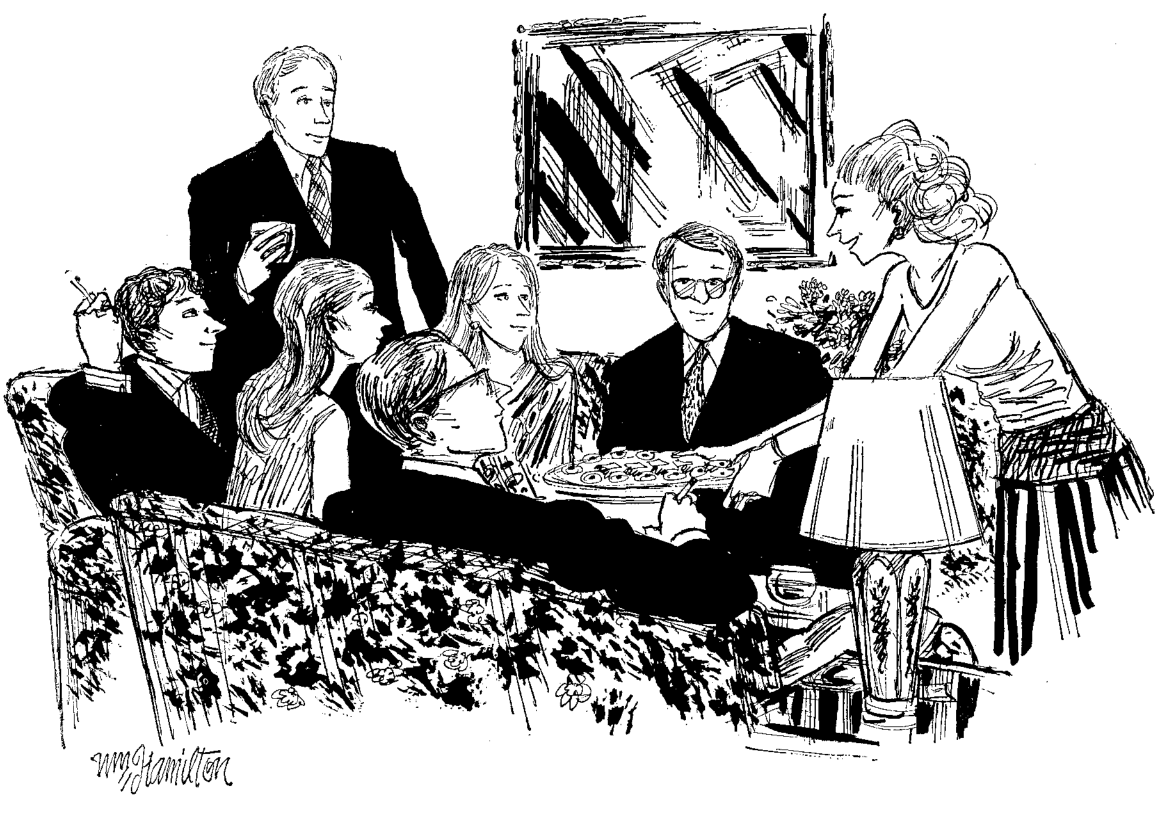
ABOUT THE HOUSE

DURING the late War on Poverty, a number of admirable projects were launched in depressed rural areas with the purpose of encouraging unemployed men and women to make things with their hands, and of establishing city outlets for the handicrafts produced. When the outlets opened, they presented visitors with a dilemma. The most well-meaning among us could not help but notice the poor design, the inept workmanship, the lack of connection with folk traditions, and, in most cases, the uselessness of the objects for sale, and one wondered whether to buy the stuff anyway, out of pity for the makers, or to reject it, as one rejects other bad products that come on the market. To buy seemed condescending and to reject seemed coldhearted. I have never satisfactorily answered this question for myself, and on receiving an announcement that a new collection of "country furniture," made in Appalachia, was on view at the Handex Gallery, 41 East 65th Street, I bleakly prepared to grapple with it again.

The Handex furniture, as one sees immediately on entering the showroom, presents no problem of conscience whatever. It is wonderful furniture—as good as anything on the market today—and, moreover, furniture of a sort for which there is now an especially great demand. Most of the Handex pieces are of solid mountain chestnut (a few are made of weathered barn siding), and their design is usually based on folk or provincial pieces of the past. These are not reproductions, though. Such disparate sources as Shaker, French and Italian Provincial, Early American, Gothic, and even East Indian furniture have been drawn on, and yet the collection is of a piece—unmistakably the work of a single, gifted designer. He is William Katzenbach, a well-known New York designer and architect, who was formerly the head of a big wallpaper firm. The furniture, which is produced on special order (about two months), is made in several "sheltered workshops" in Appalachia by people who, according to the Handex catalogue, have "an employment handicap, be it temperamental, physical, or geographical."

On walking into the showroom, one has an impression of warmth and mellowness and the kind of cleanliness and orderliness that one associates with Shaker rooms. The look of warmth comes largely from the wood, which has a rich golden color and is irregularly pitted with woodworm holes. The wood is from trees that died in the great chestnut blight of the early part of the century and have been retrieved from forests and swamps. The Shakerlike aspect of the pieces comes as much from the Shakerlike setting in which Mr. Katzenbach has placed them—and by which the prospective buyer would do well to be instructed—as from the pieces themselves, only five of which are of actual Shaker derivation. The showroom has white walls, a straw-colored rug, twenty-odd pieces of furniture, and a few pieces of pottery and glassware, and that's it. The same furniture in a cluttered setting would lose much of the strength and quiet beauty it has in its present austere surroundings.

One of the most felicitous and unusual pieces in the collection, listed in the catalogue as a "Riviera writing table," has cabriole legs of gracefully curving and tapering slenderness and a twenty-four-by-thirty-two-inch top formed of a center panel with a broad mitred border. It stands thirty inches off the ground. There is a "gaming-table" version, with a top thirty-two and a half inches square. These pieces have a lovely look of delicacy, which one doesn't commonly associate with country or informal furniture, yet which in this case does not contraindicate their use in country or informal city living rooms. Both versions are in chestnut and are priced at $330. (This price and all those quoted below are "list prices;" the furniture, however, can be obtained only through decorators or department-store design departments, which buy it at the usual forty-per-cent discount and resell it to clients for whatever they please.) A chestnut piece called a "country settee" and adapted from an old New York State church pew is a square-cut bench with a shoulder-high back (the piece is twenty-nine and a half inches high,



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seventy-seven inches long, and twenty-two and a half inches deep), whose massive bluntness is handsomely mitigated by gracefully curving scroll-shaped arms and an upholstered seat; $540. A "squire's estate desk" consists of two square-cut four-drawer pedestals, of unequal size, and a plain overhanging top. The drawers in the larger of the pedestals accommodate legal-size papers, and those in the other are for regular-sized stationery. The desk brings modern Scandinavian furniture to mind and is itself the most modern-looking piece in the collection, and yet it is not without the gentleman-farmer-in-mud-spattered-tweeds aspect that its name suggests. The wood and such details as round wooden drawer pulls and simple recessed panelling on the backs of the pedestals contribute to this quality. The desk is seventy-two inches long and thirty inches wide, and is listed at $500. A smaller, "squire's library" version has a twenty-two-by-fifty-six-inch top that does not overhang, and its price is $425. A Shaker-inspired twelve-drawer chestnut sideboard, sixty inches long, thirty-six inches high, and twenty-four and a half inches deep, is perhaps the most satisfying piece in the collection. The sideboard, which is listed at $500, is made up of three vertical units of four drawers each, and there are drawers of silverware shallowness (one of them turns out to be a chopping board) as well as drawers capacious enough for the storage of large bowls and serving pieces. Although no Shaker piece like it exists, the sideboard has an unmistakable Shaker aspect, and its beauty reminds us that what we prize in Shaker furniture is not its plainness and functionalism—this we can get from our own functionalists—but, rather, a special quality that derives from its strange, gaunt, almost eccentric proportions. The Shakers chose not to encrust their furniture with the floral ornamentation that their contemporaries "in the World" favored, but they were not content to make furniture that was merely useful. Le Corbusier's definition of architecture as "an *intention* outside the normal problems of construction" can be extended to furniture, and it is the crux of the difference between Shaker furniture and the plain, utilitarian, utterly undistinguished chairs and tables and cupboards made by other self-sufficient communal sects of the nineteenth century. Mr. Katzenbach—to return to his redoubtable sideboard—has grasped the Shaker "intention," and his piece, whose starting point is the Shaker predilection for ex-

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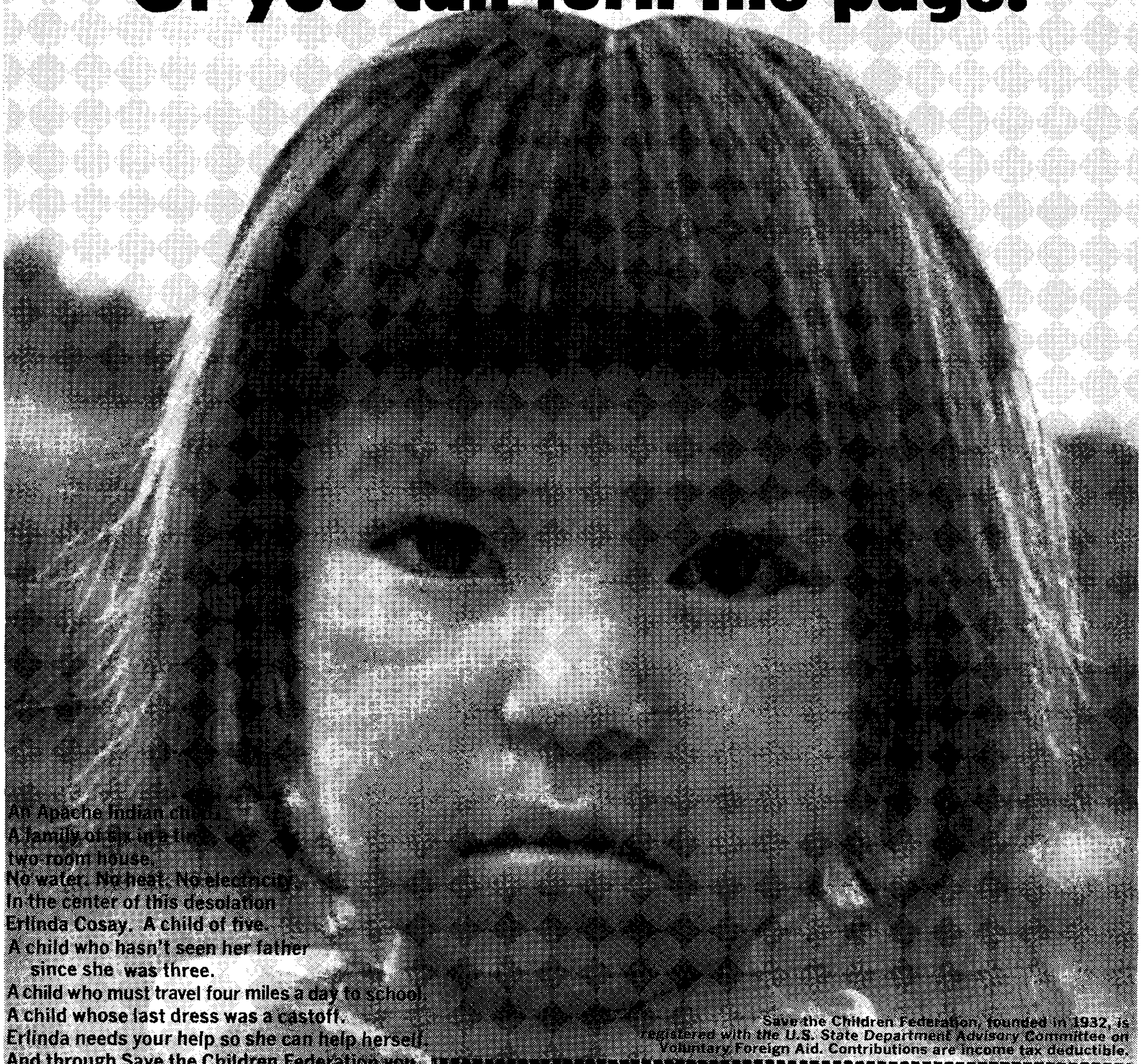

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treme contrasts in drawer sizes, succeeds where literal, slavish reproductions fail.

It may be pertinent to note here that most of the men who make the Handex furniture are mentally retarded, and are thus in something of the position vis-à-vis the "normal" competitive work world that the Shakers were. Don Ward, the field director of Handex, told me of the pleasure that the men take in the humble and often tedious work of sanding, planing, polishing, boring, and shaping—work that would be unsatisfying to men more interested in getting ahead in the world. A sense of the unworldly atmosphere of the sheltered workshops was conveyed to me by a story Mr. Ward related about the young man who makes the cabriole legs of the Riviera tables—a task that he is exceptionally adept at and has claimed as his exclusive domain. One day, he disappeared from the workshop. After many hours, he was discovered sitting on a rock up in the hills, where he had gone, as he serenely explained, "to talk things over with God." The story itself isn't much, but the fact that the person telling it, with respect and affection, is the young man's boss is not commonplace. In a regular factory, the young man's impulse to go off somewhere and pray would have cost him his job.

In suggesting similarities between the Shakers and the workers in the sheltered workshops, I must not leave the reader with the impression that Shaker perfectionism exists in the Handex furniture. It does not. The furniture is well *enough* made, but it is not cabinetmaking of the first order, and few of the pieces in the Handex Gallery are without flaws of joinery or wood selection or finish. None of the flaws are egregious, however, and the nature of the wood and the informality of the designs allow for errors that more formal pieces made of elegant cabinet woods would not so comfortably absorb.

The pottery and glassware and fabrics in the showroom are examples of articles that are not yet in production, scheduled for next year. Here again distinguished designers from outside Appalachia have been called in to make the prototypes of the objects to be produced by the handicapped. Handex is a creation of the American Federation of Arts, and receives financial support from the United States Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, and from several private foundations. It succeeds because it has grasped the fact, which seems to have been

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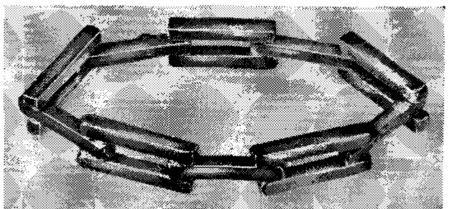

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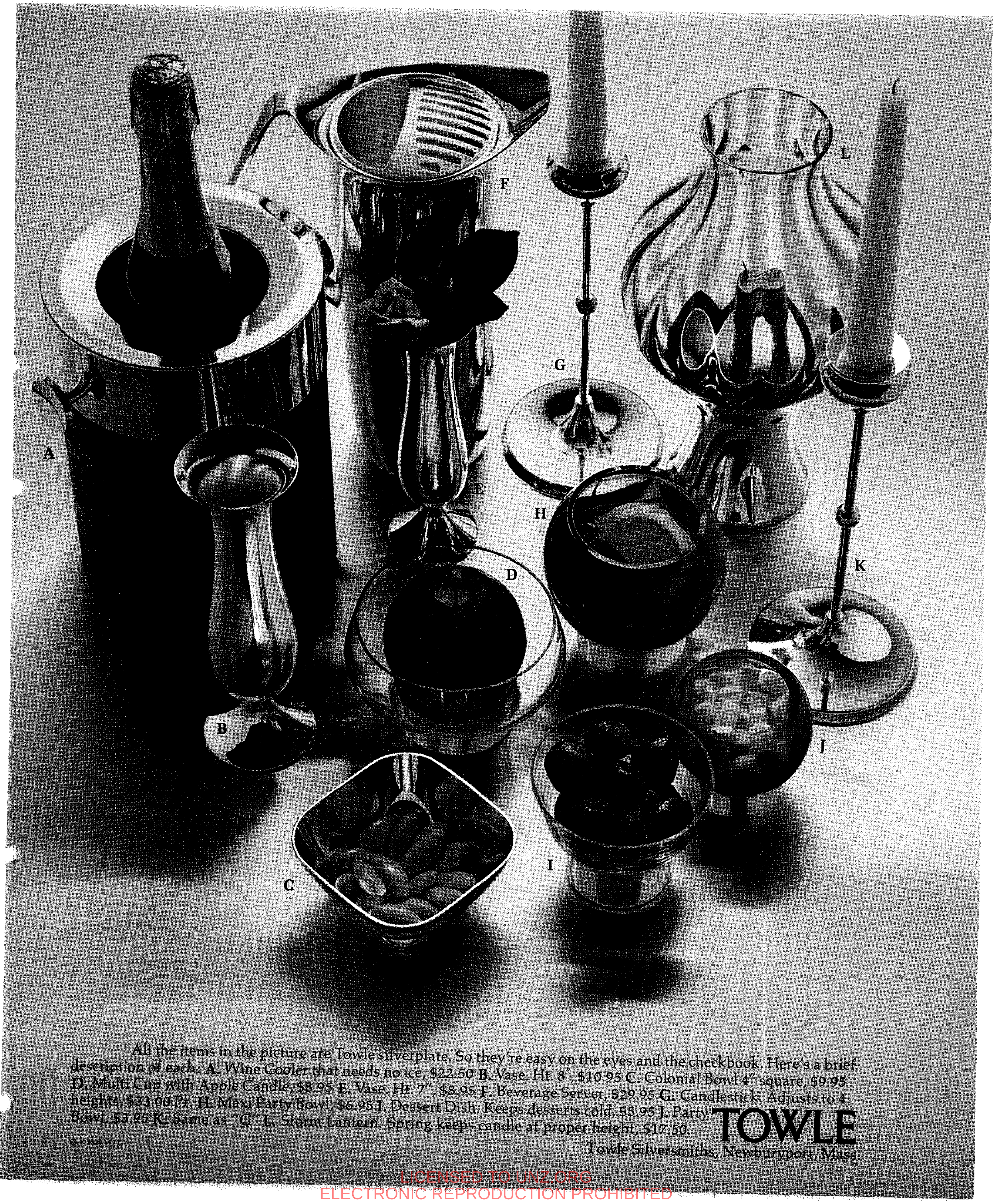

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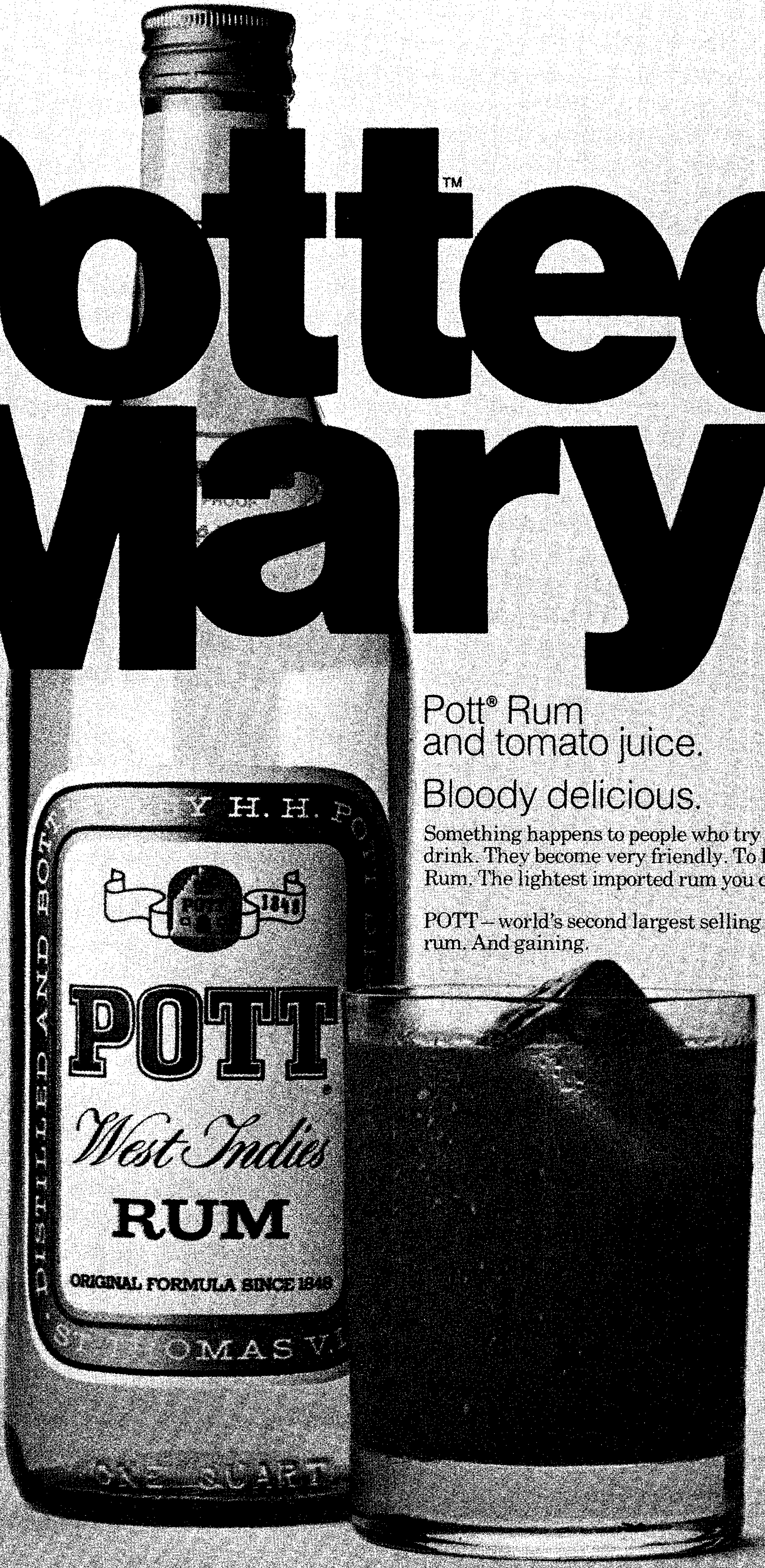
Potted Mary™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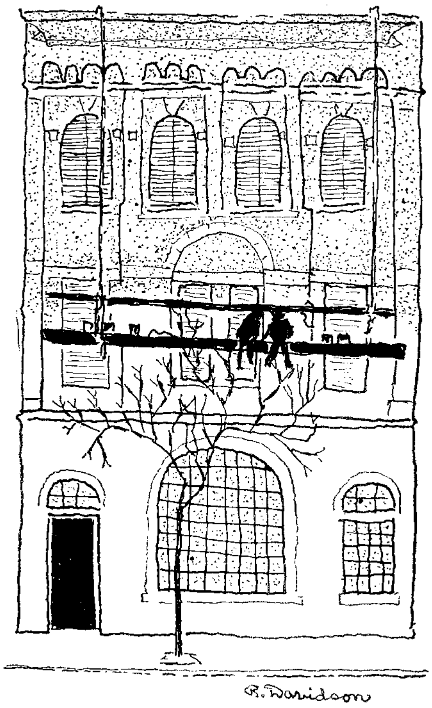
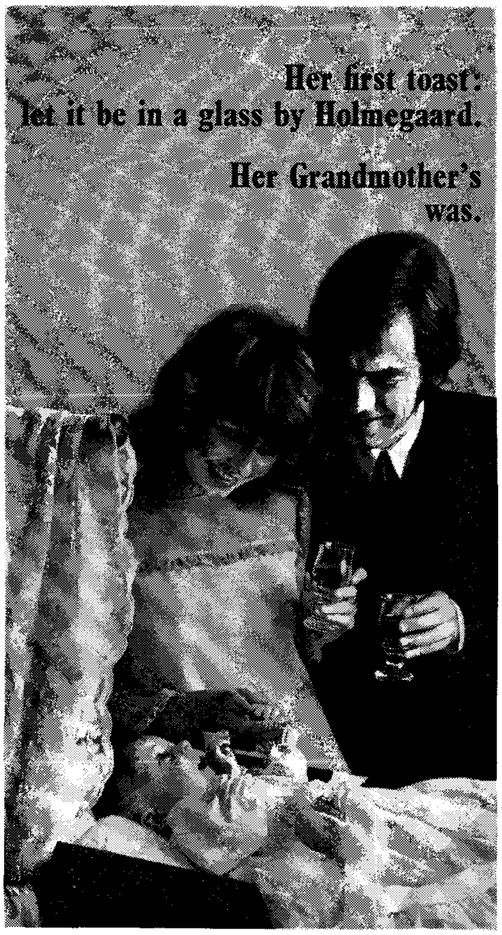
RUM 80 PROOF IMPORTED BY DISTIM, INC., BOSTON, MASS. 02116 overlooked in other idealistic schemes for reviving the traditional handicrafts, that the craft traditions simply no longer exist in depressed rural areas. Where they reside now is in cities—in museums, collections, antique shops, books—and it is through the intervention of scholars and collectors of folk art, such as Mr. Katzenbach, that they can be reintroduced to their sources. The pottery, called "moonware," was designed by Grace Knowlton. It is stoneware covered with a milky-white glaze, and it has a wonderful roughness and irregularity of form and of glaze application. The moonware bowls, plates, and cups on view at the showroom are a fitting accompaniment to the furniture. So, too, are the plain, elegant drinking glasses, bottles, pitchers, and bowls, designed by Charles Lin Tissot, and the handsome, subtly colored hand-woven slub-yarn fabrics of Lois Carrell Katzenbach, who is Mrs. William Katzenbach.

My only reservation about the Handex enterprise is its decision to use the conventional decorator route for marketing the furniture, which effectively limits it to people of means. Ideally, this simple, unpretentious furniture would be available at low prices to people who are not rich and do not employ decorators. Mr. Katzenbach agrees that this would be a good thing, but he points out that Handex is in the business of helping the disadvantaged in Appalachia, not of accommodating furniture buyers in New York, and says that the marketing procedure decided upon is the most expedient one for a new, untried, small-scale, cus-

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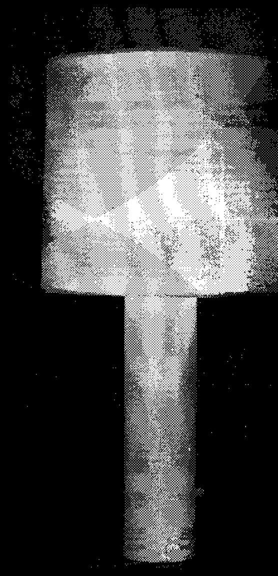

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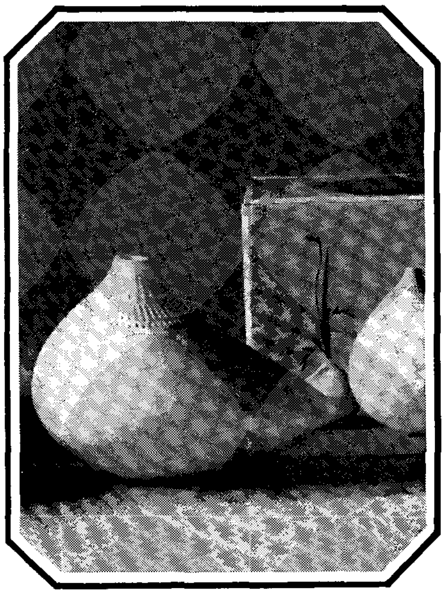

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tom-order enterprise. This makes sense, but I hope it does not preclude change in the future toward a more consumer-considering method of distribution.

NOTHING could be further from the plain, homely vision of domestic life projected by the Handex collection than the model rooms designed by Barbara D'Arcy and now on display at Bloomingdale's. Miss D'Arcy's inspirations are medieval cathedrals and Louis XVI drawing rooms; her model rooms have an umbrageous richness and luxuriousness redolent of millionaires' castles brought over stone by stone from Europe. These rooms used to put me off. (Miss D'Arcy has been designing them for Bloomingdale's since 1957.) I considered them retrograde and faintly ridiculous. But this was missing their point, for Miss D'Arcy's concern is not to tell us how to live. It is to show us how to use our imaginations in decorating our homes, and her work repays study, even by householders who dislike the aristocratic styles that she prefers. Like Mr. Katzenbach, Miss D'Arcy uses the past rather than imitates it; her rooms are anything but "period" rooms. Her Louis XVI drawing room, for example, has none of the satiny effeminacy that one associates with interior decoration of this time. It is dominated by an anachronous red-blue-and-beige Paisley bedspread print, which covers the walls and appears in draperies and valances and on sofas, chairs, and cushions. The effect is oddly serene, and is characteristic of the D'Arcy instinct for the unexpected that comes out looking inevitable. An "Elizabethan dining room" has timbered walls, a Welsh dresser laden with pewter plate and blue-and-white china, and a big oak gateleg table on which sit two big blue-and-white china bowls crammed with sheaves of dried grass, and over which hovers a chandelier made of antlers. A "Louis XV sitting room" has furniture in the *régence* style upholstered in bright orange and Kelly green, an orange-and-blue-and-green Persian-print wallpaper, a black-and-white cowhide rug, and a profusion of boxes, bibelots, leather-bound books, bronze figurines, decanters, and bowls of baby's breath. Both rooms have the look of "authenticity" that carefully researched historical restorations exude, except that what is being "restored" here is something that exists only in Miss D'Arcy's imagination. Interestingly, one of the lessons of the D'Arcy rooms is that you don't have to be all that rich to achieve an effect of fairy-tale poshness. Like the ordinary

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householder, Miss D'Arcy works with the given—in her case, with the furniture that Bloomingdale's wishes to sell—and the impression that her rooms convey of being furnished with rare and costly antiques is an illusion. In fact, the pieces at her disposal are undistinguished reproductions and adaptations of period furniture. Miss D'Arcy's most notable contribution to interior design lies in the bold, strong, almost masculine quality of her visual imagination, which has enabled thousands of browsers to glimpse an alternative to the timid, ladylike, "tasteful" system of decoration under which "traditionally" furnished New York apartments have creaked since the days of Elsie de Wolfe. Miss de Wolfe was herself an innovator before she became an institution, and in time Miss D'Arcy's reign, too, will seem like a tyranny. Right now it is a blessing, and I urge readers to go see the rooms at Bloomingdale's. A room that is a bizarre arrangement of hundreds of bright-red plastic storage cylinders and a single snaking magenta sofa on a red plexiglass floor represents Miss D'Arcy's conception (or dissection) of ultramodern decoration, and does not dispose one to linger.

—JANET MALCOLM

•

Dr. and Mrs. John Ross entertained eighty guests at an evening party on their illuminated lawn in front of Caldwell House.

The menu consisted of cheese and ham biscuits, saucisson, French cheese and paté de foie de Volailles. A delicious punch was served.

Attending from Newport were: Mrs. Frank Farrier, Mr. and Mrs. Marty Farrier, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Farrier, Mr. and Mrs. Moses, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Givens and Dr. Raymond de Koenigswerther.

The Baroness Mary de Koenigswerther has returned to her Paris home. She has been cruising in the Mediterranean which is the largest inland sea. Of higher salinity than the Atlantic, it has little tidal variation and is well suited for yachting.—*Blacksburg (Va.) Sun.*

Tell us some more about that punch.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Bangor (Maine) Daily News*]

GOAT GONE

MONMOUTH, ILL. (AP)—Harry Numbers told police his Nubian goat, "Katydid," disappeared from a pasture during a weekend and that he considered it a great loss.

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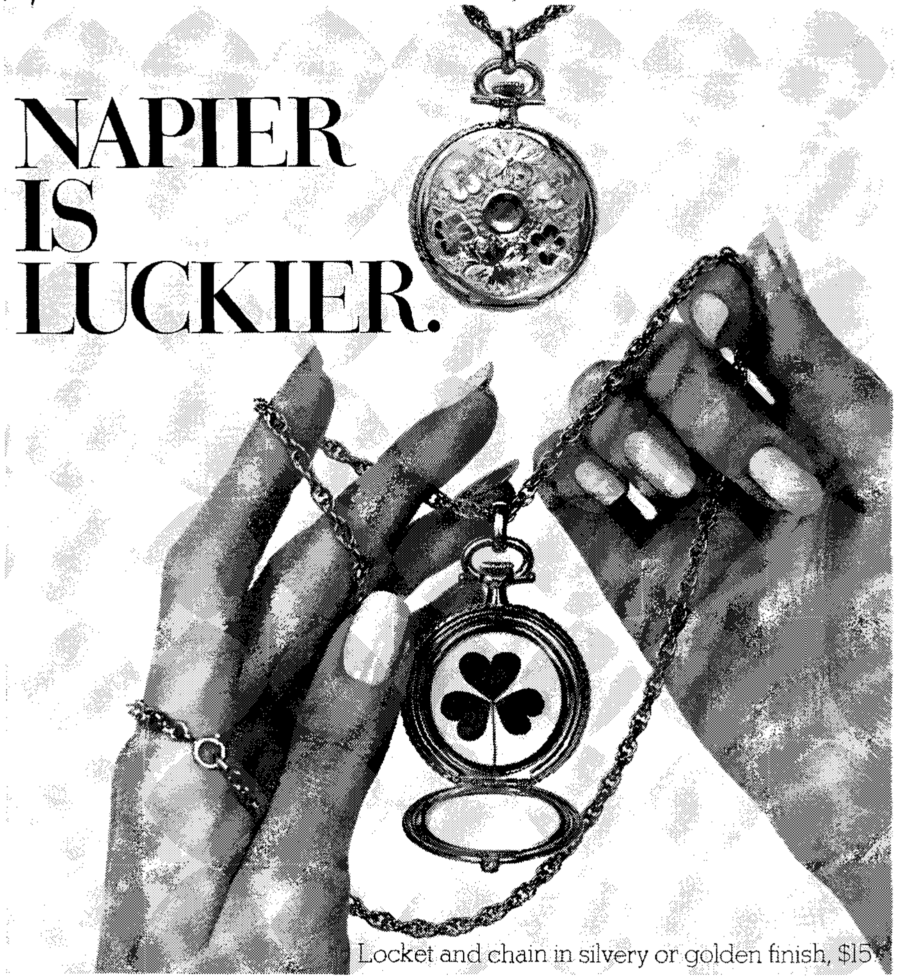

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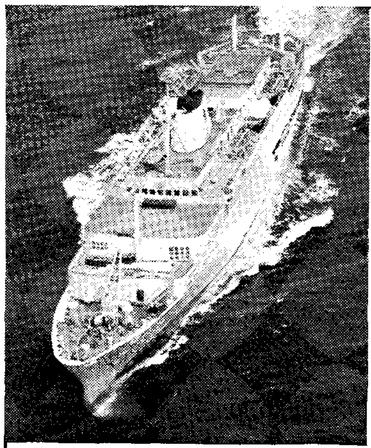

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Other cultural aspects of Dynasty life are enjoyed in the reading matter, from the Chinese sayings, to the recipe booklet, to the the way in which the complimentary stationery is embossed.

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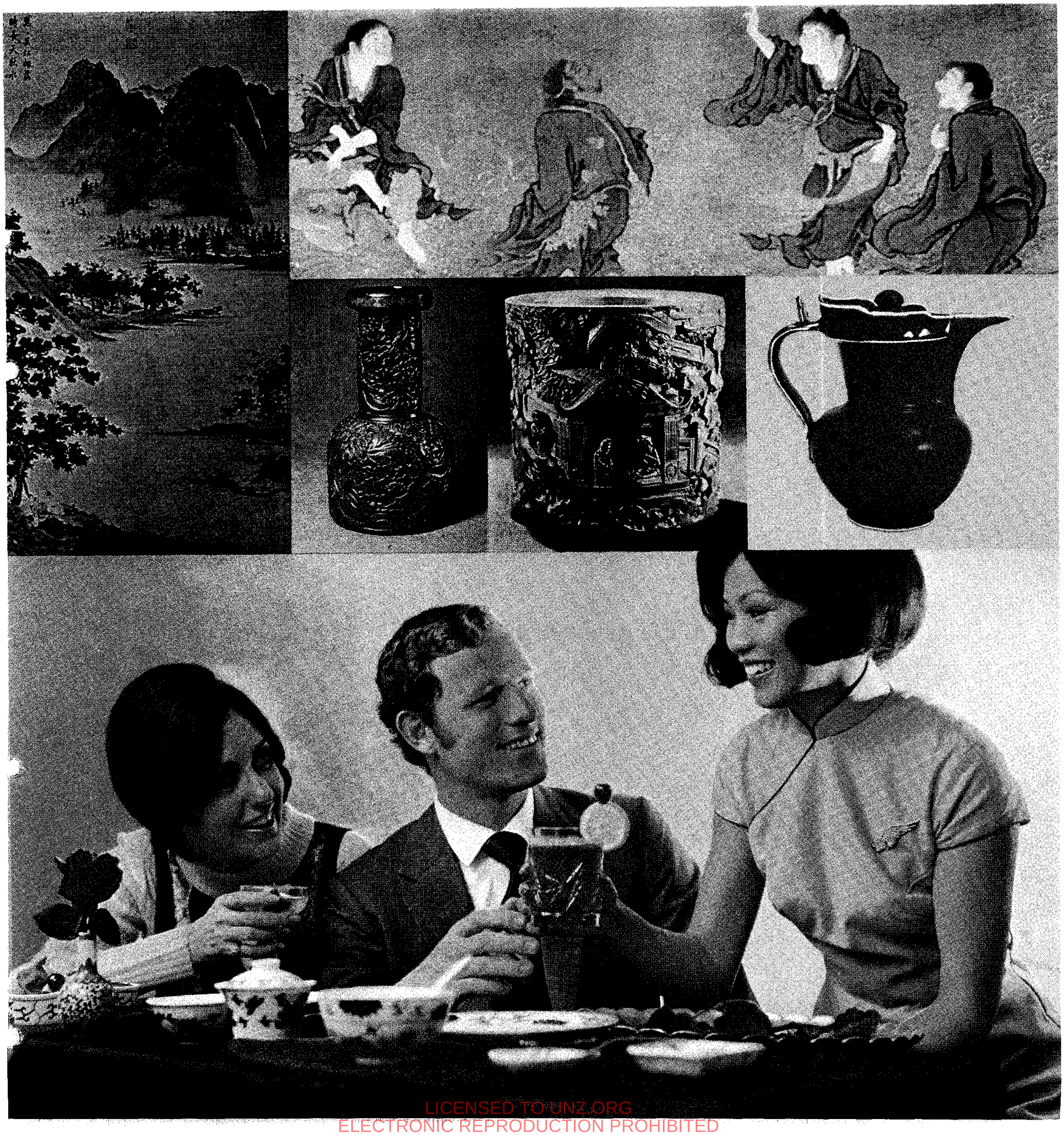

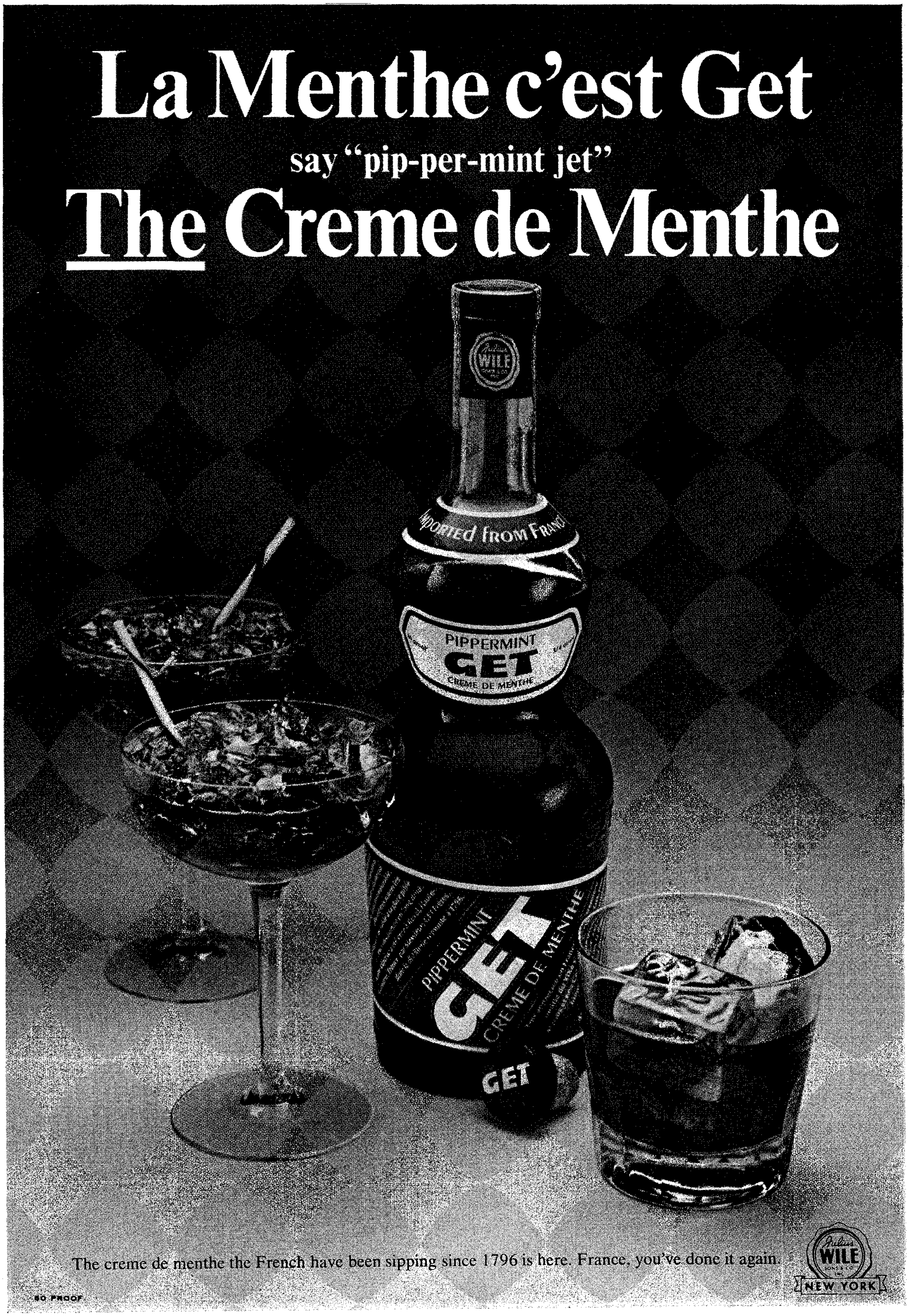
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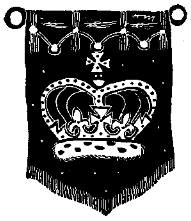
LETTER FROM LONDON

NOVEMBER 3



THE great roar of mingled delight and dissent that went up to the roof of the House of Commons at ten-fifteen last Thursday evening, when the tellers marched up to face the Speaker's chair and announce the Government's large majority for entering Europe, might have been taken to be the mixed verdict of England itself. Above the pandemonium of excited pro-Market M.P.s waving order papers as they cheered, and hostile M.P.s shouting, too, in anger, the occupants of the public gallery, gazing down into the buzzing chamber, looked enigmatically prim and withdrawn from a scene that had just settled the future for their children. Every afternoon and, of course, particularly on the final Thursday—a perfect autumn day of blue sky and golden air, to which an unusual flurry of Union Jacks added their splashes of paintbox colors from buildings beside the Thames—a slow-moving serpent of people wound slowly along by the Houses of Parliament in order to listen for a while (if they were lucky enough to get in) to what the Commons was deciding for them. In spite of the often repeated Labour charge that the views of ordinary citizens had been bypassed, what their elected representatives uttered during the six days' debating marathon seemed to give perfect expression to all the honest convictions and hopes, the patriotic fears for cherished national institutions, and the bread-and-butter worries of various sections of the population who feel their livelihoods threatened—expression that cut completely across the parties and was, indeed, like an illuminating cross-section of the deep divisions of public opinion.

The debate had been expected to be boring, because all the arguments were threadbare. Journalists in the press gallery often slumped over their notebooks and went into a gentle coma as the days (and long, talkative nights, as it turned out) ground relentlessly on. Yet somehow the greatness of the occasion produced something impressive, especially in its quieter stretches, when the speakers managed to forget the terrible fellows sitting on the opposite benches and remembered only England. When the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Anthony Barber, called the decision to go into Europe a parting of the ways and admitted frankly that he could not help sharing some regretful nostalgia for the past, he was heard in deep, acquiescent silence. The melancholy armistice ended abruptly, however, when he began to make neat and deadly use—with even the Prime Minister joining in the laughter—of quotations from the former Labour ministers' views on Europe, now so remarkably and expediently changed. Harold Wilson was, of course, walled up alive in gritty chunks of *Hansard* throughout the debate. On the last day, he was accused of trying to be a "pocket de Gaulle," prepared to argue "rampant nationalism of Britain first, Britain last, and Britain foremost," by Jeremy Thorpe, the leader of the pocket-sized Liberal Party in the Commons. The Liberals alone, Mr. Thorpe proudly reminded the House, had hardly wavered in their belief in eventual European unity, with England inevitably a part of it, and four of their total of six Members accompanied him into the Government lobby that night to prove it.

The favorite Labour gibe, used by Mr. Wilson in his Thursday speech, was to claim that in spite of the Government's huge publicity campaign, backed by the big industrialists who bought space in the leading newspapers for round-robin statements of their united conviction of the benefits that would follow entry into the E.E.C., and in spite of the fact that all the press except the Beaverbrook papers and the Labour *Sun* was heavily weighted toward Europe, the man on the workshop floor and his wife eying prices in the supermarket had remained hard of hearing. Few people would deny it. Between the intelligently and passionately committed armies of those British who are jubilant over Thursday's ringing Parliamentary answer and those who deplore it, large sections of the population clearly felt no emotion at all. The great debate has been going on spasmodically not for six days but for ten years, on and off, and to lots of people its vast complexities have seemed remote compared with the daily worries about jobs and money that are making the Government's unpopularity sharply evident in every by-election. *Punch* made the point wryly and well in a recent cartoon that showed Mr. Heath as a toothy knight in armor waving his sword aloft and shouting "Onward!" as he waded out into the waters of the English Channel while behind him, dotted over the surface of the map of Britain, a multitude of shadowy little citizens crouched before their tele-

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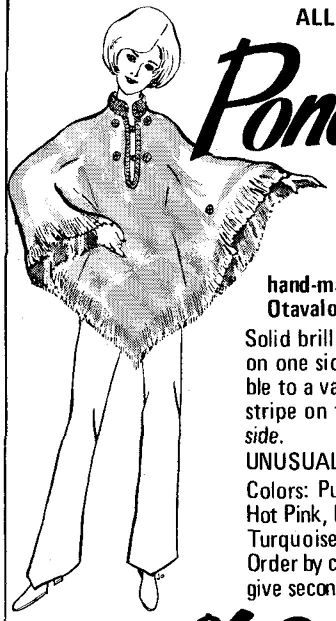
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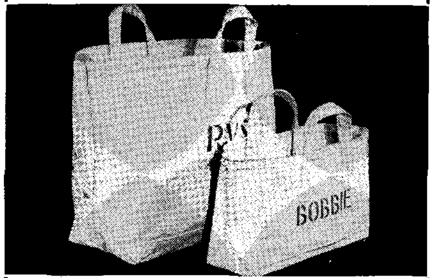

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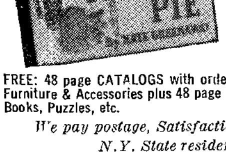

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visions, absorbed in watching football.

The portion of Mr. Wilson's speech that was more controversial and came in for much interested discussion was his seeming to say what he proposed to do if Labour should return to power after 1973, when Britain would be a signed-and-sealed member of the European Community. Until then, he had carefully stopped short of giving any idea of how a Labour Government would be likely to act. On Thursday, he said that his Government would "amicably" reopen the negotiations with the Six over points in the present terms on which the Opposition still insists it is not satisfied—agriculture and the Commonwealth agreements, principally. If the Six proved less amicable about accommodating British interests at such an advanced stage, he implied that there would be nothing for it but to withdraw into the island fortress once more. This flight from reality sounded so fantastic that the Conservatives shouted with scornful laughter, but many of Mr. Wilson's backbenchers cheered loudly. There were other moments in the debate when strange things were said. It seemed an odd novelty, for instance, to hear a Labour Member declaring fervently that England should have remained true to the Atlantic Alliance instead of turning toward Europe, since the influence of Washington has so often come in for rather less fond remarks from that quarter in the past. Mention of the number of times General de Gaulle's unbending person had successfully stood alone to block Britain's progress toward the E.E.C. was often made practically in the same breath as assertions that the national individuality of all the Community members would be molded in Brussels like a batch of gingerbread men. Some of the most interestingly argued and sombrely followed speeches were those that feared that the Treaty of Rome would rob this House of its power to decide for the ordinary citizen—whose view of the way Parliamentary democracy functions is certainly increasingly cynical—and reduce it to the level of any borough council, which has to appeal to a higher authority.

At nine-thirty, the Prime Minister rose to wind up the debate. He did it at a fast clip, with one eye on the clock, like a man who knows that the last train to Europe is leaving in half an hour. He had to shout the final sentences to be heard above the deliberate baying from the less inhibited Labour backbenchers. Then followed the vote, and it was all over, bar the proroguing of the weary Parliament until this

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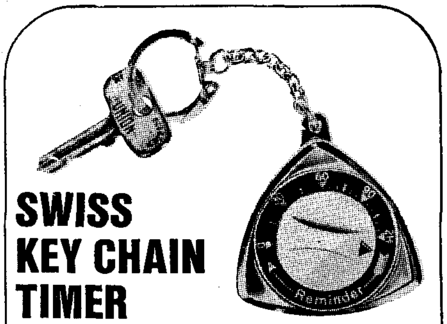

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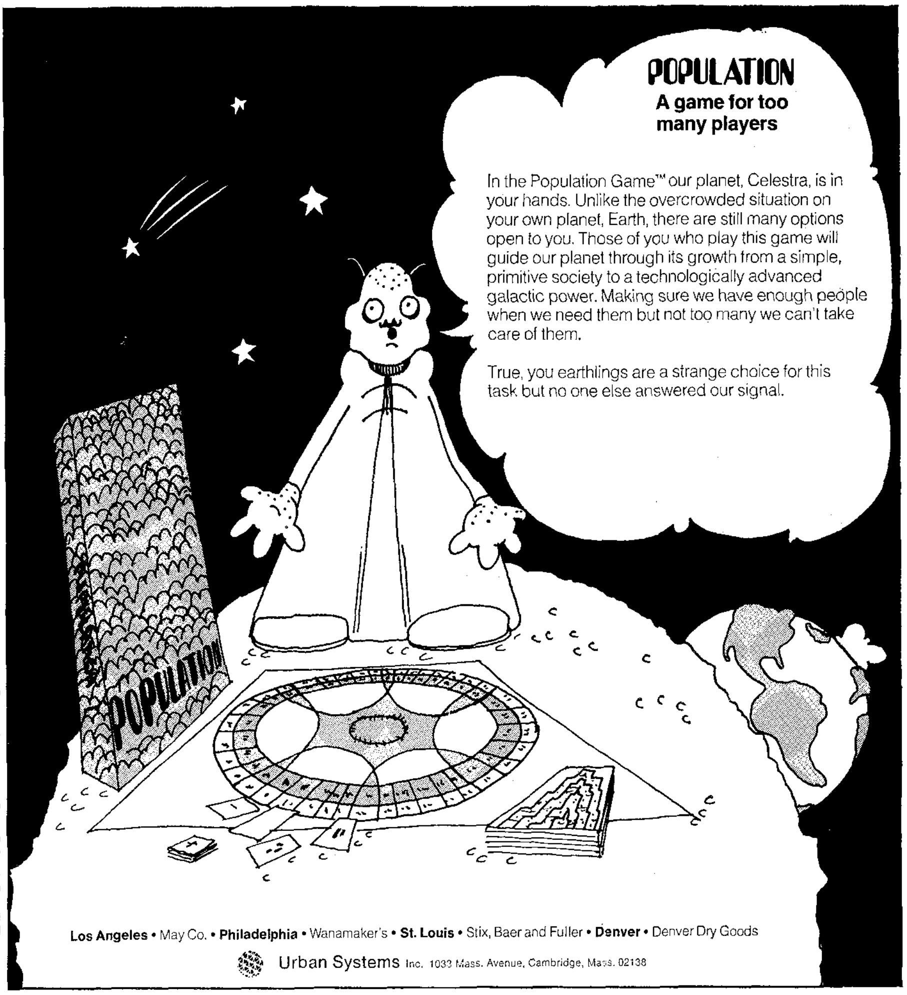
week's state opening of the new session. Outside the Palace of Westminster, in the beautiful, calm moonlit night that succeeded the splendid day, a huge crowd spilled over the road, chanting and cheering, waving Union Jacks and posters that still—too late—demanded "No!" They were much the same good-tempered, largely young crowds who turn out on an election night, and they seemed to enjoy the excitement of rooting for and against Europe as if it were a party. Passing motorists stuck their heads out of crawling cars to peer up at the Houses of Parliament as though they half expected Big Ben to have "Yes" or "No" on its dial in electric lights, and to shout to dodging citizens, "What's happened? Are we in?"

AT the moment, it is difficult to make head or tail of the confused goings on inside the Labour Party since it split over the Common Market among some highly uncomradely cries of "Traitor!" shouted at the pro-Europeans who helped to swell the Government vote. Mr. Wilson has lost no time in repeating at a Party gathering his new formula for repairing the damage, this being that the rebels would be taken back provided they joined loyally in trying to bring the hated Tories down in the pitched Parliamentary battles ahead over every last clause of the European legislation. He warned that there must be no maverick voting, or even abstaining, when this begins. Many simpleminded citizens found it difficult to understand how one could vote on principle for something one day and thenceforth do one's best to prevent its happening, but Mr. Wilson's deviators understood him perfectly, it seems. Or maybe rumbles of disapproval from some of the M.P.s' constituencies were even more persuasive. At any rate, they have now mostly—including Roy Jenkins—fallen prudently into line. This was a shock to those who had previously admired Mr. Jenkins.

The Conservative M.P.s who said no to Europe are unlikely to relish the thought of perhaps saying yes to Mr. Wilson's return to Downing Street by placing Mr. Heath in peril. It is believed that, having put their dissent on record, they, too, will probably conform when the cliff-hanging and the majority-counting begin. After all, as pro-Market Conservatives are comfortingly saying, even a mere toehold of votes will now be sufficient. By all the calculations, the Government is expected to be able to inch its way into Europe safely, having tak-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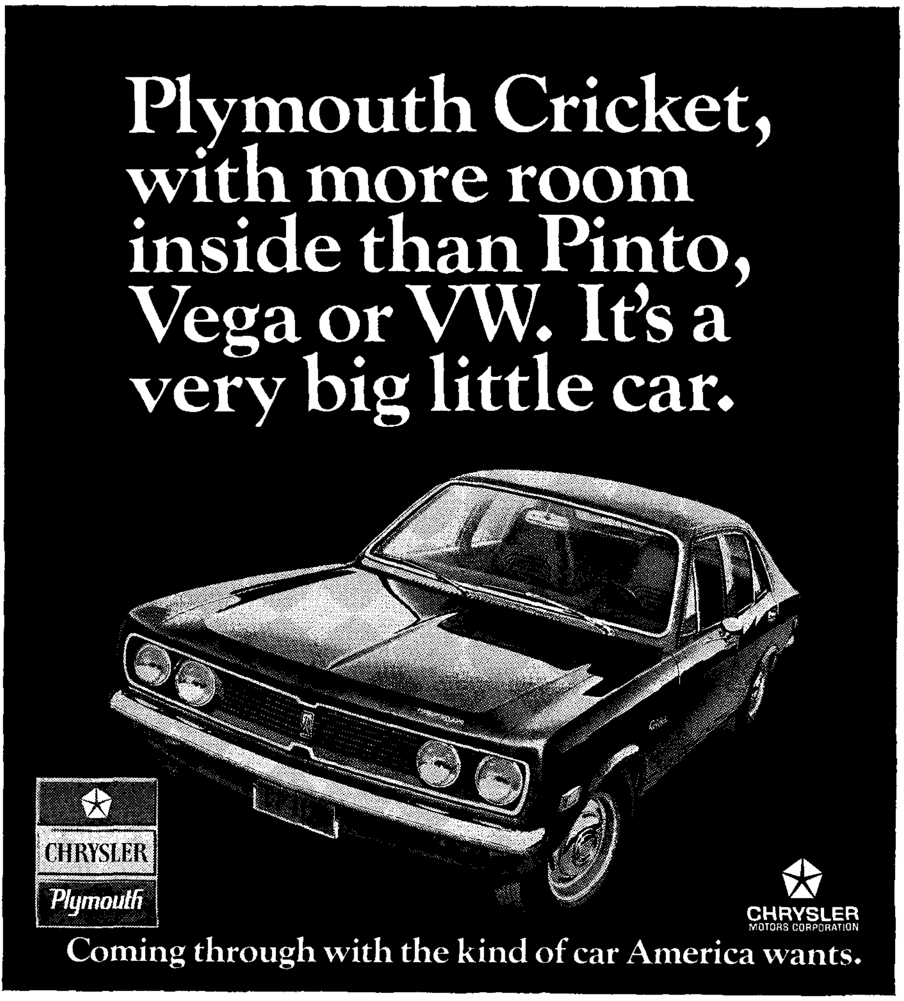
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en the immeasurable stride last week.

It is depressingly evident to many of Labour's anxious supporters, however, that the big row in the Party is not only a division of opinion over Europe. It seems to be one of the movement's periodic public set-tos—which never do it any good with the public—between the right-wing moderates and the vocal, vituperative extreme left, already unusually well dug in and in command of the decisions made by the Labour Party conference through the big unions' steamroller bloc votes. Last month at Brighton, this gathering directed the national executive committee smartly to set about planning to nationalize pretty well everything in sight on its return to power—hardly a surefire appeal to voters to put it there, as the leadership doubtless knows, with worry. What everyone is now waiting for with keen interest is the imminent voting for the post of deputy leader. Mr. Roy Jenkins is being challenged by two left-wing candidates, Mr. Anthony Wedgwood Benn and Mr. Michael Foot. It seems like old times to many Britons, who remember the damaging rows of the early nineteen-sixties, when Michael Foot used to attack the middle-class intellectual Socialism of the late Hugh Gaitskell and his friends with such blistering venom in the weekly *Tribune*. Fifty-eight now, and as white-haired as an elder statesman, he does not appear to be much changed in other respects. According to most informed guesses, there is enough caution and shrewd horse sense in the Parliamentary Labour Party to put Mr. Jenkins back in, though with a reduced vote as a warning over his vote on Europe.

Apart from facing an Opposition candidly bent on harassing them at every point in Parliament, Mr. Heath and his Government are obviously facing much trouble in the country over the black worries that have been there all the time in people's minds while everyone's attention was on the Common Market. There will be mounting criticism and unrest about the frightening unemployment figures. Above all, there is enormous public anxiety over the worsening situation in Ulster. Senator Kennedy's intervention infuriated many people here, but the opinion polls show that the number of people who think the troops ought to be brought home has increased. Furthermore, Mr. Wilson has given signs that his bipartisan standing firm with Mr. Heath over Ulster is about to end. All in all, this winter's political climate is expected to be stormy and troubled indeed.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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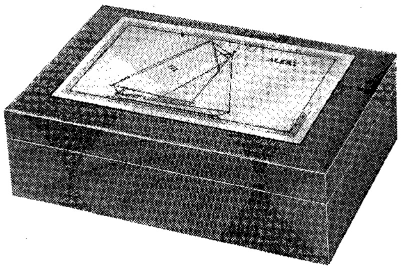
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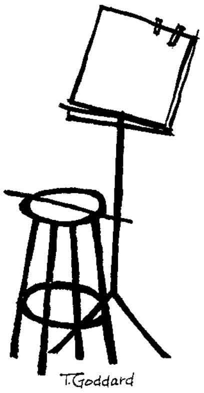
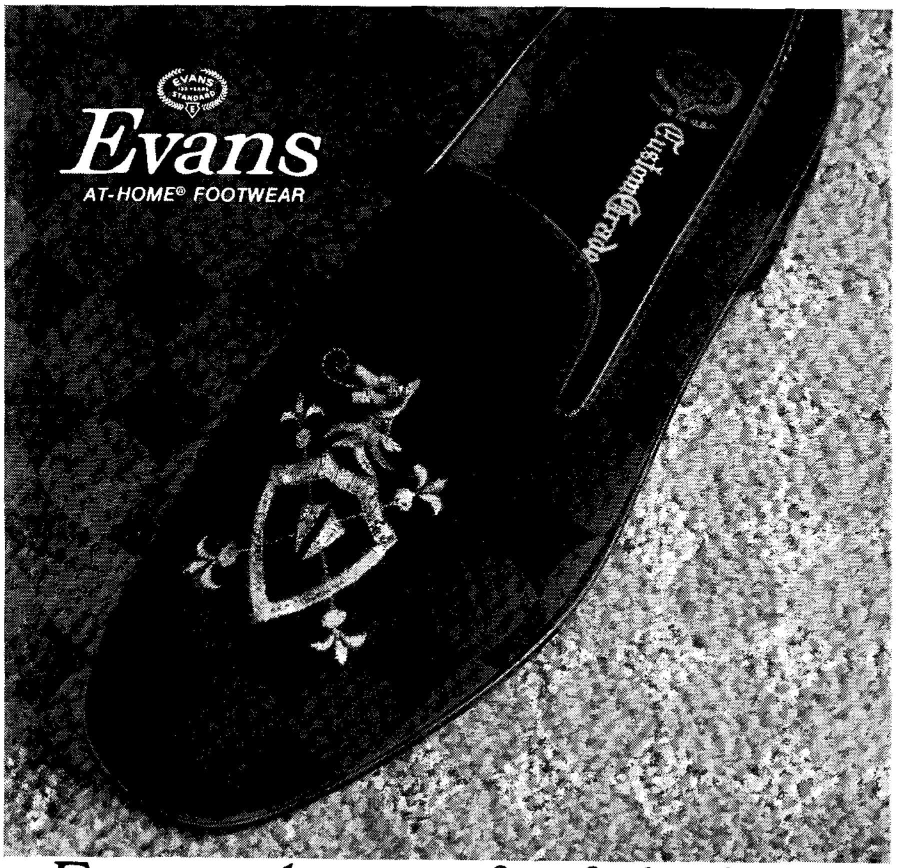


THERE has been some writing recently by my colleague of the *Times* about the remarkable durability of the music of Francis Poulenc. I had already written about this phenomenon in the past. Of that band in Paris known as Les Six, only Poulenc has survived as a major composer, while such once honored figures as Arthur Honegger and Darius Milhaud have appeared less and less in the current repertory. Of course, a couple of members of the group—Louis Durey and Germaine Tailleferre—disappeared quite early from its annals, and there was one, Georges Auric, who later embarked on a career of writing movie music with considerable success and a special kind of wit. But Honegger in particular was regarded thirty or forty years ago (not by me, however) as a composer to whom the adjective "great" would eventually be applied, while Poulenc was thought of as a minor figure who wrote small pieces, sometimes satirical, sometimes merely charming. I have two theories to account for Poulenc's survival as the finest composer of the lot.

The first is technical. While Honegger and Milhaud were avant-garde composers in the true sense—experimenters in the field of musical technique—Poulenc was content, a few little trick compositions aside, to write in the language of music as it had existed since the time of Johann Sebastian Bach or even earlier. If you examine any one of Poulenc's important scores, you will find in it not only diatonic melody (as my colleague pointed out) but the complete palette of harmonic progression—with consonances and dissonances, chords of the do-mi-sol variety, subtleties of key relationship, and so on—that was characteristic of all the great eighteenth- and nineteenth-century composers. Poulenc was so musical that even when he was attempting to satirize the music of the Romantics, as in "Les Mamelles de Terésias," he wrote Romantic music of wonderful quality.

My second theory is, you might say, sociological. Poulenc was one of those sensible people who do not take ideology



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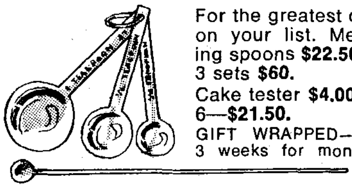

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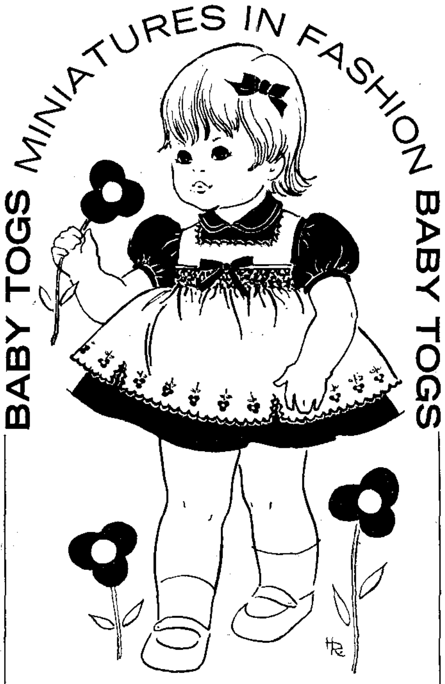
very seriously. At the time Les Six was formed, toward the end of the First World War, France was seething, quite understandably, with a hatred of everything German. The trouble was that German (and Austrian) music was the fountainhead of the world's musical culture, and that most eminent French composers had until then been greatly influenced by German music—to their benefit, as can be seen in the work of people like Chausson, Franck, and even Debussy. Suddenly, French composers decided to cut themselves off from their German roots. It was discovered that the genial little dilettante Erik Satie had been writing in a distinctly non-Germanic way, and he was made the father of the group. But the biggest influence on it was the writing of the French artistic chauvinist Jean Cocteau, who thundered against the influence of Wagner, promoted what he held to be purely French music, and became the group's publicity man. This was all very much in the Parisian tradition, and where the Impressionist and Post-Impressionist painters were concerned, similar tactics had worked wonderfully. But these peculiarly French tactics did not work in relation to music, in which the greatest traditions had been German and, earlier, Italian. Poulenc let all this propaganda roll over him without paying any attention to it. Nor did he go in for current fashion. Stravinsky, in Paris at the time, was regarded as the arch-revolutionary. Poulenc knew him, and perhaps admired him, but, of all the Six, was the least influenced by him. Poulenc went his own way. He was never an "experimental" composer; he simply wrote eloquent music, most of it quite old-fashioned by the standards of that time. He went on to write magnificent songs, and his masterpiece, the opera "Dialogues of the Carmelites." In retrospect, one can see that he lived through a great crisis in French music, but he emerged almost untouched by it.

Unfortunately, the peg on which I am hanging this lecture is a peculiar Poulenc work, "La Voix Humaine," which was performed by Thomas Scherman and the Little Orchestra Society in Philharmonic Hall on Tuesday evening of last week, with Magda Olivero as soloist. "La Voix Humaine" is that familiar operatic sketch concerning a woman and a telephone. It is clever. But, more than any other Poulenc work, it is dated—dated not because of its technique but because of its psychology. As I listened to it the other night, the idea occurred to me



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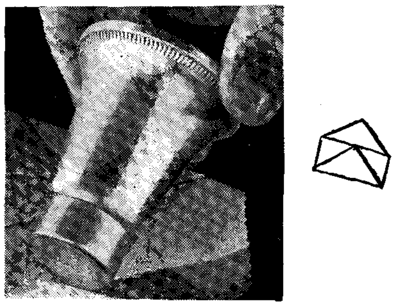

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that it ought to be picketed by women's lib as degrading to the female sex. A woman in a state of hysteria goes through a veritable orgy of self-pity, sexual arousal, pleading, rolling on the floor, weeping, and getting as close to a nervous breakdown as possible—all this while talking to her absent lover. Times have changed. This sort of thing doesn't happen anymore—at least, to normal people.

It would have helped a bit if Miss Olivero had pronounced her French with more skill. Like most Italian singers, she does not have good French diction. Earlier, she sang some Puccini and Cilea arias with more success. Her voice is way beyond its prime, but one could tell from her deep emotional involvement in what she was singing that she must at one time have been an immensely exciting artist. The audience was packed with her admirers, and they raised the roof with their applause.

THE young American conductor Michael Tilson Thomas has also recently been written about in the *Times*, and the writing has included a quotation from Leonard Bernstein to the effect that Thomas is just like what Bernstein was at his age. Now, this quotation, though I do not doubt that it was generously meant, is way off the mark. Mr. Thomas is not a bit like Mr. Bernstein except in the matter of precocity. He is an intellectual conductor, while Bernstein is an emotional one, and he completely lacks that theatrical habit of acting out the role of a conductor while conducting, which, according to your point of view, you either admire or deplore in Mr. Bernstein's work. Last Thursday night, in Philharmonic Hall, Mr. Thomas conducted the New York Philharmonic and made quite an impression. His program was not particularly out of the way—Handel's "Water Music," Ruth Crawford's Andante for String Orchestra, Carl Ruggles' "Men and Mountains," Berg's "Seven Early Songs," with Evelyn Lear as soloist, and Mozart's Symphony No. 34 in C Major, K. 338, including the Minuet he later added to it. But it was the sort of program that could demonstrate the abilities of a conductor in an enormous variety of music. Throughout this program, Mr. Thomas provided great musical insight while preserving an unassuming manner. The Handel was crisply done, with ornamentations clear and precise (precision is one of Mr. Thomas's virtues). The Crawford work, which is an early essay in pre-

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Penderecki sandwich-of-sonorities technique, went by without impressing me much. The Ruggles item was done in memory of its composer, who died earlier this year. It has a dramatic landscape quality that can make its effect if you keep the picture of those mountains in your mind. Miss Lear sang the "Seven Early Songs" beautifully. They have already been heard at the Philharmonic concerts this season, and, as I think I have remarked, they are magnificent examples of late Romanticism just before its decline. The Mozart symphony is one of his most engaging. Mr. Thomas interpreted all these works with remarkable sensitiveness to the idiom of each, with a total command of the orchestra (the horns did not miss a note), and with exemplary taste. Of all the younger conductors around today, he is, I think, the most gifted, the most refined, and the most versatile.

LAST Wednesday night, I did myself the favor of attending the concert given by the New York Pro Musica in Town Hall under the direction of Paul Maynard. The evening was devoted to the music of Josquin des Prés (1440-1521), sung by a talented group of solo singers and played on instruments of his period, including such obsolete ones as the lute, psaltery, recorder, sackbut, krummhorn, shawm, vielle, rauschpfeife, and viol. The notable thing about this concert was that it was in no sense a revival of the quaintnesses of the past. It was, on the contrary, a tremendous musical experience devoted to the work of a truly great composer, an incredible contrapuntal virtuoso and a man who can speak to us today from an era two hundred and fifty years before Bach with all the intensity and grace that he must have had for his contemporaries. I shall not list the numbers on the program. Their emotional range was vast and their technical complexity simply stunning. But none of this would have been apparent had it not been for the dedication of the performers, all young, all with perfect intonation, all with a love of their work that bubbled over the footlights to delight the audience. The singers included Brenda Fairaday, Judy Hubbell, Daniel Collins (a real countertenor, rather than the freak voice that often assumes this role), Ray DeVoll, Rodney Godshall, and Arthur Burrows. The omnicompetent instrumentalists were Lucy Cross, Shelley Gruskin, Herb Myers, Frederick Renz, and Mary Springfels.

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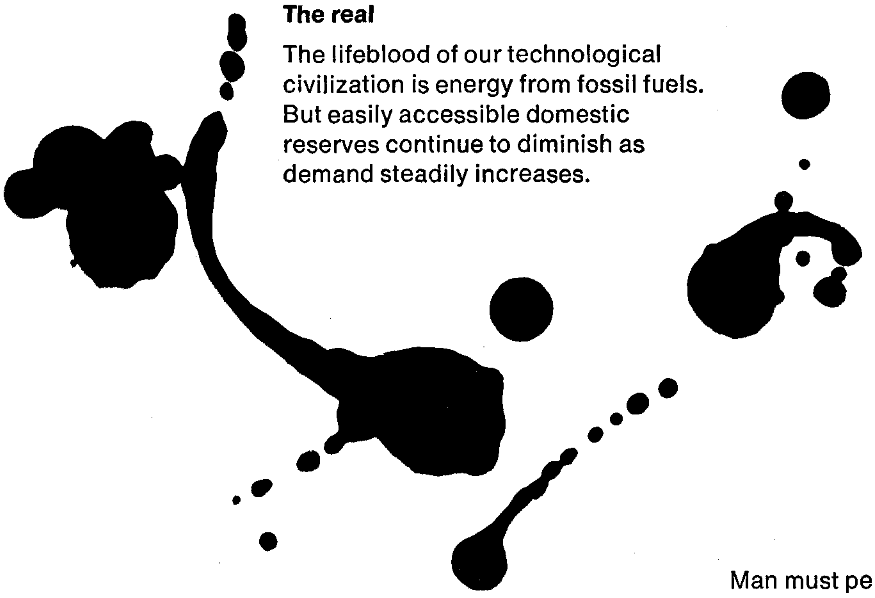

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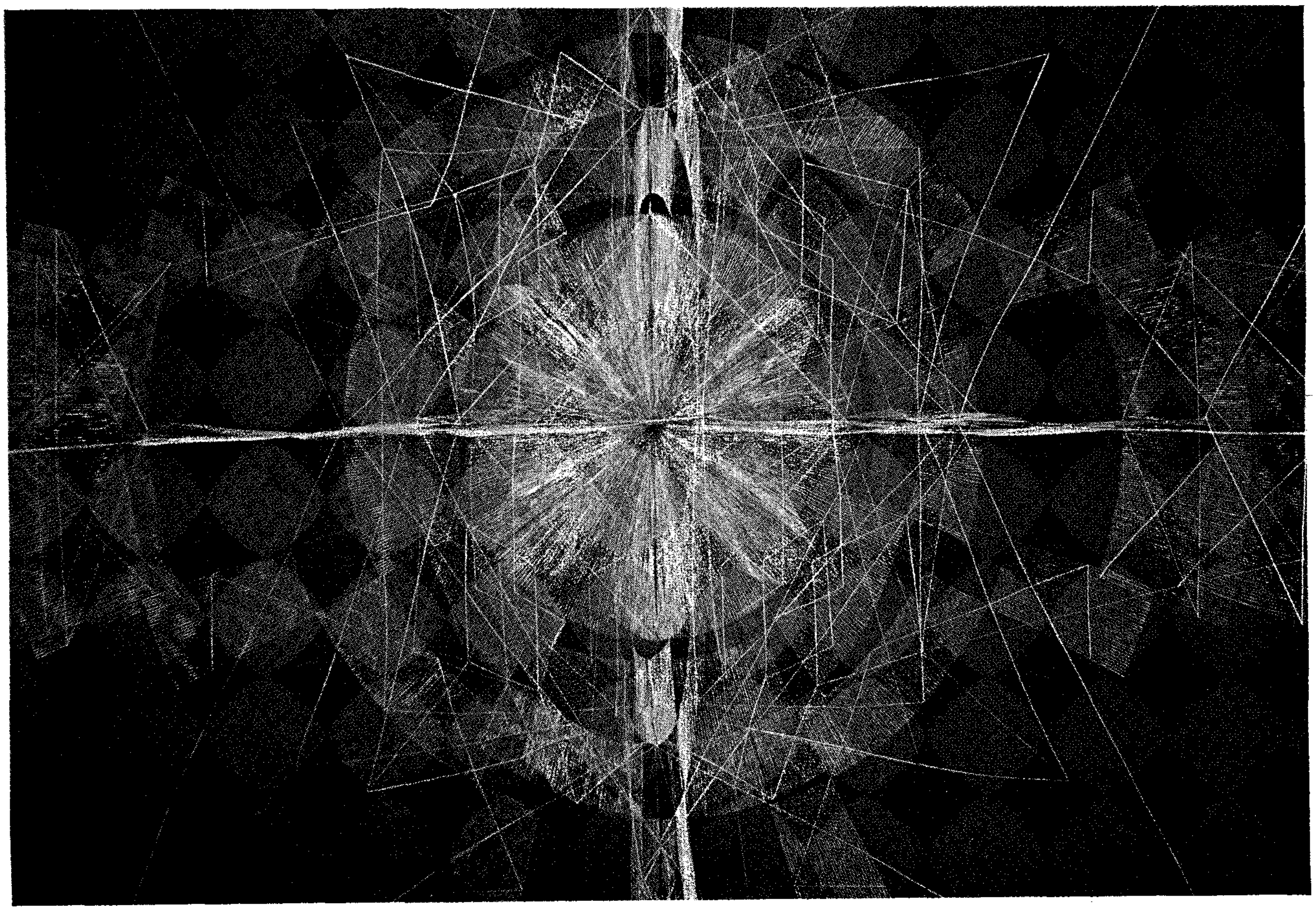


BOOKS

Out of the Glum Continent

THE art of fiction, our beleaguered heroine, glances desperately about for rescue. Perhaps Africa will save her. Has not black music, via jazz and rock, transformed the ears of the world? Did not African masks inspire Cubism and destroy forever the sweet face that had reigned in European art from Giotto to Renoir? More to the point, have not rural societies, such as Russia, Ireland, and the American South, historically poured fresh vernacular energy and heroic simplicity into Europe's tired mainstream of literature? And has not sub-Saharan Africa already figured vividly, in the fiction of Conrad and Greene, Rider Haggard and Joyce Cary, as a skein of exotic color and a "heart" of primal mystery? So might we not expect, as the post-colonial African generations take their place among the world bourgeoisie, a passionate intelligentsia to arise and enunciate native truths, to embody in renewed fictional forms a living reality that has hitherto been seen only through white eyes?

The publication, a dozen years ago, of Chinua Achebe's "Things Fall Apart" gave plausibility to high hopes. Writing with a beautiful economy, Achebe seized the basic African subject—the breakup, under colonialism, of tribal society—so firmly and fairly that the book's tragedy, like Greek tragedy, felt tonic; a space had been cleared, an understanding had been achieved, a new beginning was implied. Now, in an Africa rid of overt European domination, the artist inherits the confusions of anticlimax, of conflicts grounded not in the grand encounter of two cultures but in petty self-interest, leading to tangled catastrophes like the destruction of Mr. Achebe's fellow-Ibos in Biafra. For all their tenderness and brilliance, three recent novels by young Africans—Yambo Ouologuem of Mali, Kofi Awoonor of Ghana, and Ezekiel Mphahlele of South Africa—left this white Western reader in the mood for gloomy generalizations. Myopic lumping being one of colonialism's affronts, however, better first take up each book in turn.

YAMBO OUOLOGUEM'S "Bound to Violence" (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich), written in French, interspersed with Arab and Bantu exclamations, conveys, through Ralph Manheim's translation, a startling energy of language. It begins:

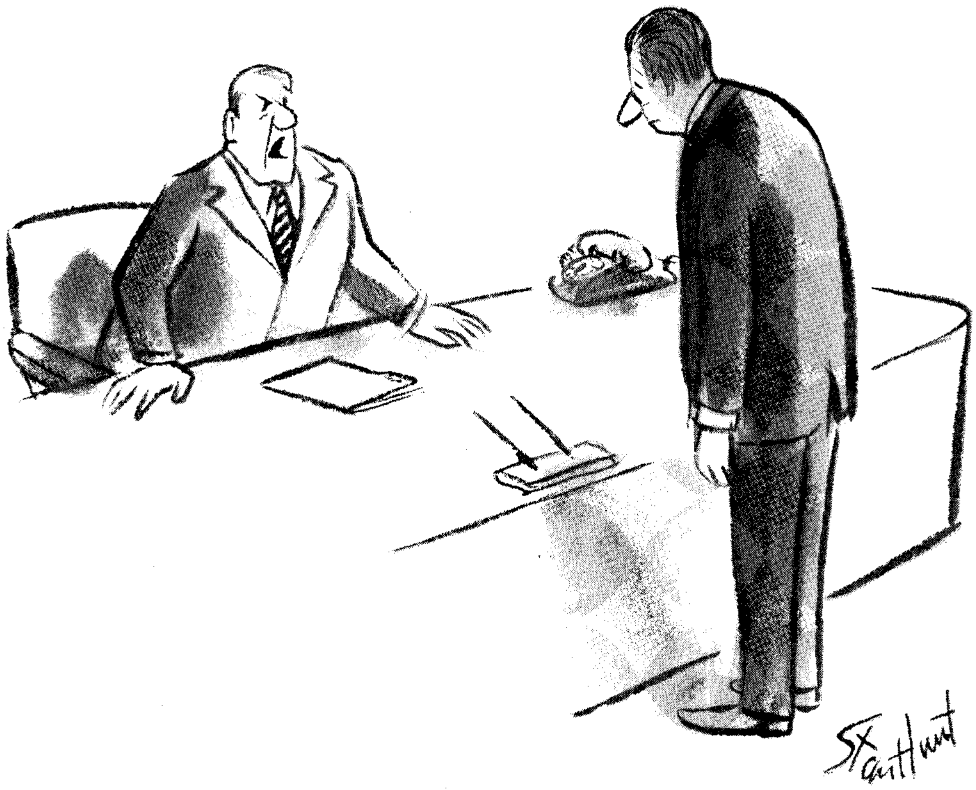
> Our eyes drink the brightness of the sun and, overcome, marvel at their tears. *Mashallah! wa bismillah!* . . . To recount the bloody adventure of the niggertrash—shame to the worthless paupers!—there would be no need to go back beyond the present century; but the true history of the Blacks begins much earlier, with the Saifs, in the year 1202 of our era, in the African Empire of Nakem south of Fezzan, long after the conquests of Okba ben Nafi al-Fitri.

Ouologuem writes as a *griot*—"a troubadour, member of a hereditary caste whose function it is to celebrate the great events of history and to uphold the God-given traditions." He tells, or sings, the story of Nakem, an African state much like Mali: bordering the Sahara, watered by the Niger (called here the Yame), ruled since the Middle Ages by a Muslim dynasty called the Saifs. The book's heroic subject, on the public level, is the Saif rule, the cunning and ruthlessness that enable these Berber and Jewish chieftains to subjugate by terror and division the tribes of "niggertrash" and then to outwit the white conquerors when they come, using the colonial officials as a mask for their own continuous, corrupt, and refulgent power. On the private level, the book's hero is Raymond-Spartacus Kassoumi, the son of a slave cook and a serving woman, educated in mission schools and in Paris, and returned to Nakem in hollow triumph as the "man of the hour," the winner of a popular election that is merely Saif rule in yet another guise. The author, however, is often distracted from the relatively domestic events of Kassoumi's progress by gaudy, curiously noisy images of physical violence:

> Saif howled as though wounded and at the same time threw something into Chevalier's eye, which it penetrated with a splashing sound punctuated by a cry.

> His knife whirled, twice he planted it in her left breast, slitted her belly from top to bottom. Suddenly expelled, her pink viscera crackled.

A hyperbolic violence also drives Ouologuem's poetry into absurdity—"I regale the air with the idiotic laugh of my gums undermined by the caries of twenty centuries of history"—and pushes his satire into jubilation. Of Raymond-Spartacus, it is said, "His academic success in the land of the Flencessi [the French] had been bruited among the people, who declared that he was better educated than the best educated of white men—after



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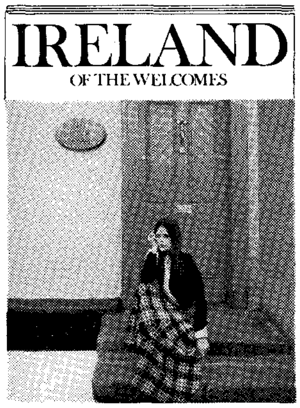
God, by golly: *o djangui koié!* Wasn't it true that in homage to his science a white woman had savored the ecstatic felicity of marrying Raymond the illustrious builder, for—*tjok!*—he spouted mathematics and physics as easily as his mother had shelled peanuts." Though a Christian missionary is sympathetically presented, Ouologuem mocks mercilessly the pro-African aestheticism of the "Shrobeniusologists," who find in the bloody empires of the African Middle Ages "a society marked by wisdom, beauty, prosperity, order, nonviolence, and humanism." Hoodwinked by fake artifacts hastily planted in the marshes and mud, the Shrobenius family in turn hoodwinks Europe with "a cult of the good nigger," "a philistine Negromania without obligation or sanction." To such romanticism Ouologuem sternly says no, insisting, "Prehistory in a tailcoat: there stands the African."

The intelligence expressed by this book seems all too withering, all too Gallic. The last chapter is an arch dialogue between the Christian Bishop Henry and the reigning Saif, suddenly as dialectical as Sartre himself: "Destiny never wearies of forgiving, by proxy. How could it weary? If it did, would it not know Tedium, the empty consciousness of a time without content?" Et cetera. The point of the debate, and of the novel, seems to be that violence, vibrant in its unconditional submission to the will of power, becomes a prophetic illumination, a manner of questioning and answering, a dialogue, a tension, an oscillation, which from murder to murder makes the possibilities respond to each other, complete or contradict each other. The outcome is uncertainty.

The Bishop and the Saif fall to playing chess, cozy in the certainty that rulers like the Saif will be "forever reborn to history beneath the hot ashes of more than thirty African republics" and that "such was the earth of men that the balance between air, water, and fire was no more than a game."

Such refined and utter pessimism may be necessary to surmount a heritage so despairingly seen. But while Ouologuem sees a "gigantic hunger for self-destruction" in the world, he also admits and particularizes "the intoxication of feeling alive;" though no political solution can be envisioned, the woeful history of Nakem is indignantly felt. For all the book's incongruities as it leaps from idiom to idiom, it delivers on its opening promise of intensity; its furniture is incandescent. Without any note of sentimentality, apology, or excuse, a fully literate African has opened



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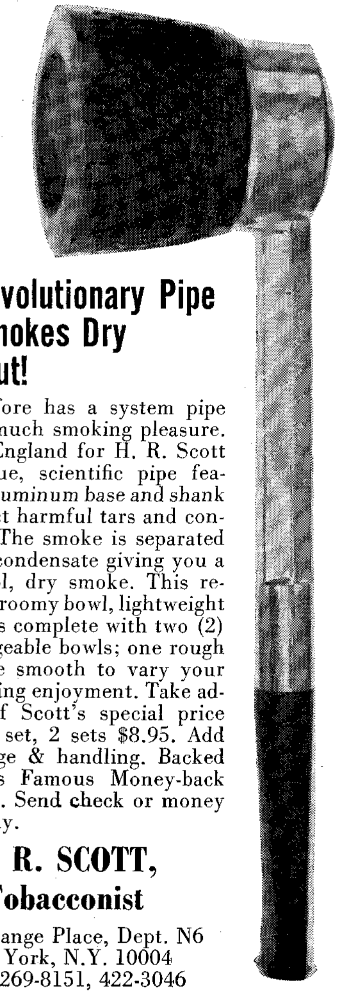

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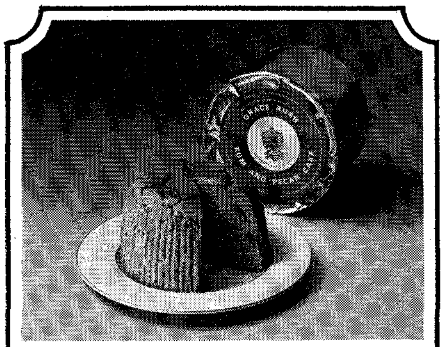

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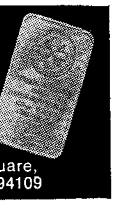

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himself, and us, to modes of human existence prior to civilization:

> Her head was turned toward the Yame and her body in tears was covered with watery suns.
>
> The silence sleeps, dreaming of the sky where the clouds envy the moon. Here's the bank of the Yame River, with its black swell, its dampness. The river. Southward. Southward. I've got to. They're expecting me. Why sleep? Maybe I've arrived. I run to catch myself, I follow myself at a gallop. I stop, body erect, arms stretched forward. I'm like a lemon without juice. I can't see myself anymore. Neither my hands nor my limbs. Sleep. I'm afraid of the snakes. Sleep. Dream. Sleep. I'm afraid of the red ants. I don't want to be eaten. I wish I could turn into an animal and survive this menacing forest, its mosquitoes, its flies, those black things that crawl out of its belly in the darkness. Fire. I want fire. With fire I'll fear nothing. The snakes will go away. The rabbits will go away. The monkeys will chatter. The animals will think I'm armed. I'll be saved. I'll wait till daylight. Only then will I sleep.

Sensations glimpsed in ancient European epics, or in semiliterate trances like Amos Tutuola's "The Palm-Wine Drinkard," have been, through Ouologuem's best passages, brought into contemporary literature.

"THIS EARTH, MY BROTHER . . .," by Kofi Awoonor (Doubleday), is a more amiable work, just as Mr. Awoonor's contemplative gaze from his jacket photograph is more amiable than Mr. Ouologuem's flash-lit stare. The jacket and title page insist that the book be called "An Allegorical Tale of Africa," though it seems no more allegorical than any novel is; i.e., its hero represents many men and his plight illustrates an aspect of the human condition. The hero, Amamu, is a young Ghanian lawyer, who, through the alternation of objective and introspective chapters (set, I think too fussily, in different sizes of type), proceeds to nervous breakdown and death. The stress he suffers is presumably the inordinate gap (and here the typographic device may have a point) between his primitive, hopeful, partially idyllic past and the mediocre, nagging, disappointed present of his life in an African metropolis no better able to cope with corruption and pollution and poverty than any other modern city. While a desert glitter and an imperial past lend fiendish glamour to Ouologuem's Mali/Nakem, Awoonor's Ghana is familiarly dismal, except that all the faces are black and the inconveniences of overdevelopment experienced in America are matched by

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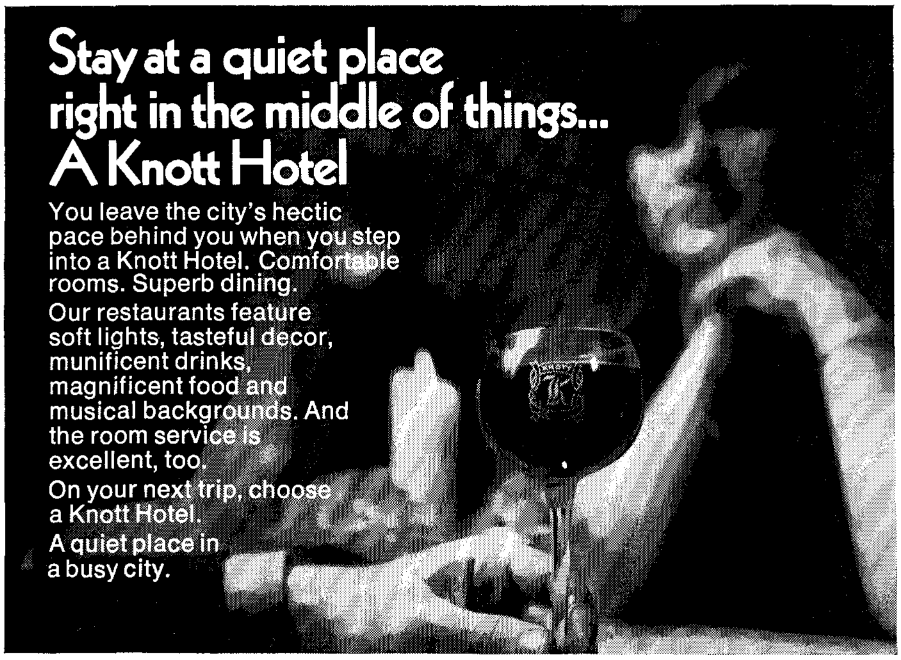
the not dissimilar embarrassments of underdevelopment. Amamu is a thorough bourgeois male—uneasy in his work, a witness to injustice yet a professional participant in it, a citizen perpetually testifying, inwardly, to his own puzzling incrimination in the venal, weary workings of a mercenary society:

> The Lebanese merchants are bargaining away native lands; even a government that proclaims socialism—a confusion of ideas, beliefs, and magic—cannot provide the answer. So the children turn beggars in the market place, as the eminent men play golf on the Achimota course. The best golf course in the country.
>
> In the Senior Common Room, the scholars of the land are debating international communism, and providing new arguments for Fabianism that died in its country of origin. . . .
>
> The beer is good; there are two excellent breweries and one is soon to be built in the Western Provinces to brew wholesome beer for the people.
>
> Meanwhile drinking water is short in the north and in the Ewe country.

On the private level, Amamu's binds are the familiar ones of the bourgeois male: the boyhood/manhood bind, the wife/mistress bind. The mistress, Adisa, a warm and servile whore, merges with boyhood loves and visions—"the woman of the sea, his cousin love of those years long long ago rising from the sea. She rose slowly, head first, adorned with sapphires, corals, and all the ancient beads her mother left for her pubertal rites. She rose slowly from a dream sea." And this vision of Mother Africa merges in the currents of Amamu's nostalgia with the Britannia who ruled the waves. Christian hymns haunt his walks and reveries; he remembers the Empire Days, held on Queen Victoria's birthday—the uniformed dark children singing songs freshly learned, "miniature Union Jacks stuck in their shirt pockets;" the handsome mustached officers; the speeches proclaiming, "To be true imperialists, we must maintain unshaken our faith in God, in the Empire, and in ourselves. God bless you all." With the recession of the Empire, this faith has faded, leaving nothing but empty revolutions. "All revolutions must go astray. That is divine justice." Nkrumah Circle is renamed National Liberation Circle; that is modern Ghanian history.

> It is a land of laughing people, very hospitable people. That's what the tourist posters proclaim. They forgot to add that . . . the liquor is indifferent, and the people suffer from a thousand diseases.

The novel itself struggles against the soggy atmosphere of lassitude. The



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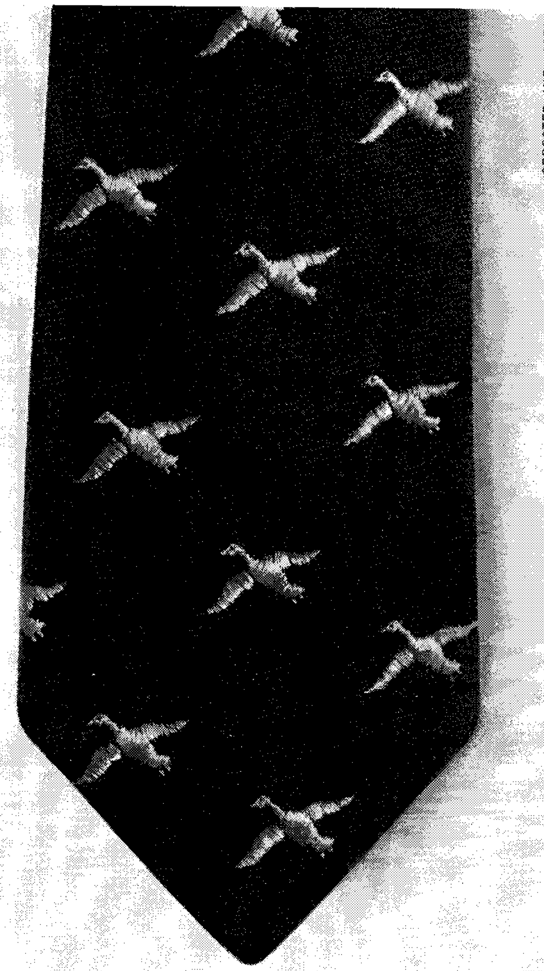

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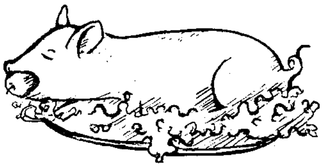

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chapters of interior soliloquy lapse into an unlikely literariness:

> The flash point of creation, birth before birth long tunnels tunnels roads of womb darkness stilled the mind's eye cannot behold, prescience prenativity of total darkness, the foreknowledge of the grave the exhilaration and impatience of the emergence.

Awoonor does not have Ouologuem's access to savagery. Instead of glorying in the sun and the tears it forces upon us, Awoonor's hero says he hates the sun, and finds ease in images of spooky shelter: "Darkness peopled by ghosts in purple velvets shrieks abandoned by fireplaces by the eaves of the thatched hut in rain falling falling falling as the water whitened by cornflour is poured on the sogged earth for the benevolent ones to drink to quench their thirst in the land beyond the field where trees are green and the grove is dark." The interior monologues put us in mind of Eliot's remark (apropos of "Ulysses") that "this new method of giving the psychology . . . doesn't tell as much as some casual glance from outside often tells." Viewed externally, Amamu is not very impressive or dynamic, and his fate is less tragic than damply sad, a shadow melting back into shadows. Yet the novel's strength is its refusal to be spectacular, to feign anger it doesn't feel, or to present Ghanian life as anything much more than a fumbling, disheartened extension of colonial rule, a blurred carbon. Humanity is not, as it rather is in "Bound to Violence," locked out; there are pages of faithful, inconsequential dialogue, with a lilt never heard in the West, and perhaps it is this sense of voice and voices that makes "This Earth, My Brother . . ." amiable, despite its allegorical grimace.

Ezekiel Mphahlele's "The Wanderers" (Macmillan) is the longest and least sophisticated novel of the three. His English is not always sure. His characters say unsayable things to each other, like "Aren't we happier when our love activates things in people than when it founders on passive ground?" Some sentences are untidy wastebaskets overflowing with words:

> Maybe all these factors checked the downhill thump and roll and leap of the boulder of passion before it could plunge into the placid fountain down there with a horrendous splash before anchoring under its own weight, for good or for bad.

On the other hand, there are some lucky hits a more practiced writer wouldn't have brought off:

> Always for that distance, one's mind seemed to see things in blue and yellow: colors that seemed to have been yoked

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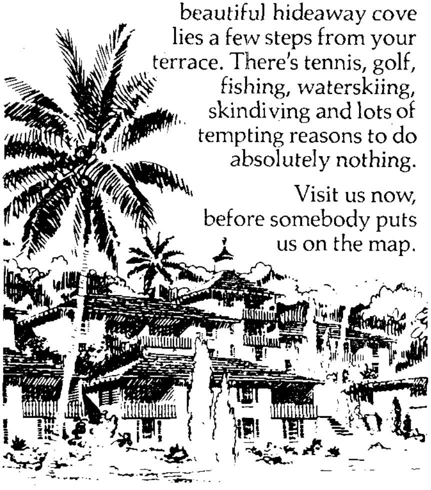

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violently together by some inevitable force that wanted to have fun.

> Her figure was the kind that never looked overripe or bitten into.

The language adequately moves its freight—an ambitious panoramic story of wandering exiles, black and white, from South Africa. The South African episodes are the most vivid and affectionate; the polychrome peculiarities of this deplorable state, with its "colored" and Indian minorities as well as blacks, are rendered in a sharp sequence of vignettes and accents. Mr. Mphahlele, whose black characters talk a little like stage Englishmen, hears peculiar speech everywhere. Here is an Indian shopkeeper:

> "What you peepel want prom Hindians, eh? Ewery person in dis worl' sweat to eat.... It is not enough we Hindians we are removed by gowermint out of town and we looss too much property too much bissness and den you peepel put our shops on pire?"

Here is an Afrikaans woman, at a Promethean extreme of racism:

> "Look at me. You lucky you can see your god like me and Master and Master Van Zyl. I cannot see my god, I cannot reach him he is far, far away. Sometime I t'ink he does not listen. But I only know he is listening and he knows dat the government is doing everyt'ing right to make you heppy, like dey are your fathers and mothers.... You heppy, not like ourself, the white people beecoss we have to look after both ourself and you. You know sometime the father and mother must be unheppy so that their children are heppy. I am right, eh? You must keep laughing."

When Timi Tabane, a black schoolteacher exiled for writing newspaper articles about a slave system of penal labor, travels to London, the colony of exiled South Africans there seems to him pathetic; the "South African English accent the whites spoke . . . irritated him as it had never done in his home country." And in Nigeria, after his initial exhilaration at being freed from South Africa's tyranny of passbooks and police, he is irritated by the effeminate way Nigerians slap at each other, and urges them to hit with fists, in good South African style. Prostitution and idleness are also new to him. One of the friends he makes there, in a small circle of intellectuals and mixed marriages, is named Awoonor (another is "an American historian, John Galbraith"), and, whether or not this means Kofi Awoonor, "The Wanderers" moves into the dispirited terrain of "This Earth, My Brother . . ." Timi's problems become those of the black bourgeoisie: a sense of futility, struggles with a self-serving bureaucracy,

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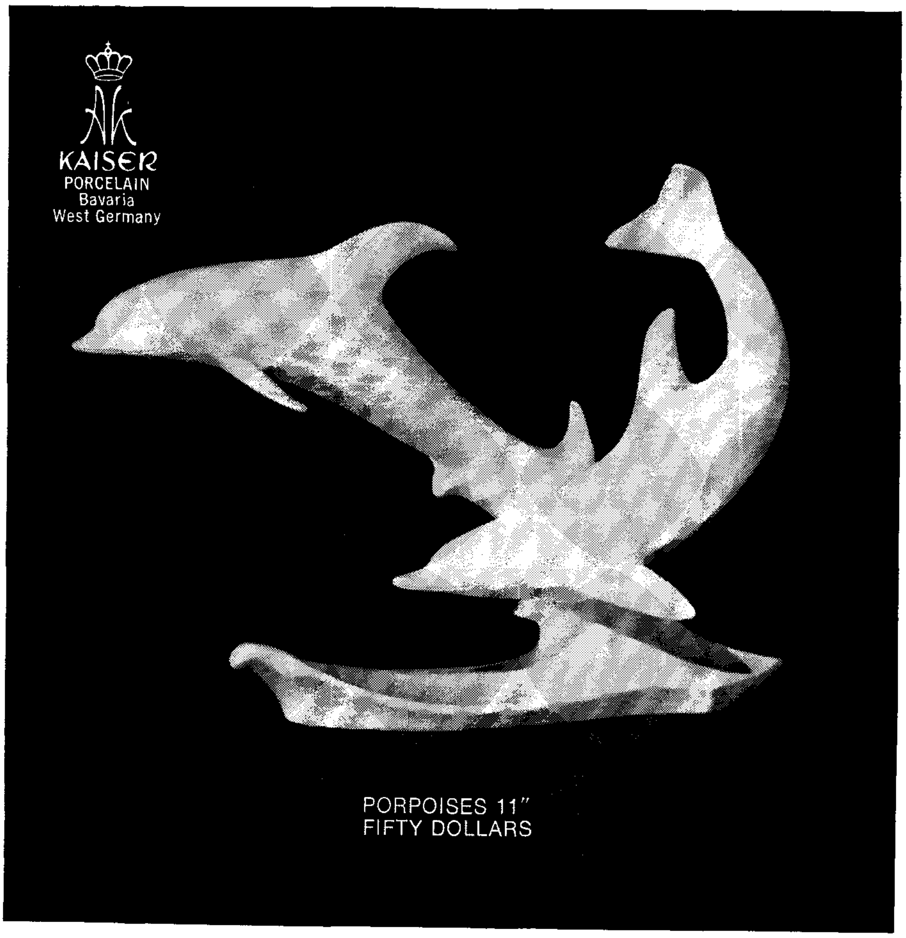

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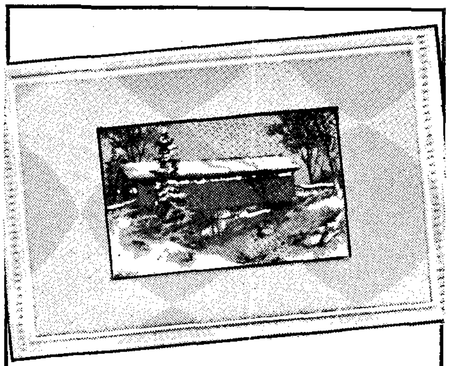
the compromises of security. He and his wife agonize over the ethics of hiring a servant. Awoonor lectures them on the duties of mastership: "You see, you have to be a master or none at all, you must be seen to be one. You've got to talk like one. If you're soft, a steward thinks Ah, na he be tenth-rate master dis one. He wants a first-rate master." Morally compromised, unhappy among the post-colonial anti-climaxes of Nigeria and Kenya, they are faced with that ultimate Western luxury, a generation gap. Their son, Felang, after obstinately non-coöperating with the Anglophile school establishment, runs away, joins an African nationalist guerrilla army, and is fed to crocodiles by white farmers.

Where can the Timi Tabanes of the world turn? Tabane rejects the Christianity that enveloped his education. He speaks of "African humanism," but the African wisdom he cites is a Stone Age survival manual: nothing belongs to you but what you have eaten, food is nothing but decayed matter that sticks in the teeth, a woman is like a calabash—do not kick it around. For soul comfort, Tabane turns to his American records, to the music of John Coltrane and Big Bill Broonzy, of Lionel Hampton and Duke Ellington. He asks, "How can I make my children understand we have all wandered away from something—all of us blacks," and gets no answer. He laughs when an elderly white Kenyan says he is going back to Canada: "I've done Africa—eighteen years now—and I must think of my children's future. Africa's no more for us whites." Africa is no more for whites, yet not yet for blacks. Tabane tells himself, "We must move. . . . Where to? Certainly out of Africa, stay out until we can feel needed. . . . I love Africa but . . . I'll serve the country that needs me—more than that, *wants* me." The jacket flap states that Mr. Mphahlele now lives in the United States, an associate professor of English at the University of Denver. Whereas Kofi Awoonor teaches African literature at the Stony Brook campus of the State University of New York.

NOW, the generalizations. Africa is enormous and pluralistic. Muslimized, impoverished Mali is a continent removed from the many-layered, prosperous police state of South Africa. Even between Nigeria and Kenya "The Wanderers" notes significant differences in tone, prospects, and makeup. So expectations of an "African" literary mode are perhaps



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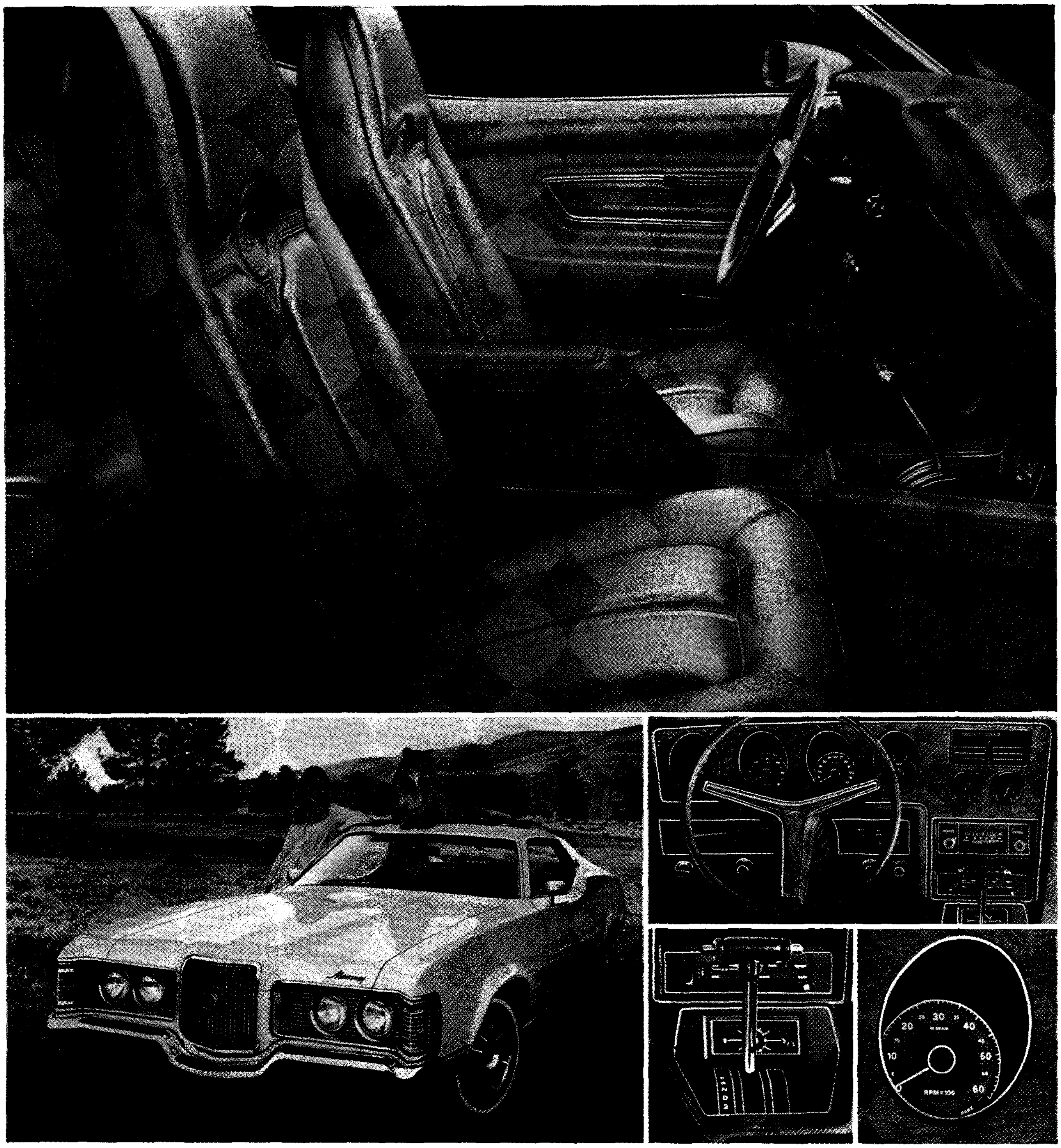

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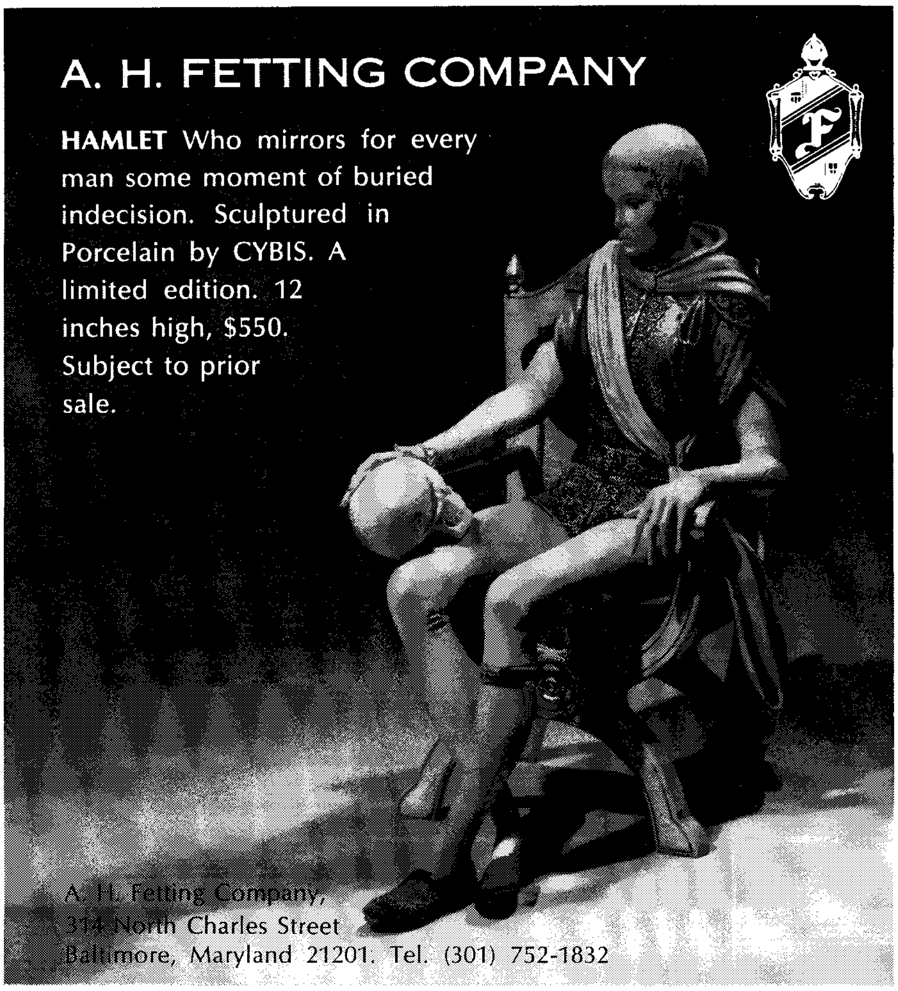
as fatuous as talk of an "American" literature that would include, along with the United States classics, the annals of the conquistadores, Hawaiian war chants, and the cosmopolitan avant-gardes of Mexico City and Buenos Aires. Indeed, these three African novels show a deficiency not only of continental self-consciousness but of national identification; the governments, white or black, are uniformly deplored, even if Ouologuem does, perversely, seek illumination in the centuries-long bloodbath of Saif rule. Timi Tabane and Amamu feel homesick for narrow scenes—a riverside, a crowded courtyard. Modernism, while it has crushed the tribes, has not produced an emotionally credible substitute.

Of the three novels, only "The Wanderers" shows any pronounced resentment of white colonialism. "Bound to Violence" presents the white colonialists as dupes, along with the "niggertrash," of the demonic Nakem nobility. "This Earth, My Brother . . ." remembers colonial rule with a kind of numb affection. And even "The Wanderers" shows the English-speaking whites (but not the Afrikaners) as people who, like the blacks, are unequally matched against the vast, murderous muddle that is Africa. Steve Cartwright, for instance, Timi's best white friend, is killed, a few pages after Felang himself is killed, in another squalid skirmish. Naledi, Steve's widow, a black woman, announces in the novel's last paragraph her intention to stay in London and study nutrition, supported by her white father-in-law. The book's last word is "sympathy." There is less Fanonesque fury in these novels than one might expect; if their authors are a fair sampling, young Africans do not share their American brothers' sensation of a magical white omnipotence malevolently applied to ring them in. Rather, there is bewilderment at vastness, a sense of ungraspable forces and inutile liberty, reminiscent of New World fiction from Fenimore Cooper to Faulkner.

Un-New World, however, is the dispirited air of these novels. The African bourgeoisie, and the intellectual class within it, seem to have been born discouraged; they have inherited Western consciousness on the downswing. The otherworldly faiths have faded, and the earthly paradises—of Marxism, of industrial capitalism—have been debunked by partially coming true. Modernity's birthday party is over. At the dedication of a new hospital, pagan dancers from the highland make music with tin cans and stones; all Timi Tabane hears is the "grim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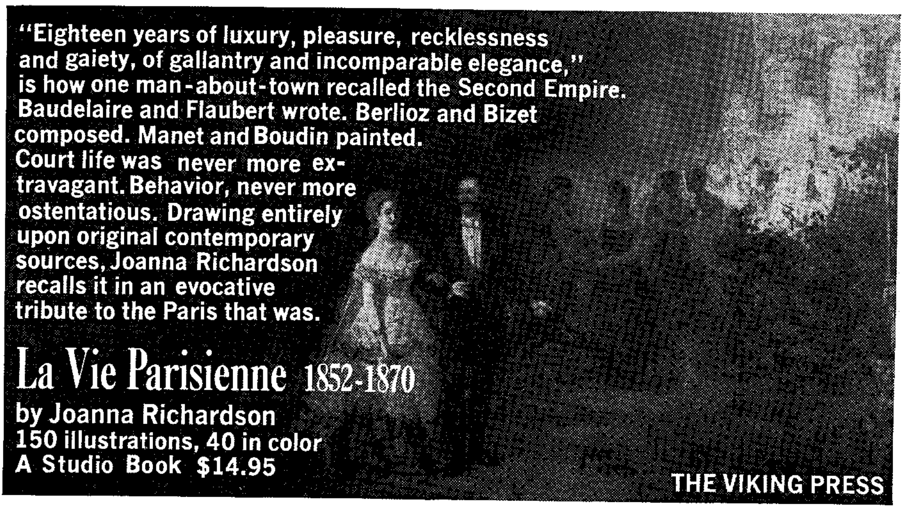
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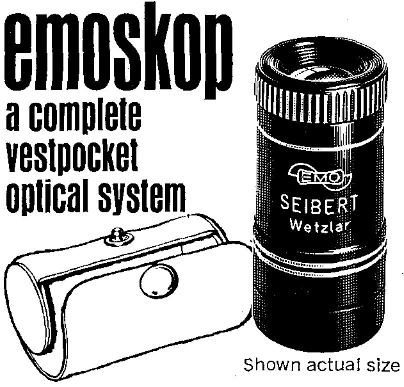

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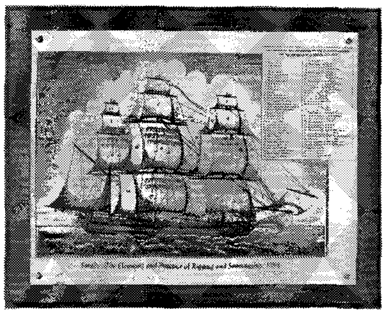

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note of defeat"—"like the doleful song of southern black warriors when they have lost the battle." True, what is there to do but build hospitals, import technology, invent constitutions, mitigate corruption and poverty, take wives and betray them, raise children and lose them—to play the sedulous ape, in short, to the West's aging, diseased Faust? Of course literature can afford to be cynical. It generally is. Our own first masterpiece, "The Scarlet Letter," is scarcely a paean to the past, and "Moby Dick" shares with "Bound to Violence" a rococo pessimism. Yet one listens in vain in these African works for an echo of Emerson's and Whitman's confident sense of national audience. For whom are these works written, in the languages of departed occupiers? Not for the "niggertrash" still sunk in the tribal dream and the struggle for sustenance. Or for the African whites, ever more anachronistically clinging to their plantations and prerogatives and the nineteenth-century credos that justified them. At the moment, the black African artist, from his niche in American colleges or Paris literary circles, seems a voice without an auditorium, a sensibility between worlds. —JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

HECK, by Morris Renek (Harper's Magazine Press). The meaninglessness of existence is a familiar problem to everyone, but Heck (a person) thinks that he sees a solution. His idea is to rob a bank—specifically, the Grand Street Savings Bank, in his old neighborhood in Brooklyn—and to do so without using a gun. This rather drastic measure brings him into conflict with his nemesis, a policeman named Broglie, who is convinced of Heck's guilt even before he commits a crime. Broglie also happens to be the father of Heck's girl friend, Lola, who, frightened of what may happen to Heck, gives the police an anonymous warning of the planned robbery. This is not all, for Mr. Renek elaborates the story still further, making free with jokes, false suspense, and fantasy, until the vague psychological truth at the heart of the novel begins to seem very vague indeed. Mr. Renek's style, it should be noted, is admirably direct and vigorous.

JOINER, by James Whitehead (Knopf). A huge, scrambled, loud, ambitious, lively, entertaining, basically unserious novel about an intellectual foot-

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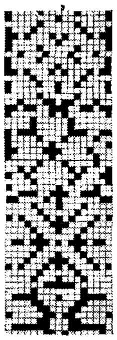

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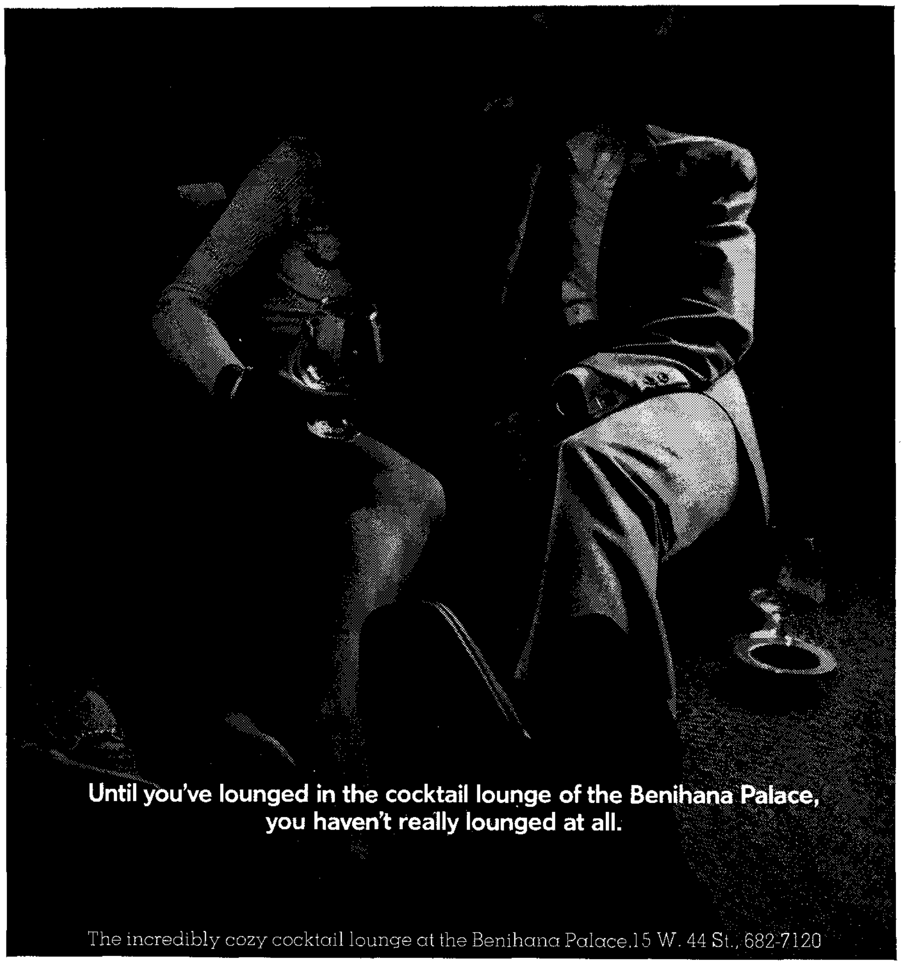
ball player who grows up in Mississippi and plays in the National Football League and kills two men and now lives with a brainy girl whose constant complaints about him and his ravings are probably misdirected, because they aim at his *machismo* delusions while his real problems stem from simple collegiate prankishness.

Confession from the Malaga Madhouse: A Christmas Diary, by Charlotte Painter (Dial). Sometime before Christmas, an American woman travels to Spain with her six-year-old son, mixes with the expatriates there, and, evidently as a result of a matter involving hashish, finds herself committed to a mental hospital for a week. Her intention of writing a Christmas diary gives way to the writing of this book, which the author, on the dust cover, calls a "confession, then, of my own madness, which I believe in." In fact, the book is a surprisingly intelligible account of the heroine's experiences in and out of the hospital. Its semblance of madness comes mainly from fragmentation: incidents are shuffled, antecedents are unclear, quotation marks are banished. Feckless writers, freaks, children from something called the Why-Yes School, allegorical figments with names like Escarlata Pimpernela troop through the pages, but, with some effort on the reader's part, they all add up to reality: a sensitive woman, an indolent setting, and an unfortunate episode. This book leads one to suspect that true madness would be seamless, unreal, and unconfessed—as in Kafka.

Note: World has published "The Truth About Them," a novel by Jose Yglesias. A large part of the book appeared originally as short stories in *The New Yorker*.

GENERAL

The Vantage Point: Perspectives of the Presidency 1963-1969, by Lyndon Baines Johnson (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). About the best thing to be said of the ex-President's memoirs is that they are unexpectedly free of vindictiveness. Mr. Johnson shares Spiro Agnew's view of the Eastern press, and there are people of some importance during his tenure whose existence he overlooks altogether. For the things that went wrong he rarely apportions blame. But then, as he sees it, there were few things that ever did go wrong. As he put it to his Cabinet in December, 1968, "We have had five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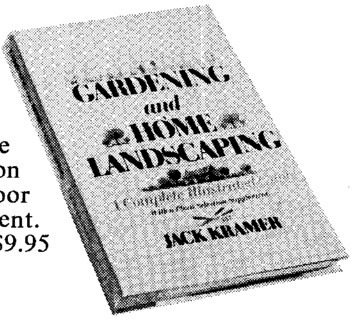

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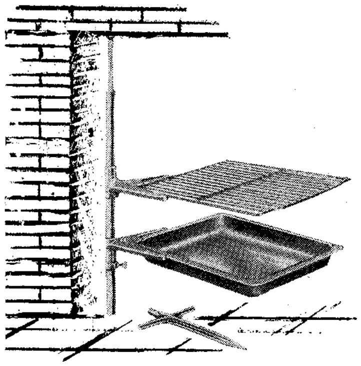

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wonderful and productive years.” From start to finish, the book is a celebration of that glorious half decade. It is all unbearably tedious, which is too bad, because the off-the-record Lyndon Johnson is a man of great perspicacity, and one with a genius for comedy—malicious, as a rule, but nevertheless exceedingly shrewd. That Lyndon Johnson is plainly not the author of this soporific White House white paper. This is a committee product. Historians and future biographers will make use of it, no doubt, to get the record straight. Johnson has given them plenty to work on. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

AMONG FRIENDS, by M. F. K. Fisher (Knopf). This volume of childhood memories offers a remarkable portrait of a peculiar American ghetto—that of the non-Quakers surrounded by the Quaker community of Whittier, California, in the early decades of this century. Mrs. Fisher's recollections are those of an outsider; the child of an Episcopalian mother and an undecided father, she grew up in an almost impalpable Jim Crow arrangement whose effects on her family she can partly state and partly guess. The other people she knew well, besides her relatives, were equally excluded by the Quaker majority, and her account of her family's evolution and of her own growing up is, in one sense, proof that “belonging” is not everything, and, in another, an indictment of every form of exclusiveness that has ever been attempted in this country. A few of the chapters first appeared in this magazine.

A PRIDE OF LIONS: THE ASTOR ORPHANS, by Lately Thomas (Morrow). The lions of the title are ten brothers and sisters named Chanler, whose great-great-grandfather was John Jacob Astor. They were orphaned in 1877, when the oldest was fifteen. Headstrong individuals, independent of everyone except one another, they spent their childhood in a grand house on the Hudson, supervised by a spinster cousin. There is a Chanler for every reader's taste: one becomes an explorer, a gunrunner, and a politician; another an artist; another a nurse who serves in Puerto Rico during the Spanish-American War; another a certified madman; and (in the person of one of their wives) a best-selling novelist who is an international beauty and a drug addict. Mr. Thomas, who has already given us a biography of the

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Chanlers' grandfather, Sam Ward, admires the family, and it is a pleasure to follow him through the lives of these vital people. He ends the biography on Christmas, 1900, when the Chanlers were in their twenties and thirties. Perhaps it is his way of saying that such a family belongs firmly to the nineteenth century. Photographs. Ten dollars.

Youth and Dissent: The Rise of a New Opposition, by Kenneth Keniston (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). For the past several years, Professor Keniston has been trying diligently and sensibly to correct misconceptions concerning young white radicals. He has said that these radicals are usually not dumb, resentful misfits but bright, idealistic, healthy people. He has also said that since their dissatisfaction stems largely from political realities, they will remain dissatisfied if they withdraw from politics and enter some new consciousness. These views place Professor Keniston in a central position surrounded on three sides—by Spiro Agnew, by the advocates of a new consciousness, and by those who consider the radicals to be irrational Luddites. In his previous book, "Young Radicals," and in the essays published in this new volume, Professor Keniston has bolstered his position with all the available evidence, and has articulated it with the thoroughness that one would expect from a carefully trained academic. If he has any weaknesses, they are, first, a reliance on catch phrases (in this book, the phrase is "the youthful opposition"), and, more important, an inclination to state other people's opinions more decisively than his own. Especially in the later essays, he shows himself too clearly as a liberal testing—but only testing—the waters of radicalism. He is more engaging when, as in "Young Radicals," he follows his own thinking to its own conclusion.

Journey from the North: Autobiography of Storm Jameson (Harper & Row). The novelist, who was born in Whitby, Yorkshire, in 1897, was christened Margaret Storm, yet her choice of a nom de plume appears justified by more than family piety, for her memoirs recall a life and describe a temperament that have been tempestuous indeed. She explains that she is writing primarily to evoke past periods, people, and settings she knew—for example, London before the First World War as seen

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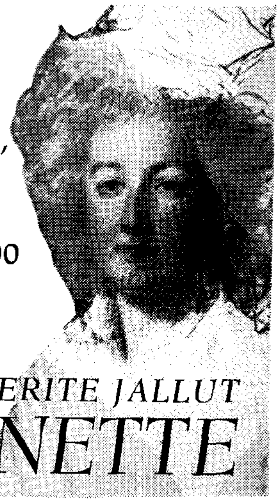

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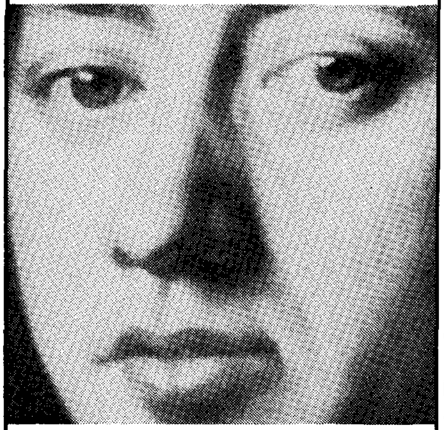

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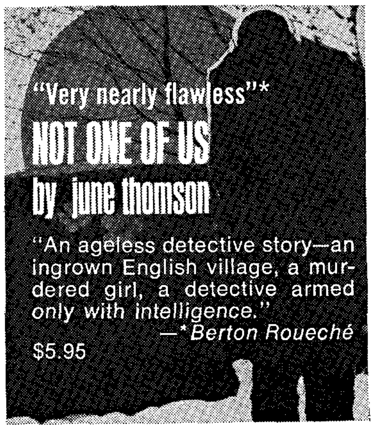

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by provincial scholarship students. She herself, however, is quite as fascinating as anybody else in the book, for her self-portrait is of a woman who has always been torn between her wish to meet the demands of love and her need for self-assertion. Her own experiences have persuaded her that women with professional ambitions ought to remain, as she herself did not, unmarried and childless. Maybe, maybe not. At any rate, her sufferings and confusions involve the reader far more deeply than the story of a disengaged, detached life could do.

Discretions, by Mary de Rachewiltz (Little, Brown). The chief subject of this autobiography is not the author but her father, Ezra Pound. He is always present as the fulcrum of her story, which is told without rancor. This is surprising, for Pound left her when she was a few weeks old to be raised in the Tyrol by a farmer and his wife who brought up sixteen other children, nine of them abandoned by peddlers, vagabonds, beggars, and whores. It soon becomes clear, however, that Mrs. de Rachewiltz has as much sense as sensibility. She recognized early on, when Pound came to see her from time to time with her mother, Olga Rudge, and brought her to visit them in Venice, Rome, and Rapallo, that her father was an extraordinary man. He did not tell her until she was eighteen that he and her mother were not married, that he had a wife and son elsewhere. From her lack of resentment at learning this, the reader recognizes that she, too, is extraordinary. Her many small evocations of her father loom large: Pound reading "The Cantos" to friends in Venice and allowing only orange juice, never anything alcoholic, to be served; Pound giving lessons in morality and prudence to his daughter and her headmistress at school through his letters *to* them concerning the purchase of a missal; Pound advising his daughter on how to learn to write ("As when you learn tennis. Can't always play a game, must practice strokes"). Even the terrible months when her father was a United States Army prisoner in an open cage near Pisa and the hopeless years when he was a patient in a mental hospital in Washington are recounted without apology, without bitterness, with love and discretion.

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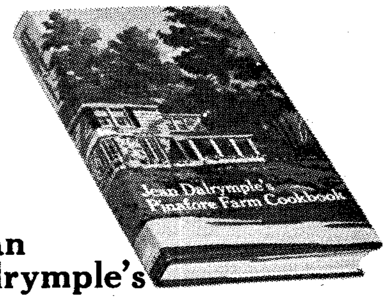

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JR. (Dial). An impenitent apologia by the energetic, flamboyant former congressman from New York. Mr. Powell insists that the various moves against him were retaliation for his pertinacious pursuit of racial equality—a plausible point, inasmuch as the actions, including a suit by the Internal Revenue Service and the House of Representatives' refusal to seat him, were not sustained. And there is no question but that the style of Negro leadership throughout most of Powell's younger days was decidedly hat-in-hand and Powell's was not. He is less persuasive describing his other role: as a Baptist minister, his theology seems to boil down to "as you like it." He is a strikingly good describer of all sorts of places and people—Harlem in his childhood, Fidel Castro at the moment he came to power.

A HISTORY OF GARDENS AND GARDENING, by Edward Hyams (Praeger). Mr. Hyams, an English enthusiast, tells us in this richly informative book that a prototypical horticulture predated civilization. Everything, it seems, that makes a garden as we know it is of ancient (probably Mesopotamian) origin: the enclosure (originally to keep out wild animals), the orderly rows (for economy of space and labor), the ponds or pools or fountains (originally for irrigation), pergolas or other casual structures (for training vines), and statues (as fertility symbols). Moreover, he adds, in one of many interesting asides, our concept "paradise" derives from a Byzantine Greek word meaning "garden." Almost every culture, he suggests, has developed a characteristic garden, and he takes us through them in roughly chronological order: Egyptian, Chinese, Hellenic and Hellenistic, Japanese, Islamic, Roman, medieval European, pre-Columbian, Italian, French, and, finally, English, the garden predominant today. The development of the English garden—the wild or natural garden, the antithesis of Versailles—was a striking evolutionary phenomenon, perhaps a cultural inevitability. It appeared around 1700, by which time nature in England (and most of Europe) had been sufficiently tamed to be no longer an object of uneasiness or fear; it was, indeed, something to artfully recall. And the English garden may well be the garden of the infinite future in our increasingly artificial world. The book is well illustrated with nearly five hundred

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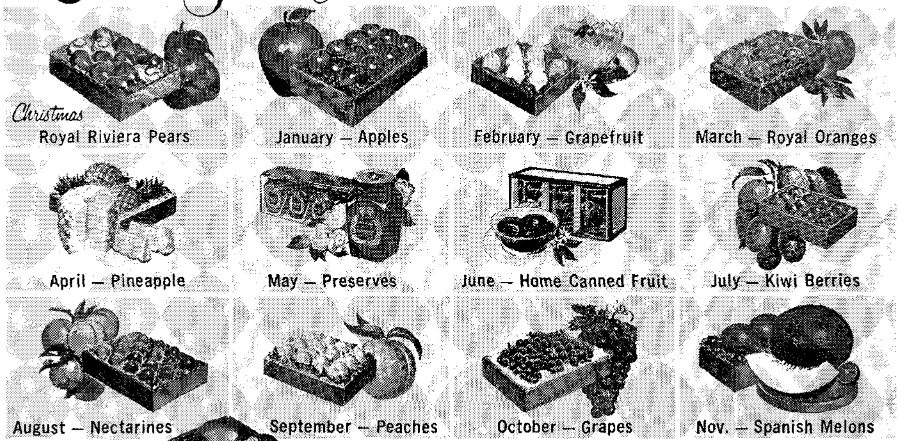

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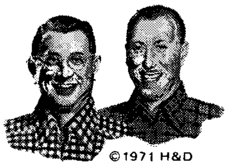

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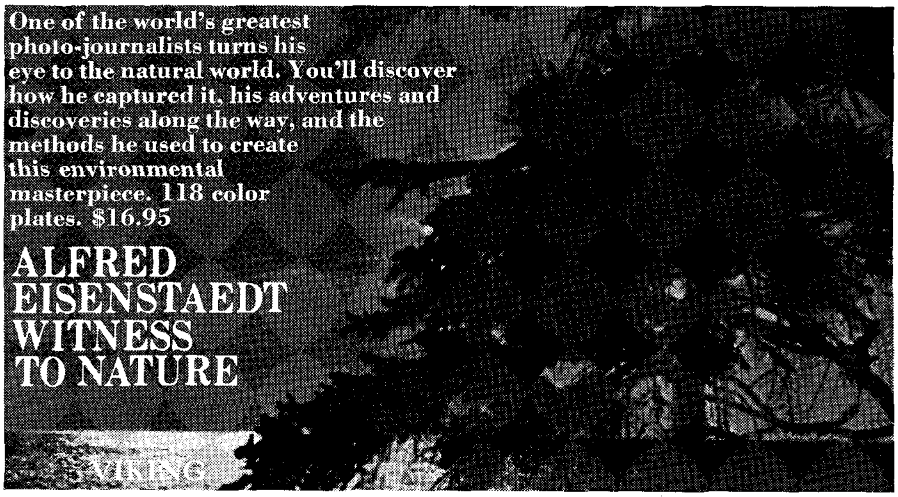

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LOUIS AGASSIZ FUERTES & THE SINGULAR BEAUTY OF BIRDS, edited by Frederick George Marcham (Harper & Row). Fuertes, who died in an automobile accident in 1927, at the age of fifty-three, was the leading American ornithological portraitist of his time, and his work—to judge from this selection—is still brilliantly alive. The book consists of sixty paintings and some seventy-five wash drawings and pencil sketches. The paintings are generously reproduced in good color, and some of them are truly stunning, but the drawings are equally interesting, both as drawings and as insights into the artist's methods. There is also a selection of letters written by Fuertes to his parents and to his wife and children from the several expeditions he took part in—the United States Biological Survey Expedition to Texas in 1901, the American Museum of Natural History Expeditions to Colombia in 1911 and 1913, the Field Museum of Natural History Expedition to Abyssinia in 1926, and others. The letters are a total surprise: Fuertes wrote as vividly, as precisely as he painted. However, like Audubon, he drew from specimens that he obtained with a gun, and this then conventional behavior can now be a little unsettling: A "lovely golden-crowned sparrow . . . came my way, and lit above me over a ledge. I climbed excitedly up to it, and it looked up, nearer than I thought, for when I shot it . . . I ruined it. I was very sick, but got another, a beauty, in a few more minutes." Thirty-five dollars.

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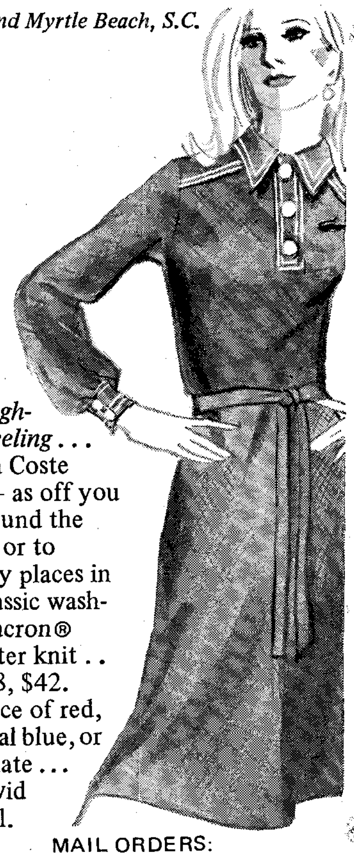

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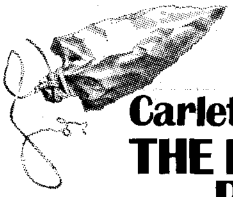

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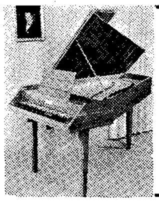

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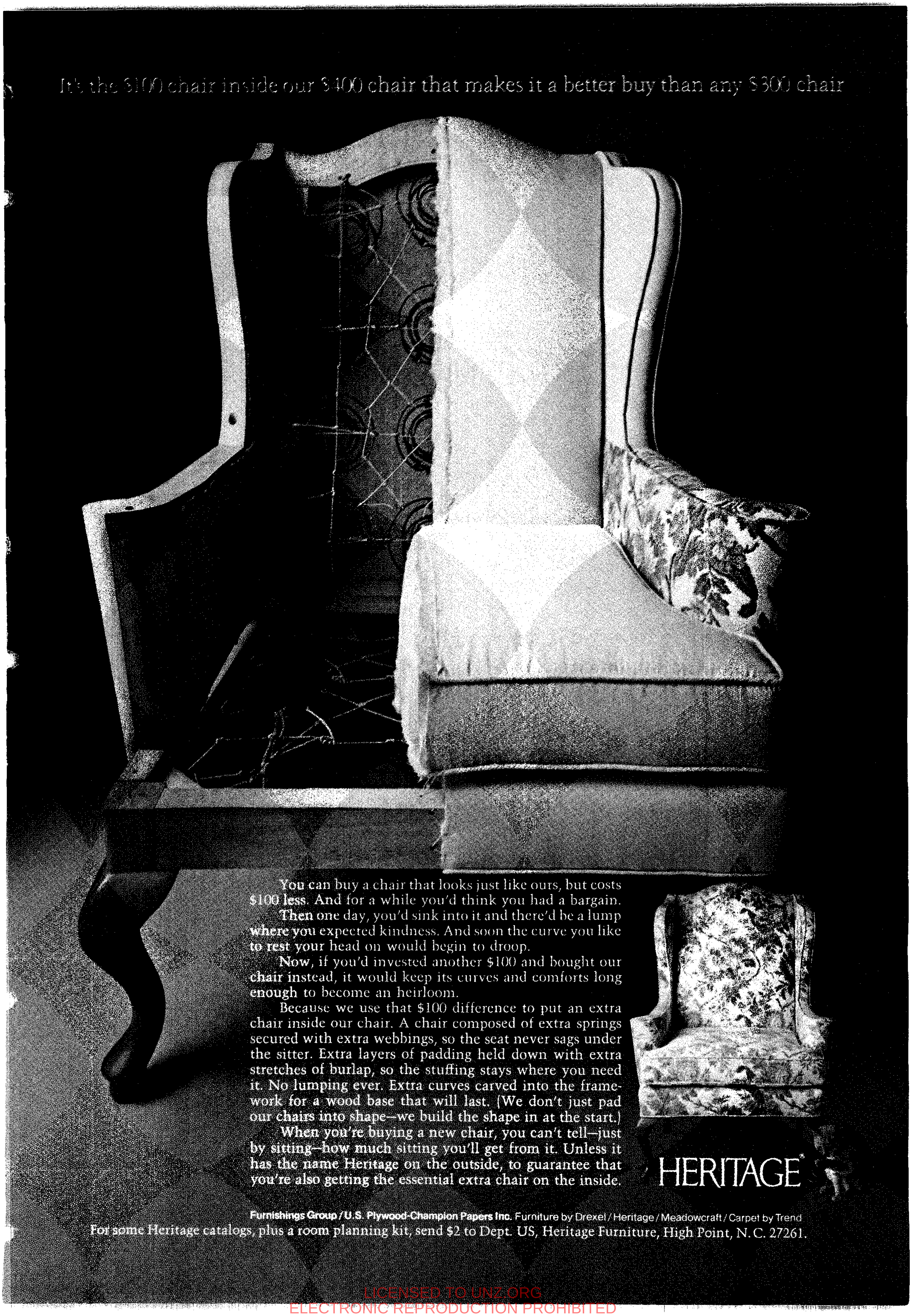
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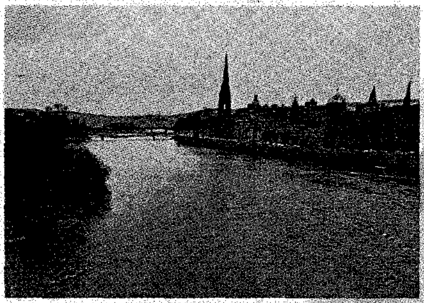

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